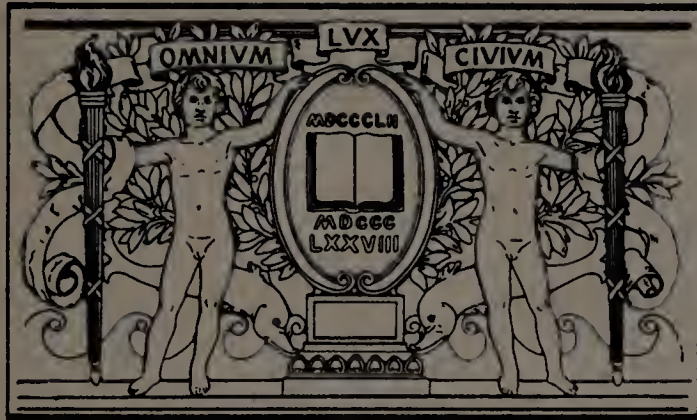




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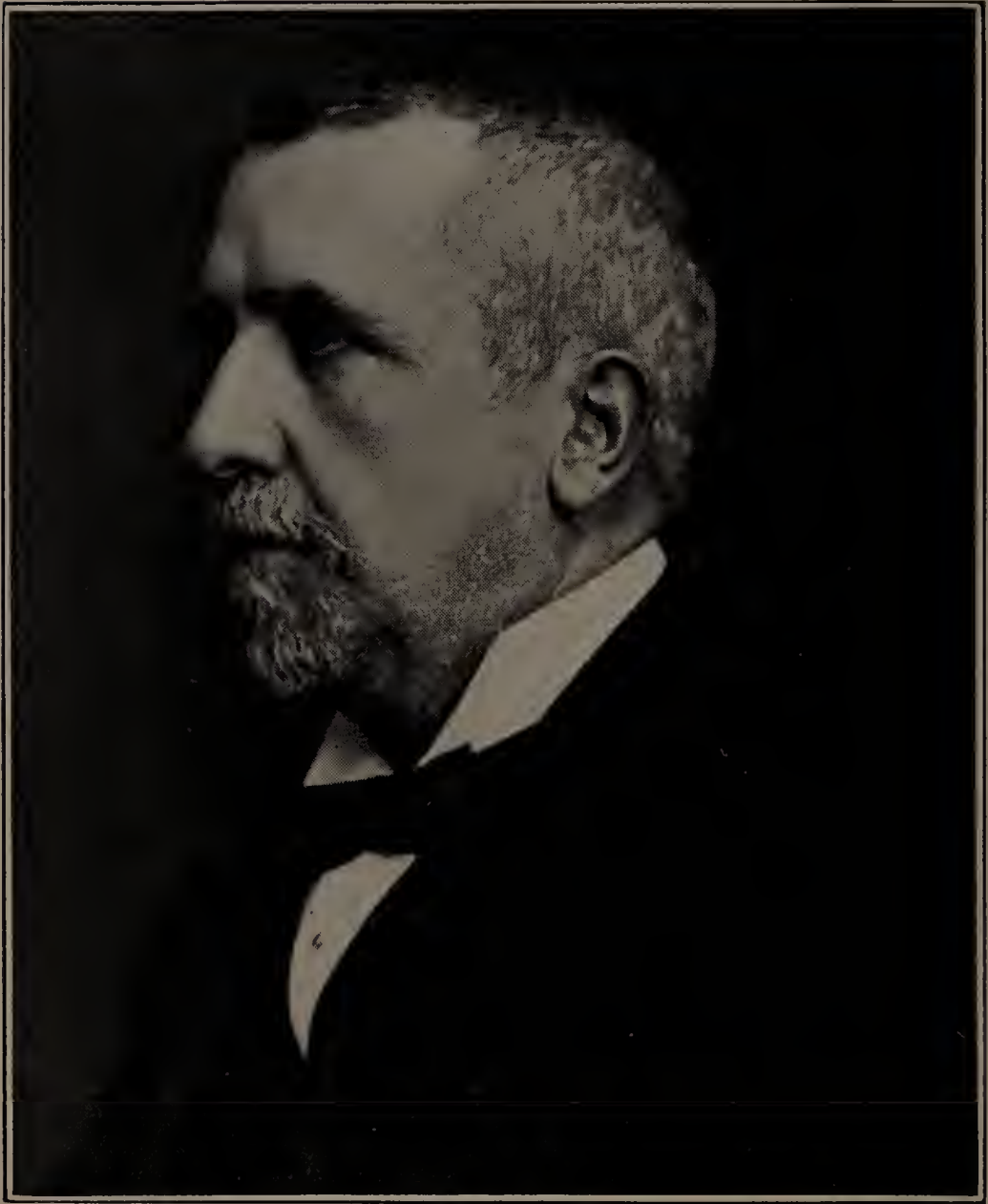




GLIMPSES OF THE NEXT STATE







*Elliott & Fry.*

THE AUTHOR.



GLIMPSSES OF THE  
NEXT STATE

( *THE EDUCATION OF AN AGNOSTIC* )

BY

VICE-ADMIRAL W. USBORNE MOORE

*Author of "The Cosmos and the Creeds"*

LONDON:  
WATTS & CO.,  
17 JOHNSON'S COURT, FLEET STREET, E.C.  
1911

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TO MY SPIRIT COMPANION AND GUIDE,

I O L A,

THIS RECORD OF INVESTIGATION INTO SPIRITISTIC  
PHENOMENA, IN WHICH SHE HAS TAKEN SUCH  
PROMINENT PART, IS GRATEFULLY DEDICATED BY

THE AUTHOR



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## PREFACE

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SIX years ago I published a small book called *The Cosmos and the Creeds*. It was an inquiry into the alleged finality of the Christian faith. Incidentally was implied disbelief in immortality as generally understood. At that time I thought that such immortality as man possessed lay in the influence his actions, words, or writings had upon those who were his contemporaries, or who came after him ; but that he himself, as an individual conscious entity, disappeared for ever, not to be recognised again. The theory of what happened after death was not an essential part of that which I set out to demonstrate. It was a mere appendage to an argument for a broader conception of the Bible. My book was an attack on the outworn dogmas of the Churches and the presumptuous, hurtful attitude of the priests, who, in my opinion, are misleading the children of this country. The Bible appeared to me then, and appears to me now, to be a compilation of great worth that has been grossly misinterpreted. It contains books of very unequal value, full of fable, poetry, and romance, giving a fragmentary history of the evolution of one branch of the Semitic race during a period of some thousands of years, and the partial

history of a holy man called Jesus Christ, whose short ministry effected a striking change in the ethics of a large portion of the human race. That man, I averred—and I have not changed my opinion—was *not* God, was *not* born of a pure virgin, and was *not* raised in his natural body from the dead.

Directly my book was published I began to feel misgivings as to my agnosticism regarding a future life, for I had not investigated the evidences of those who called themselves “Spiritualists.” True, the teachings of the parsons were feeble; but had I exhausted all sources of evidence outside the narrow confines of the Churches? I determined to go into the matter. To be brief, I found that the deeper I went into the study of spiritism the more apparent it became that, whether he wished it or not, man’s individuality was not extinguished at death. I read books, visited clairvoyantes, and attended séances for materialisation. Through all I was constantly reminded of the existence of a near and dear relative, older than myself, who passed away thirty-seven years ago in the prime of her life. Her continued reappearances could only lead me to one conclusion: I was being guided to a reconsideration of the problem of immortality. At last I have come to the absolute conviction that what we call “death” is a mere incident, a door to a higher life that is, in reality, more substantial to the senses we shall hereafter possess than the one we set so much store upon here.

The near relative who has proved to me this valuable



truth is called in this volume "Iola," a spirit name which she has herself adopted to avoid the unpleasant complications that may arise from disputes as to her identity among those of her friends and relatives who are not educated in spiritism.

The greater part of the information here given has been published in skeleton form in *Light, Broad Views,* and *Reason*.

The plan I adopted for recording phenomena was as follows:—

I carried about with me a small note-book, in which were written down at the time, or directly the sitting was over, the headings and order of events. Within twenty-four hours these brief notes were expanded into a record of what took place, from memory, assisted by the headings. Where light prevailed all the time, as at the Bangs Sisters, the record is naturally more complete than at dark séances, or where half-light was allowed.

The terms "medium," "sensitive," and "psychic" are used indiscriminately, but the first is not applied to non-professional psychics.

Where there is any probability of my remarks being mistaken for the continuation of a dialogue, they are enclosed within brackets.

The word "spirit" is used throughout as indicating a discarnate entity. It is a loose term, but the one that is in general use, and therefore convenient. There are good reasons for believing that the soul of man, or what is called by the psychic St. Paul

the "spirit body," is composed of extremely refined matter.

Those incidents which I consider as specially good evidences of spirit power or manifestation are preceded by a number.

I desire to express my indebtedness to my publishers' press reader for many suggestions and corrections.

W. U. M.

8 WESTERN PARADE, SOUTHSEA.

*September 1, 1911.*

## INTRODUCTION

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WHEN I commenced my investigations into spiritism, no desire for consolation attracted me to the study. For thirty years I had only lost one near relative, my father, and he had passed over nearly twelve years before, at a good old age. In this respect I have been unusually fortunate; but the most powerful incentive any man can have to delve into the occult was absent in my case. I wanted to know the truth. "If a man die, shall he live again?"—this was the problem to be solved.

The first books I read on the subject were some of the reports of the Society for Psychical Research, and *Researches into the Phenomena of Modern Spiritualism*, by W. Crookes, to which my attention was directed by Mr. A. P. Sinnett, the well-known author and theosophist. This work, now unfortunately out of print, has been the means of bringing hundreds of thoughtful men to a knowledge of forces exercised by invisible intelligences. Numbers of hard-headed thinkers in this country, in Europe, and in the United States, who had turned wearily away from the Christian eschatology, found here something upon which to fix their faith. "Was it possible," they argued, "for this celebrated chemist and physicist,

whose powers of close analytical observation were so well known, and who had entered into the investigation with the same detachment that he had exercised when searching for a new metal or any other of Nature's obscure facts, to be wrong in his estimate of the manifestations he witnessed when in the presence of D. D. Home, and the other psychics with whom he sat? Was there not reason to suppose that, if he were not sure of his ground, he would have held his hand, and, like so many scientists before his time and since, 'sat upon the gate' until other men of his intellectual calibre were ready to support him in his startling views?"—for in 1874 the general public were far more unprepared for a new truth than they are now. Mr. Crookes's report was most unpopular, and brought upon him odium which is only now beginning to disappear. One of the most comical episodes in the history of psychical research is the much-talked-of "conversion" of the hon. secretary and one other member of the Council of the S. P. R. in 1909 to a recognition of the facts of telekinesis and materialisation—when we reflect that these were scientifically proved by Crookes thirty-seven years ago.

In September, 1904, I sat in Portsmouth with Mrs. Crompton, of Bradford; she clairvoyantly saw a spirit form near me that answered very nearly to Iola as I remember her, and Mr. Vango described her to me two or three times, giving her name. These were the first intimations I received of the desire of my relative to get into touch with me.

In November, 1904, through the kindness of Miss Katherine Bates, I was introduced into some well-conducted private séances in London ably managed by Mr. Gambier Bolton, who devoted a large portion of his time, as honorary secretary, to make them a success. The blind medium, Cecil Husk, the psychic most frequently engaged for these séances, was then at his best. The phenomena which took place were the materialisation of the heads and busts of discarnate entities, spirit singing, whispers, and the flight of a musical instrument round the rooms, over the heads of the sitters, all the while playing a definite tune. The rooms engaged were lofty, and afforded full scope for the singing. In the rooms (there were two in different parts of London) there were an organ and a table capable of comfortably accommodating thirteen sitters. Husk sat in the circle at the table in every case. I soon saw and heard a number of things that could not be explained away by any system of juggling or deception of any sort. The principal control or familiar spirit of Husk is the famous buccaneer of the time of Charles II., Sir Henry Morgan, who now calls himself "John King." Often have I heard his stentorian voice and seen him materialise above the medium's head and dematerialise through the table. The séances were held in the dark. When a spirit materialised it showed itself by aid of an illuminated slate, prepared and lying on the table. Sometimes they spoke while in sight, but more often in the dark after they had

dropped the slate; when in sight, the lips could be seen to move. Except in the case of John King, who was life-size, the faces and busts were about two-thirds of life-size. The singing was remarkable; the voices would join with us, and also execute solos. I have heard as many as eight different male voices, from tenor to deep bass, singing at different times during one séance; and, at different séances, I have heard twelve languages spoken in the direct voice.

One night a face presented itself to me that I could not recognise, as it was swathed round the mouth by a white bandage. After I had made two wild guesses, the head, hitherto facing me, suddenly swerved round to the left until only the profile could be seen. I then knew it, and named the relationship; three hard knocks sounded close in front of me on the table. It was Iola; this was her first materialisation.

It may be mentioned here that no séance at which I have been present in Husk's house can compare with the séances I have attended in these lofty rooms.

Bulwer Lytton, the mystic and novelist, in his letter to the Dialectical Society's Committee, February 28, 1869, says with reference to psychical phenomena: "In these constitutional idiosyncrasies, whether the phenomena exhibited through or by them be classed under the name of clairvoyance, spirit manifestation, or witchcraft, I have invariably found a marked comparative preponderance of the electric fluid; and the phenomena are more or less striking in proportion to the electricity of the atmosphere. Hence the most

notable exhibitions appear to have been obtained in the dry winter nights of New York." I had heard from Miss Bates of her personal experiences in New York and other parts of the States, and determined to go there in December, 1904; I arrived on Christmas day, a Sunday. That evening I attended a materialisation séance; Mr. de Witt Hough was the medium. The female figures were veiled, but one appeared at the opening of the cabinet, after some six or seven materialisations had taken place, which was precisely the right height and figure of Iola, and gave her earth name. I approached the cabinet; the figure advanced to meet me with outstretched hands; she was trembling excessively, and could utter only a few words. I saw her twice after that through Hough's mediumship, and communicated with her many times through psychics in New York and Boston. On one occasion she said: "I did not know I was dead until I saw someone cut off a lock of my hair from behind my right ear." I was ignorant of this, as I was in the Indian Ocean when my relative died in Scotland; but, on inquiry, I found the statement to be correct: after her death a lock of hair had been cut off from behind her right ear.

It is not easy for any man to recall the exact date when he came to a definite understanding with himself as to the certainty of a consciousness that a new proposition is, to him, a matter of belief; but I think I may say there was one evening during this visit to New York when I was able to say to myself:

“ Mistakes there may be ; fraud there is, occasionally, no doubt, as in all other matters on earth ; but I now know that this spiritism is worthy of careful investigation, as I have evidence that there is reality behind it.”

(1) It was on December 30, 1904, and the medium was a young woman called Dora Hahn. I am sorry to hear that she passed over six years ago, and that I shall not have the pleasure of meeting her again on this plane of consciousness. She had never seen nor heard of me in her life. We sat down opposite to one another in the dark. She first described a form near me, and gave the earth name of Iola ; then went into trance, and an Indian girl called “ Lark ” assumed control. Lark, accompanied by Iola, then went on a voyage for me ; the particulars I shall describe in their proper place in another chapter. After about half-an-hour or so Lark departed, and the psychic came out of trance. The lights were lit, and I produced a packet of fourteen *cartes-de-visite* from my pocket, laid it down on the table, and retired sufficiently far away to avoid giving any suggestion by looking at the pictures. I said : “ Please pick out the portrait of Iola ; you described her to me before you went into trance.” She took some time over this ; but while she was looking through the photographs she took up one and brought it to me with an air of perfect confidence, saying, “ Iola says this is your wife ; and she tells me that, among these others, there is another one of your wife. I will get it.”



She then returned to the table. I followed her back, and she handed out a second portrait of Mrs. Moore. Both were correct.

Remark the following particulars. These two portraits had been taken, one in 1865 and the other in 1871; the former was as a little girl in a short frock. When she was in earth life Iola not only knew these pictures well, but she knew all the *cartes* in the pack except one, as she was closely associated as a young woman with my wife. I had no one in my mind at the time but Iola.

I have discussed this incident with many people, and tried to spoil it; it is wise to do this after any apparent manifestation by invisible intelligences. But in this case everyone who attempted to give a normal explanation asserted something which is more incredible than the spiritistic hypothesis. To me there is only one rational explanation: Iola was in the room, and impressed the psychic to pick out these two photographs and to present them to me as those of my wife. The portrait of Iola herself was not selected at first shot. Two were brought to me first; one of these was a near relative, and considered by the family to resemble her.

On this occasion I remained in America one month, and saw and heard quite enough to convince me that those whom I had thought of as dead were very much alive. I returned to England in a frame of mind ready to receive the truths of spiritualism if I could find them in any honest quarter.

I now made a mistake. I endeavoured to persuade others that this spiritism was no vain delusion, but a hypothesis which had come to stay, and was not to be disregarded. I caused cards to be sent to my friends for our private séances, and, after they took place, discussed the matter with them. The men and women selected were people of good social standing, and intellectually above the average. There were Fellows of the Royal Society, soldiers and sailors who had distinguished themselves in their profession, engineers, country squires, and others whose common sense and capacity were not to be disputed. I found they could not see as I did; could not hear as I heard. Their minds were unprepared. Some were considerably impressed at the moment, but the next day thought themselves the victims of jugglery on the part of the medium or some confederate; they could not, and did not, suspect that the rooms were prepared, or that I and my friends in the circle were imposing upon them; but, speaking generally, their view was: "We are not experts in juggling, and we do not know what may be possible in that line; this is contrary to all human experience; we cannot believe it." I remember, especially, one electrical engineer and one lady who could see or hear hardly anything. They were both hostile to the subject, and their eyes and ears were open only to what their minds expected—which was nothing, or fraud.

Since that time I have become convinced that all

propagandism is useless. It is the duty of those who have the privilege of being shown the effects of the higher and more delicate forces of nature to state in plain terms what they have seen ; it is not their duty to seek to make converts. No man can give to another the understanding to assimilate facts new to ordinary human experience. Nor do I imagine that science will prove anything in either the mental or physical aspects of spiritism. Mortals know of only three dimensions. They may suspect that, outside their ken, there are beings operating in four or more, but all they see is the effect of these operations. The effects of gravity have been reduced to law ; but, so far, nothing is known of gravity itself. When it comes to the passage of matter through matter, and others of the higher forces of spiritism that can only be witnessed under favourable mental and atmospheric conditions, it is difficult to see how science can prove anything. Every man and woman must search individually for the truth. If all who have the time do this according to their opportunity, and communicate their experiences to their fellow men, a body of irresistible testimony will be collected upon which faith can be reasonably founded.

But to resume. By 1908 I had seen every phenomenon worth seeing in England. I had read every book worth reading on the subject of spiritism, and a good deal of trash, including *The Confessions of a Medium*, which bears internal evidence of being written by an anti-spiritualist, and which, though pure fiction,

has been put forward as a true narrative. I knew that, owing to our unfortunate climate, it was useless to pursue my inquiries further in this country; and I resolved to return to America to complete my study in December, 1908. This time I determined to go inland, where I was wholly unknown; and I spent two and a half months in Rochester, N.Y.; Toledo, Ohio; Detroit, Michigan; and Chicago, Illinois. The evidence I obtained in these cities convinced me that I had been in direct communication with Iola, and with many relatives and friends through her influence, by the mediumship of professional and non-professional psychics. The phenomena consisted of automatic mirror-writing, materialisation, direct writings, pictures precipitated by invisible intelligences, and the direct voice. The correlation of the evidence through different psychics who did not know one another, and in some cases had not even heard of one another, was striking, and—to me—conclusive of the genuineness of each; I left the United States with an impression, not likely to be easily removed, that there was only one alternative to the spiritistic hypothesis—that of the continual presence of personating demons, able to read every thought of mortals, and to construct at will dramatic situations that answered every doubt and uncertainty in the mind of an investigator. This is the Roman Catholic doctrine. I reject it, not only because of its intrinsic improbability, but on account of the consideration of many incidents of a strictly private nature that cannot be here related.

During a third visit to the United States in 1910 I obtained abundant proof that all I had previously seen and heard in that country was true; and I received further evidence of spirit return of a startling character.

There are two classes of investigators—first, those who think of and treat every psychic as a juggler endeavouring to perpetrate fraud, until they find them, after repeated trial, to be genuine; second, those who believe every psychic they sit with to be genuine until they find them out in intentional deceit. Supposing two people, one of each of these classes, to be doing their best to find out the truth, and both are equally acute, there is no doubt as to which will be the more successful. The mental attitude is an important factor in the situation; it is he who belongs to the latter class who will derive the most benefit. Manifestations through a good psychic who is surrounded by hostile minds are impossible. Unbiased, open-minded expectancy, founded on the reports of previous investigators, affords the best chance to psychics and their spirit controls. Passivity is necessary during the actual sitting.

There is a great deal of fraud in the practice of spiritism—fraud intentional and conscious, and unconscious fraud. There is no doubt that the trickery imposed here and in America has deterred thousands of people from investigation of the subject. Some instances will be given in the body of this book.

In the following pages I shall make an attempt to

contribute my share to the general stock of information on the subject of spiritist phenomena by recording those of my experiences which I have every reason to believe were genuine manifestations of power exercised by discarnate beings who once lived on this earth plane.





IOLA. 29 JAN., 1911.



## CHAPTER I.

### EARLY PSYCHIC EXPERIENCES

Fraud—Temptations of professional mediums—Mediumship not the only profession in which fraud is practised—The worst frauds—The psychic or medium only a telegraph office—Used on account of his peculiar organisation—Personal character does not, apparently, have any connection with the gift—What is a medium?—Fraud and genuine phenomena frequently mixed at a séance—Under favourable conditions professional mediums do not commit fraud—Evil of promiscuous séances—The only cure for fraud—Rejection of evidence obtained through a medium who has been convicted of fraud on some previous occasion, a mistake—Every séance with professional mediums should be judged on its own merits—Darkness sometimes beneficial for tests—Effect of a hostile mental attitude in the sitters—My first séances—Reasons for and against the entire genuineness of Husk—My departure for New York.

No account of experiences in spiritism is of any use without a few remarks on fraud by the narrator ; if he neglected to touch upon this disagreeable subject, he would be rightly deemed ignorant of the history of the movement. It is desirable that he should demonstrate to his readers that he is aware, and has been always aware, of its prevalence. It is the canker which destroys his peace and darkens his hours of observation and reflection. More than half his time is occupied with searching self-questions—“Could this or that have been done in a normal manner, and, if so, by what means?” This is the worst feature in the study. Psychological research is full of perplexities and difficulties, even if one is satisfied that the medium is honest ; for, all the time,

we are dealing with invisible beings who appear to be operating in more than three dimensions; every manifestation is outside of ordinary human experience; not one can be explained by the ascertained laws of nature; and when, in addition to these obstacles, we have a doubt as to the fidelity of the medium, the task of investigation is hard enough to make many a man turn back in disgust from the quest. Fraud has been painfully common among professional mediums.

It is, however, no use complaining because, when it comes to physical phenomena, public mediums have to be employed. There are few private psychics who will undergo the exhaustion that is the inevitable accompaniment of manifestations of telekinesis and materialisation. Mental phenomena are inconclusive; no man of ordinary critical judgment will be satisfied with that alone. Thomson Jay Hudson and writers of his type will sweep it all away by dwelling on the powers of the sub-conscious self; and these powers are acknowledged among all classes of investigators. So it comes to this, that he who would peer into the mysteries of nature, and endeavour to discover, experimentally, if life extends beyond the grave, is obliged to employ professional mediums. The temptations of these psychics are great; whatever powers they possess are sporadic and cannot be summoned at will; they find this out early in their development, and, in order to maintain regular séances, they learn the arts of jugglery to "help out" their particular gift at times when they feel they have not their usual power. People travel long distances to sit with them. They have not the moral courage to say, "I have little or no power to-day; come another

time." Possibly they do not know how much power they have, nor how far their guides can assist them, until they go into trance. If they turn their patrons away from the door, a murmur is soon circulated that they are not reliable, and sitters fail to attend; their income, never large, dwindles away, and they are stranded without means of a livelihood. Having surrendered themselves for two or three years to the trance condition, they cannot adopt any of the ordinary wage-earning occupations of life, and they become destitute. Competition is keen, and they see others prospering by keeping up their séances with artificial assistance. Though we cannot defend, we can at least understand the causes of fraud in mediumship.

And remember, those who possess the gift of mediumship are not the only members of society who fraud. Let us look the matter squarely in the face. Every minister of religion who repeats the Apostles' Creed and yet does not firmly believe in the birth of Christ from a pure virgin, His resurrection in His natural body, and His ascension into heaven in the same, is a fraud. Every physician who pays an unnecessary visit to a patient and charges for it is a fraud; every barrister who accepts fees for going into court on behalf of a client and does not attend is a fraud. Fraud is rampant in trade; in the shipping interest; in municipalities; and, indeed, in some governments of so-called Christian countries. It is always outrageously apparent during war, when strict supervision has to be relaxed; and in peace it is only limited by the amount of supervision exercised. It is idle, therefore, to talk about fraud as if it were peculiar to mediums.

Some of the worst frauds, in my opinion, are those who profess to be able to tell us "*how the thing is done,*" who account for every manifestation by normal jugglery. These persons require good looking after. It is becoming a lucrative profession to write books describing how all the phenomena of the séance room can be produced by normal means; for such works are popular. One word against spiritistic manifestation has more weight at the present time than fifty words in its favour, and the large majority of people in the Western world are antagonistic to any new idea which implies that there are things about us we cannot see, influences that we cannot class, beings whom we cannot sense, by our known organs. A man who is known in his suburban villa only to his tradesmen and a few neighbours, and who would otherwise die in the obscurity his social rank and official importance entitle him to, is called a "savant" if he writes a book calling into question the scientific observation of a Crookes or the truthfulness and honour of a Stainton Moses. I have been told by friends that such books are useful, as they lay before us various tricks which may assist us in detecting fraud in the apparently genuine manifestations of mediums. I deny it. Most of the plausible explanations are simply efforts of the imagination, and not only do no good, but actually throw us off the scent. In my investigations I have not been assisted by any of these armchair detectives. Nothing that they write about has tallied with what I have seen. By diverting our attention from the real evils of spiritism they are a public nuisance. For a concrete instance of the foolish suggestions put forward by one of these ignorant "know-alls," I would point to a recent

work in which there is a description of how slate-writing is sometimes performed by trickery. The writer says the sitter brings his own double slate, and the psychic deftly inserts a small piece of chalk (for pencil) previously prepared by being mixed with steel filings. While the slate is being held under the table or elsewhere the psychic moves the pencil by means of a magnet concealed up his sleeve, and does it as in mirror writing. Now, mind, he does not say, "This is how I think it might be done"; that would be foolish, but not criminal. He says, "This is how it *is* done." He states it as a fact. This statement of fact is untrue; such a thing cannot be done. Even with an electro magnet in open sight it would be impossible to write twenty legible words; with a man sitting near you and watching you it is not possible to write five legible words without detection.

It is of such stuff as this that books telling us "how the thing is done" are written. When I dipped into them, I said to myself: "Is this all? If so, nothing that I have seen has been explained." But these writings pay well; they obtain for the authors a reputation for superior astuteness, and bring them into a social atmosphere above their level; for the majority of educated people are anxious not to be disturbed in their amiable doctrines of a Day of Judgment and a fiery material hell in store for those who do not agree with them.

In saying this I do not mean to include those *bona-fide* conjurers who really believe the whole of spiritism is a farce, and are prepared to go to trouble and expense to prove their case; who undertake to repeat the phenomena, and who spend laborious days in practising juggling tricks which they think, sincerely,

will account for the phenomena of the séance-room. Such men as Mr. William Marriott in England and Mr. David Abbott in the United States are of much use to investigators. I am referring to arm-chair writers, who evolve their explanations solely from their own imagination.

Psychics, or mediums, are, after all, only telegraph offices, by which we can, when conditions are suitable, be brought into touch with the next state of consciousness. The gift of true mediumship, like that of poetry, art and invention, is entirely independent of character. At first sight it would appear as fitting and proper that this divine gift of seeing into the next state and of being the passive means of bringing consolation to a mourning house, of comforting the bereaved, would be bestowed only upon those who had qualified for it by leading a good life. Nothing of the sort takes place. There are many mediums of good character, but some are rogues. I remember one excellent American medium who gave me (a perfect stranger to him) some very neat tests, but he was a rogue. I know a good clairvoyante in this country who cannot speak the whole truth, in her normal state, about anything. Once she was a witness in court, and the Judge said of her: "As to that Mrs. —, I do not believe a single word she has said"; and he was right. In the course of my investigations I have witnessed most convincing mental and physical manifestations through psychics of bad moral character. We find all this in the Bible. Look at the case of Balaam, who was probably the most celebrated medium in Syria. Called upon to curse Israel, he tried to fraud, and could not: the spirit of the Lord came upon him, and he blessed them instead. Poetry

is a divine gift, yet look at the character of some of the poets. When we go to a telegraph office to send a message, we do not ask the character of the operator or the keyboard. Why, then, expect that the mediums we make use of for communication with the unseen world should all be instruments of irreproachable moral character?

At present we have not yet discovered what constitutes the medium. We can only say for certain that it is solely in the presence and near proximity of certain people that phenomena take place. These people are usually abnormal, and able to put themselves at will into such a condition of passivity as to be highly sensitive to any impressions made upon them by spirits incarnate and discarnate. There are, of course, many different phases of mediumship; but all, I feel sure, will some day be proved to be subject to the same law. But what is this law? It seems to me that the following may be found to be a working hypothesis until we get a better. Man has two bodies—a natural and a spiritual—well described by that eminent psychic the Apostle Paul: “If there is a natural body, there is also a spiritual body” (1 Cor. xv. 44). Both of these bodies he has here and now. It is not unreasonable to suppose that, in some people, the spirit body may be loosely connected with the natural, and be more free to exercise its functions than in others. Clairvoyance, clairaudience, and clairsentience are functions of the spirit body, and, by training, these gifts may be brought to the front. In the case of the ordinary man or woman the two bodies appear to me to be very closely bound up together, so to speak; and the ever-present demands of the natural body are always to the front, the spirit

body never. It is ascertained now beyond doubt that a man's spirit body can be released from the natural even in life, travel long distances, and be seen by mortals. The phenomenon of materialisation, the sudden birth of a simulacrum of the human body and its as sudden disappearance, can only be accounted for by supposing that the form we see in the séance-room derives its materiality from the medium, sitters, and constituents of the atmosphere, but that the nucleus is the spirit or astral body of the medium, the whole being fashioned to meet the necessities of the spirit who wishes to occupy it. The spirit body, according to information given to me, is an exact counterpart of the natural, and is the connecting-link between us and the next state. At physical death it departs to its new home.

The spirit body is not necessarily "spiritual" in the religious sense; indeed, very often the contrary. A medium is simply the most efficient vehicle the spirit can find. Sometimes the attraction is a great supply of animal magnetism, from which the unseen operators draw for strength to perform their remarkable manifestations. Long since I came to the conclusion that genuine and fraudulent phenomena were frequently mixed at a séance, especially promiscuous séances. We may be sure of this: it is easier not to cheat, and false methods are not resorted to until power fails.

Promiscuous séances are a mistake. The circle is generally composed of a number of people who do not know one another. Some come from curiosity; some to try and detect fraud; some, no doubt, from pure motives. But their vibrations do not mix harmoniously, and the result is a strain upon the medium.



The best sittings everywhere have been obtained when five or seven sitters, well known to one another, sit with the same psychic once or twice a week for a long time. The cure for fraud is the formation of a society of, say, thirty men and women, bound together by a common desire to learn the truth. They should engage a medium for their meetings only, and he should receive a fixed salary. Strangers to the society should not be introduced. It is difficult, I know, to prevent a medium from giving séances outside; but his instant dismissal would be the forfeit. One condition of his engagement would be that he must spend at least four hours a day in the open air. The séances should only be held twice a week, and each circle should be composed of not more than seven persons. Mr. Gambier Bolton made a good attempt at the construction of two societies of this nature. They failed from various causes, chiefly because it was at that time impossible to secure the requisite fixed income for the medium; and consequently the latter often exhausted his strength by giving séances to others between the times of the regular society meetings. But the obstacles to my proposed scheme are not insurmountable; and the latter would probably not cost each member of the society more than ten pounds a year, in addition to a fee of five shillings whenever he formed one of the circle.

The rejection of evidence obtained through a medium who has once or twice previously been convicted of fraud is a mistake. Every séance should be judged on its own merits. Some of my earliest lessons in this study were obtained through sittings with F. Craddock, who was afterwards exposed wandering about outside his cabinet when he was supposed to be sitting inside

in trance. I was present, and have no doubt of his guilt on that occasion. But under favourable conditions in the country I have sat with this medium, and seen and heard phenomena that were undoubtedly genuine. Everything was in his favour, and there was no incentive to cheat. There is no professional medium in England who has not some time or the other been suspected of fraud; but I can assure the student who wants to acquire all the information he can that the progress of his education will be very slow, if it does not actually cease, if he sits only with private psychics. Without materialisation and telekinesis, the evidence for the existence of discarnate spirits is not complete.

I wish to say a word about two favourite objections to the practice of spiritism: (1) Why should mediums be paid? (2) Why is darkness often necessary? Why should mediums be paid? The true question should be: "Why should they *not* be paid?" Mediumship is a gift, like painting, music, poetry, oratory. If you deny the right of mediums to payment when they exercise their gift for the benefit of others, on what possible plea do you allow it to parsons, artists, singers, composers, or anybody else who is born with a tendency to some particular occupation? The fact is, there is more reason that you should pay mediums than other people. A good psychic is unfitted by the development of his gift for any other occupation, and at any moment it may leave him.

Why is darkness often necessary? When people ask me this, I say: "My friend, are you aware that you were generated in the dark; and not only you, but every mammal that ever was born alive? Can you tell me why? When you reply to that question,

I will tell you why the simulacrum of a human being cannot be generated except in the dark." The only simulacrum ever born in a good light has been the spirit-body of the medium himself; and this has only been seen once or twice in the last sixty years. Light disintegrates the materials of which forms and phantoms are composed. After being formed, they may come out in partial light, and remain some time; but their gestation must take place in a cabinet, or, at any rate, in darkness.

As a matter of fact, darkness admits of very good tests of the genuineness of a medium. Husk's séances are always held in pitch darkness. I will mention three good tests I obtained when sitting with that medium. When I took a friend to our rooms, I sometimes established him at the end of the oval table, four feet from Husk's left hand, which was held by a friend of mine. The candlestick was then put in front of him on the table, and he was asked to put a finger upon it, but not to resist its being removed. After the electric lights were switched off, and the person who did this had returned to his seat, the candle was blown out. In a few minutes I would feel the tap of a small hand on mine, and then the candlestick would be taken away from my friend and put down in the corner of the room with a clatter.

One night a guest of mine arrived in our room half-an-hour before the time appointed for the séance. She dropped her open purse on the floor, and the coins rolled about on the carpet. Mr. Gambier Bolton and I picked up all we could find, and the lady declared herself satisfied that she had recovered all that was in her purse. Twenty minutes later the medium (Husk) arrived. In the middle of the séance, "Joey," one of

the spirit habitués of the circle, came to my friend and said: "Mrs. Arnold, here is a penny that you dropped on the carpet." At a subsequent séance I asked Joey how he knew the coin belonged to Mrs. Arnold. He said: "A spirit, who was in the room when she dropped it, told me."

On another occasion I was at Husk's house, and "Uncle," one of the controls, came, apparently in front of me, for a little chat. While he was speaking, I turned my head, first well to the left, then round to the right, in order to see if I could exactly locate the position of the speaker. Uncle said to me: "Why are you turning your head about from side to side?"

I could adduce other instances of satisfactory tests in the dark.

Where materialisation is in question, it is futile for people to lay down any law as to light and darkness. In all physical phenomena the results are more quickly obtained in the dark. With very highly developed psychics, of whom there are none in Europe, a little light is allowed even during the materialisation phase; and, as I shall presently show, some of the most extraordinary feats are performed by invisible intelligences in broad daylight.

There is one medium in England through whom materialisations take place who does not go into trance. As he is found talking intelligently with his neighbour when self-illuminated figures are in communication with sitters some feet off, identifying themselves and conversing, there can be no doubt about his psychic power; but I am afraid there is also little doubt that, on several occasions, he has been detected in fraud.

The best instance I have heard of combined fraud

and genuine phenomena at a séance was told me some years ago by one of the most celebrated scientists in Europe. There was a young man of the company who made himself conspicuous by jeering at the objects of the meeting, and this continued even after the séance commenced. Suddenly he became silent. The séance was a successful one; many messages were given to the sitters. After the lights were lit, my informant spoke to the young sceptic: "Well, young man, how is it you became so pensive during our sitting?" The reply was: "It was this way. When the séance began, I arranged myself in my seat so that I could tap the underside of the table with my toe without attracting suspicion; and managed to carry on, by this means, the beginning of a message. Presently I became tired of this performance, withdrew my foot, and sat in the normal manner; *but the message went on!* This gave me a considerable scare, and I remained quiet for the rest of the sitting."

Over and over again it has been noticed that the mental attitude of the sitters has a marked influence on the success of séances. The atmospheric conditions, though they help or hinder manifestations to a large degree, are not of so much importance. The essential condition is a small, harmonious circle of people bound together by a common faith in the possibility of communication with beings in another state of consciousness; not blindly credulous, but with all their senses on the alert, and passive in their expectations of any particular individuality. If the medium is in trance, he will be open to suggestion and sensitive to thoughts around. Suspicion and hostility impress him instantly; and I think it is not too much to say that, if more than half the circle

are suspecting fraud, the company as a whole will get it in some form or the other. Personally, I will never again sit in a circle with any pseudo-scientific investigator or avowed materialist. If a man cannot believe that our limited senses are incapable of taking in seven-eighths of the wonders of nature, he is in an unfit frame of mind to appreciate what is going on. No more honest men ever lived than Charles Bradlaugh, George Jacob Holyoake, Charles Watts, or Robert Ingersoll. They could not obtain any phenomena which satisfied them that they were in contact with another world. Bradlaugh once said on the platform: "I have given attention to this subject for twenty years, and have never seen a single phenomenon." Of course not! Good man as he was, the delicate manifestations of spiritism were not for such as he. The open-minded agnostic is not harmful; but the man who believes, as he did, that nothing exists but matter cognisable to our poor senses has put on an armour which no spiritual weapon will pierce; he is invulnerable.

I have long suspected that it is the spirit body which chiefly functions in the séance-room. If I am right, this accounts for much scepticism. A man sees and hears many things which startle him. He is impressed, and goes home wondering what it all means; he goes to sleep wondering; wakes; has his bath and breakfast; and starts out to his business. By this time his spirit-body has taken its customary back seat, his natural body has come to the front, and his objective mind causes him to believe that he has been the victim of delusion.

The first séance I attended was on November 16,

1904, in a private room—a studio in Acacia Gardens, St. John's Wood. The medium was Cecil Husk, who is nearly blind. I believe he can see pictures or writing put very close to his face, but for all the ordinary purposes of life he is helpless, and has to be attended out of doors by a member of his family. The table on this occasion was circular, and between four and five feet in diameter. There were twelve people sitting at it, including Mr. and Mrs. Husk and our host and hostess; there was also an organist at the organ, screened from view by a heavy curtain. Among the guests was the materialisation medium, F. Craddock. I sat directly opposite Husk, with a lady on either side of me, both of whom are gifted with psychic powers. On the table were two cards painted with luminous paint, and contained in aluminium frames with a handle of the same substance at the back, placed face downwards; a cardboard tube, and a light zither, which had two phosphorised spots on the bottom of the sounding-board. These enabled us to see it when it was elevated above the table.

Husk went into trance. The room was pitch-dark; the organist played a voluntary. In a short time lights were seen moving about over the table. I was only able to see one or two, but my psychic neighbours saw several; and the lady on my right asserted that she could see clouds very faintly illuminated. Scent was detected around us. Presently, an old, feeble voice, sounding from somewhere above and to the right of Husk, as I faced him, offered a Latin prayer, ending by the *Benedicite*. This, I was told, was Cardinal Newman. He went round the table blessing the sitters individually; and, after one final

collective blessing, we heard no more of him. We then sang "Lead, kindly light" to the accompaniment of the organ. Spirit voices, bass and tenor, joined in with great vigour from some feet above the medium's head and on both sides of it. There were, I thought, three of these voices, and they were of very fine quality; the big room was filled with sound. Then a control called "Uncle" made himself known by voice, going round and greeting each member of the circle. He spoke in a natural voice, but as if he had a small stone in his mouth.

Suddenly, a loud bass voice, coming from above and to the left of Husk, called out: "God bless you all." This was the chief control, "John King," whose name in earth-life was Henry Morgan, the famous buccaneer of the time of Charles II. He greeted everybody in the circle by name except me; I had to be introduced. He told me later that he was three times Governor of Jamaica, and was knighted by Charles II.

John King's advent is always the prelude to the materialisations, but before they took place, the zither (usually known as "the fairy bells") was intelligently played by a spirit whose name, I afterwards learned, is Ebenezer. It rose from the table and soared above the circle, performing all the time a definite tune. Its movements could be watched by the phosphorescent spots on its under-side. It rose to a height of many feet (I judged about ten) above the table, paused there a minute, then came down, and, after two or three swirls over our heads, dashed on to the floor. Apparently it went through the floor, for faint music could be heard underneath; after a short interval this became louder and louder,



until a sudden change in the strength of the tune made us aware that it was again in the room. After a few final gyrations it was laid down gently on the table.

Materialisations occupied about three-quarters of an hour. About fifteen spirits materialised. Only the face and bust were visible. These showed by one of the illuminated cards held to the side of the face by the right hand. The women's faces were swathed in a sort of bandage below the nose. One sitter, who could not recognise his relative, asked for this to be removed; the card was dropped, and presently the form reappeared without the bandage, when he identified his visitor. This time the illuminated card was not held by the handle at the back, but by two small fingers which I saw clasping the side of it. The faces were about two-thirds of life size. Three came to me. They presented themselves over the middle of the table about halfway between the medium and myself. One saluted three times with his illuminated card. I did not recognise it at first, but found out afterwards that it was Admiral T., an officer under whom I had served nineteen years before. The first and third appearances were the same. I could not identify them, and it was not until some months had elapsed that I discovered it was a stranger trying to influence me to bring him into touch with a member of my family.

A Hindu also appeared, either for me or my left-hand neighbour (Miss Bates). He sank down through the table; I watched him disappear until only his head was visible; the illuminated card (or "slate," as it is often called) fell over it, and he was gone.

One of Handel's solos was sung in a deep bass

voice of great compass and power; the low notes were such as I have never heard before.

The last event of the materialisations was a series of wafts of air, lasting two or three minutes and closely resembling the effect of a punkah, also loud scratches on the table. While these scratches were going on, the voice of Uncle was heard warning the spirit not to make such a noise. He was answered by a voice from the centre of the table calling "Chuprao, Chuprao!" (shut up, shut up!).

Before he departed, Uncle came round to each person in the circle, addressing them by name, to say "Good night." The voice sounded to me as if coming from below my knees. In all subsequent séances the voices have all appeared to come from one and a half to two feet above the table. I cannot account for this; it may have had something to do with the peculiar build and supports of the round table, which we never used afterwards.

During the evening Craddock's guide, "Sister Amy," was seen by clairvoyantes standing behind him. She had several conversations with her medium and his neighbours. During the singing of "Abide with me," I heard a very audible "good night," and learnt that it came from Amy, who was going away. She was unable to hear the singing, and the abrupt interruption was quite unintentional.

When this séance was over I was much astonished. I later attended séances with Husk that were far more fruitful of phenomena and better in every way; but this was my first, and I felt great surprise that such manifestations should be neglected by scientific men, and that they were not better known to the public. The singing, materialisations, and direct voices all

appeared to be quite genuine. I was not particularly affected with the spiritualistic aspect of the séance, though I saw one or two touching incidents of meetings with departed friends; the thing that disturbed me was the apparent indifference of the outside body of thinking people.

The next séance I attended was in the Psychological Society's Room, 67 George Street, Portman Square, on November 22, 1904, the medium again Husk, and the circle composed of sixteen sitters. The manifestations were very similar to those in St. John's Wood, but I saw John King several times plainly. He materialised the face and bust life-size and came to me four times; once two feet above my head. It was a strong face and very dark. I estimate the distance from the place where he materialised above my head to Husk's body in the chair in the circle to be four feet across the table. Admiral T. came to me quite distinctly and spoke a few words; it was a fair likeness. The mysterious stranger who presented himself before also came, but I was not to know his identity until later. Cardinal Newman, as before, gave the "Gloria in Excelsis," and pronounced the Benedicite in the Italian style, as if there were an "h" after "c"; this, I found on inquiry, was his custom in life. Two or three materialised heads and busts presented themselves to each sitter, who, as a rule, identified them as departed friends. A lady sitting next to me identified her son, and when the illuminated card (slate) was dropped had a conversation with him. At the end of the séance there was a chant of Greek priests that we did not hear on the previous occasion; it was very melodious and effective.

On November 29, 1904, I sat with Husk again in

the same room, with fifteen others in the circle, including, as on the two previous occasions, the medium and his wife. The first manifestation was a series of cold wafts over the backs of our hands, which were connected with our neighbours' all round the table. The Cardinal came as on previous occasions, bestowing his blessing collectively and individually; on arriving and departing he exhibited a bright cross in front of each person. We sang "Lead, kindly light," as usual, one deep bass voice and two tenors joining in. Then a fine voice sang part of a solo, "Rock'd in the cradle of the Deep." It collapsed, apparently through want of strength, before the second verse was finished. I said, "That is Foli." Immediately three taps came on the table in front of me, indicating assent.

John King made himself known with his stentorian "God bless you all," and greeted each sitter individually. His deputy, "Uncle," always comes at the beginning of the séances, and goes round to each member of the circle. The materialisations began soon after John arrived. He always presents himself first, and is never satisfied until each sitter has seen him clearly. About thirty-five or forty spirits showed themselves in form. They were all smaller than life-size, but most of them were recognised. The face of a woman came to me, the lower half of the face swathed in a bandage. I said, "Are you a relative?" (an emphatic bow of the head). "Are you my ——?" mentioning a relative (no movement). Then the head swerved suddenly to the left, I knew it by the profile, and called out the relationship. It collapsed, and three knocks came on the table directly in front of me, indicating assent. It was Iola.

The zither, or, as we were accustomed to call it, "the fairy bells," performed various gyrations round the table over the heads of the sitters, playing a regular tune, before and after the materialisations. The spirit that works it is known as Ebenezer. The last thing it did was to dash down on the floor, and apparently go through it, for we heard faint sounds below; these became louder and louder, till a crack was heard and the playing was again loud in the room, where the instrument was laid down gently on the table.

Mr. Cecil Husk's séances have been the theme of many discussions among spiritists. I have sat with him over forty times, and have only once suspected fraud. On that occasion the conditions were bad, and I am by no means sure that my doubts were reasonable. Even supposing my first ideas were correct, there were good reasons for attributing the trick I thought I witnessed to unconscious fraud. I have a great deal more to say about him on my return from America. In the meantime it is as well to state what arguments might be alleged for and against his genuineness.

Let us commence with such arguments as may be put forward for his reliability. He is, to all intents and purposes, blind. He enters a room with some fourteen people in it. Some greet him, some do not. Yet when his controls come, at a time when we believe him to be in a trance, they speak to each sitter by name in the correct order round the table. It is true that his wife, on the occasions described above, was with him, and sat next to him; but the unerring certainty with which this recognition was effected cannot be accounted for by her assistance, for it was

practically impossible for her to locate in her mind the precise seat of each member of the circle before the light was extinguished, and she seldom knew the names of all. Moreover, after his wife died his niece brought him to our rooms, and there was no change in the accuracy with which his controls greeted the sitters; nor, indeed, was there any difference in any of the manifestations, except that the forms did not get so far away as before from the medium. One of the well-known ladies of our society always held his left hand. Supposing his right hand was free (and, I admit, this must be taken into consideration), it would be impossible for him to manipulate the fairy bells or the materialisations; it would not assist him to remove the candle and put it down in a corner of the room; it would be no help to him in the singing, which is, perhaps, the most extraordinary phenomenon that occurs when he is present. It is rational that one of the members of the circle who sits next to him should be a person to whom he is thoroughly accustomed.

The manifestations that occur through the mediumship of Husk when in private rooms are far better than those which happen in his own house. All those investigators who have been present at both agree on this point.

The materialisations which represent the sitters' friends are less than life-size. If frauds, they must be dummies. But, if dummies, how is it the lips are seen to move when they speak? And, if dummies, they would appear more natural. I have seen faces even half life-size—for they vary very much—but none that I can remember which looked fresh and of good colour, such as you would expect from a face intended

to simulate that of a human being. There was a parchment appearance about all that came to me, and there is an undefinable look of Husk in some. This "Husky" appearance is just what we ought to expect, unless we are to suppose that the medium through whom they manifest has imparted nothing of his individuality to the form and face.

The movements of the fairy bells while playing defy all normal explanation. I have seen feeble attempts to account for them by supposing there is a small musical-box inside, started and stopped by a stick used in the right hand of the medium. This, and the supposition that he also moves the instrument, the zither, are idle stories; for the deliberate strumming on the strings of the instrument, as if by human fingers, is always distinctly heard, and the instrument often soars twelve feet away from the medium. It apparently goes through ceilings, walls, floors, and doors, and plays on the other side.

The singing is astonishing in volume, and goes on just the same when Husk happens to have a cold. He has himself, I believe, a very good voice; but this would not enable him to sing tenor, bass, and all the shades between, and this without the knowledge of his left-hand neighbour.

Different languages are spoken by spirits to sitters. When foreigners attended, they always carried on short conversations with their friends on the other side. I have heard twelve languages spoken at different séances.

On the other hand, I should be very sorry to declare that Husk has never been known to "help out" the manifestations. He sits too often, and it is not possible for a psychic to have power at his command

all the year round, especially if he holds séances three or four times a week. I think it possible he may occasionally put forward dummies in his own house. Nineteen years ago he was once detected impersonating a spirit. From my own personal knowledge or observation, I cannot say I have ever detected him; but I can conceive a séance where fraud and genuine phenomena both occur. His séances are too regular and frequent to escape the natural inference that artificial aid is brought in.

Numerous testimonies have been given, by people of all shades of intelligence and social standing, to the recognition by speech and sight of deceased friends through the mediumship of Cecil Husk. Thousands have sat with him. Many have been introduced under feigned names, and have been detected by the controls. Hundreds have been comforted in bereavements. I may be wrong, and hope I am, in thinking that all his home séances are not true throughout. Of one thing I am quite sure—that he has, for over twenty years, exercised a genuine gift, and that, in the private rooms when I sat with him, there was only one occasion when I suspected fraud, and that once it may have been unconscious on his part.

In December, 1904, I determined to go to New York, and sailed on the 17th from Southampton, arriving on Christmas Day. With the various evidences of spirit presence that I received while in New York and Boston I propose to deal in the next chapter.



## CHAPTER II.

### FIRST INVESTIGATION IN AMERICA

Materialisations with De Witt Hough—Appearance of Iola—The Roman lace-worker—Sittings for clairvoyance with Mrs. Conklin and Hough—The German suffering from kidney trouble diagnosed by Dr. Baker—Visit to Dr. S. H.—Year-end séance with Maggie Gaule—I am accompanied by the spirit of the son of Dr. S.—Psychometry and clairvoyance by Maggie Gaule—Dora Hahn—Convincing evidence of the presence of Iola—The Hermanns—New Year party at the house of Judge Dailey—May Pepper—Clairvoyance of Mrs. Dailey—Spirit return of the seaman Carey—Bright-Eyes and the photograph test—Another interview with Maggie Gaule—Visit Boston—Mrs. Morgan, Mrs. Henderson, and Mr. Porter—Iola manifests through Mrs. Henderson—Return to New York—Public séance of Mrs. Pepper—Private séance with Mrs. Pepper—Iola again—Return to England.

I LANDED at New York on Sunday, December 25, 1904, and attended a séance the same evening at the house of Mr. De Witt Hough. He then lived at 203 W. 38th Street with a partner, Mrs. Conklin, who is a good clairvoyante. I talked with Hough for half-an-hour before the séance commenced. He was in a stupid, dazed state, and very taciturn. It was impossible that he, or his partner, or any of his sitters, could have known anything about me.

There were seven sitters, besides Mrs. Conklin, who attended near the cabinet to find out the names of the various spirits. We sat in a semi-circle on chairs and sofas, comfortably at our ease. The sitter furthest from the cabinet was about sixteen feet from it; the room was about twenty-two feet by fifteen feet, with

a cabinet four feet square at one end. On a table outside of the latter were placed two bells, some writing-paper, a pencil, two harmonicas, and a paper tube. Before the gas was extinguished, Mrs. Conklin said to me: "Have you a relative called Elizabeth? I do not know if she is alive or dead, but I see that name in connection with you." (I have two relatives of that name, one alive and one dead; the latter is a near relative of mine and of Iola.) After the gas was put out, we sat for half-an-hour in the dark, during which time Dr. Baker, one of the controls, spoke in the direct voice. Phantoms were seen by one or two clairvoyants who were present, gliding about the room, one near me. I could see nothing, but I sensed a presence between me and my neighbour, and heard some sighs. Raps were heard in and about the cabinet, and tunes were well played on the harmonica, accompanied by bells. We sang, and at intervals called for tunes to be played by the spirits in the cabinet, which were all rendered as requested. The melody they got out of the ten-cent harmonicas was wonderful.

After half-an-hour of darkness, a little cripple control, "Star-Eyes," who had been in evidence some minutes, talking and laughing in the cabinet, asked for the light to be lit. Mrs. Conklin lit an oil-lamp in a corner of the room opposite to the cabinet. It was shaded with a blue screen, and covered with a shutter which communicated by a string with the cabinet; this enabled the controls to regulate the light at will. The light throughout the séance was enough to allow of a white-faced watch being read, and it was possible to distinguish the spirit-forms of men from those of women. I could only make out the features of the male spirits occasionally; the

women were veiled, and their robes gathered in at the waist.

(2) Fifteen or sixteen spirits materialised full length, and were recognised either as friends or habitués of the cabinet. About half-way through, the cabinet curtains opened, and a small, slight form, below the medium height of females, was seen. Mrs. Conklin called out the earth-name of Iola. I rose in my seat, and the woman came out towards me for a distance of some ten feet, took my hands, and drew me back to the cabinet. She was in a state of intense vibration. I asked: "Have you any message?" "Yes!—yes!" she said; "I will write." She took up a pencil, knelt down, and wrote upon the paper on the table. After writing a few words, she rose and went behind the curtain, apparently to gather strength; then came out again and finished the message. This she gave into my hands. She then came back with me to my seat, and said: "Sit!—sit!"—kneeled down by my side, and whispered: "I am so glad you have come." At this time I had the form completely in my power, she holding both of my hands in hers. Presently she rose slowly and withdrew to the cabinet with a natural, easy gait. After saying "God bless you," she disappeared.

At the end of the séance I looked at the writing, and found it was a somewhat commonplace expression of pleasure at our meeting, signed with the proper Christian-name, but not in the handwriting, of Iola. The height and figure were quite correct; the arms (which were bare) those of a woman; the hands a little larger than was right, and rather brown; the feet very small, in keeping with the figure.

Hough is about five feet seven inches in height, broad-shouldered, and somewhat stout. It would be

impossible for him to simulate a form five feet one inch in height, and slight in build. Any attempt to diminish his height, and walk about with bended knees, would be detected at once.

I sat with Hough for materialisation several times ; once alone. Iola came three times. It was noticeable that if some common name was called out, such as "Mary," and the wrong person approached the cabinet to claim the phantom, it would disappear ; none of the spirits would take the hand of a stranger. The controls were alleged to be a Colonel Baker, who was killed in the War of Secession, Dr. Baker, and a little spirit called Star-Eyes. Colonel Baker did not often materialise, but I have seen him in uniform. Star-Eyes kept up a running conversation throughout every séance, and generally materialised once or twice. If I went up to her, she would touch my hand softly ; she had the appearance of a small cripple. There were many materialisations and dematerialisations outside the cabinet.

Perhaps the most interesting feature in all the séances was the visit of a woman we used to call the "Roman lace-worker." She came sometimes from the cabinet, and at others from the floor outside it. She would borrow a handkerchief from me or some other sitter, and, shaking it out, evolve yards of drapery, which she would throw in turn over each individual member of the circle. I have held it in my hands ; it was of firm texture, and apparently as mundane as anything bought from a shop. She would then retire, laying it along the floor towards the cabinet ; it would dematerialise from the latter outwards. When the sitter from whom the handkerchief had been borrowed naturally asked for his

property to be returned, she would come out into the circle and pull it out from my back, or shirt-front, or the top of my head, and throw it to its owner. I have seen this spirit materialise a handkerchief from the carpet. She would bend down and scratch away until a small white substance appeared; this would get larger and larger, until it assumed the dimensions of a handkerchief.

Vibrations in the room were maintained by an ordinary musical box. Occasionally we sang. None of the forms that appeared were of a build resembling that of Hough except Dr. Baker and Colonel Baker; but in the case of these two habitués the faces were visible, and could not be mistaken for that of the medium. I was told that Hough was occasionally the victim of that most perplexing of all phenomena, transfiguration—when a medium is brought out of the cabinet and, so to speak, built upon and made to resemble some departed friend of a sitter; but I must say I never saw any form which reminded me of the medium.

Since those sittings seven years ago I have heard that Hough has been detected in fraud during a materialisation séance. The allegations related to me are so circumstantial that I cannot disbelieve them. He adds another name to the long list of psychics who try to help out a waning power by cheating. I have taken this into consideration when drawing up the above account, and have omitted some details which might possibly have been due to trickery, and only related those which I believe fully were genuine manifestations.

(3) The morning after my first séance with Hough I had a sitting with Mrs. Conklin, the clairvoyante.

Iola appeared to her soon after we sat down. The description was good, and she answered correctly the following questions: "By what name did I call you?" "By what name did you call me?" "Where did you die?" (country only given). "What is the name of your sister?" "By what name did she call you?" "What is your relationship to me?" Then my father manifested to the clairvoyante, and gave his Christian names. Some details were added by Iola which effectually settled her identity as far as I was concerned.

(4) The next morning, December 27, I sat with Hough and Mrs. Conklin. A card was before us, marked with letters of the alphabet inconsecutively. Hough took my right hand in his and used his own forefinger to stamp the letters of the words which formed the replies to my spoken questions. I closed my eyes until I felt him dig at the square that contained the letter he desired to indicate. In this manner the following inquiries of Iola were answered with accuracy: "Give the names of those of your family whom you have met in spirit life"; "Give the name of the last who passed over"; "What was the name of her husband?" "Please give your full name" (two Christian names and the surname were given correctly); "Give my full name" (answer: William Usborne Moore); "Give the name of the town where you died" (given quite correctly, and it was a place which I am sure the medium had never heard of).

The delight of Hough when he found out that he had given correct answers was immense. He uttered cries like those of a child, especially when my second Christian name and the name of the town came out.

Having ascertained that my father was present, I wrote on a piece of paper which Hough did not see, "Where did my eldest brother die?" The reply was correct. Hough bellowed with delight.

Remember, up to this moment neither Hough nor his partner knew anything of me whatever except that I was an Englishman; this was known to Mrs. Conklin, as it came out the previous day. At the lowest estimate of this sitting it was an instance of excellent "thought reading." I am inclined to give it a far higher significance. It is rare that thoughts can be read so accurately, for the names were difficult to an American. I think it more probable that Iola and my father were present and directly impressed the medium.

(5) On December 28 I visited Mrs. Conklin again, and obtained some good tests with a packet of photographs. Iola was asked the following question: "How many children have I got?" The reply was: "I see a boy and two girls. One of the girls has the name Harriet. Your son has the same name as yourself, 'Usborne.' There are several Usbornes in the family. It is your name and your son's name. Your children are not young and not old. One of the girls is about eighteen years of age. I can only see three." (This is all correct. I had one son and two daughters at home at this time. My youngest daughter's name is Harriet, and she was eighteen years of age; my son's second name is the same as my own, and there are others of that name in the family.)

On December 29 I sat again with Hough and his partner. Hough and I sat at two tables nine feet apart. I wrote a message and doubled it up so that he could not open it under my observation, then gave

it to him. He put it to his forehead. Mrs. Conklin came and sat by my side after he had received the note. He wrote answers with feverish haste, which he gave to me. The answers were in general terms, but such as showed that he had in some way become acquainted with the contents of my messages. As evidences of identity they did not count for much. Here is one specimen: (Q.) "Iola, why would you not speak to me last night here?" (A.) W., I did try to do so, but conditions were not just right for me; and then again to materialise is very difficult. I shall be with you, and shall help and aid you all I can.—Iola." The handwriting was that of the medium.

After a time we agreed to try the alphabet as on the previous occasion. Iola gave my wife's working name correctly: and when my father was asked, "Of what disease did my eldest brother die?" the reply was "Diphtir." I said, "Please repeat the last word," and "diphtheria" was spelt out (this was correct).

(6) I will conclude my record of Hough with the account of an incident that much impressed me at the time. One of the members of the circle of the last séance I attended was a stalwart young German, over six feet in height, apparently in sound health. He was a perfect stranger to the medium. When Dr. Baker came out from the cabinet, he advanced ten feet into the room and beckoned this gentleman to him, turned him round with his hands, and made several passes across his back at the waist. I happened to leave the house with this young man, and asked him if Baker's action had any significance. "Much," he replied; "I have been suffering from acute kidney trouble for three months."



(7) On December 30 I paid a visit to Dr. S., a famous Unitarian minister and ardent inquirer into psychical phenomena. He is the author of two or three books on the subject, and the conversation naturally turned on his latest work. One of the best of the instances of trance-mediumship that he had adduced in that book was connected with a message which he had received from his son, who had passed over some three or four years. He took me up to one end of his room and showed me a portrait, saying: "That is my son, of whom we were talking just now." He then went to the other side of the room and described to me the portraits on the mantel-shelf, saying of one, "That is another picture of my son." We discussed Mrs. Piper, and he authorised me to use his name if it would be of any use to obtain a sitting. I, in my turn, showed him a certain photograph test which had been given to me by a medium on the previous day. On leaving Dr. S. I went back to my hotel and wrote a letter to Dr. H., at Boston, asking for an interview with Mrs. Piper. In the evening I started out to the house of a certain materialisation medium, but, finding her out of town, proceeded on to the house of Mrs. Margaret Gaule Reidinger, usually known as "Maggie Gaule," to make an appointment. To my surprise, when I entered the house I found the rooms full of people. I was met by Mr. and Mrs. Reidinger, and explained to Mrs. Reidinger that I had been recommended to visit her by Dr. H., of Boston, and Dr. S. "How is Dr. S.?" she inquired; "he has been unwell." I replied that I had seen him that morning, and he appeared very well. "Did you know I had a special gathering this evening?" "No, madam; I came to

make an appointment for a private sitting." Mr. Reidinger then showed me to a seat in the drawing-room, where some forty or fifty well-dressed people were assembled. It was a double room; and in the place where folding-doors would naturally be there was a small table, covered with closed letters and various articles, some packed in paper, some exposed to view. In a quarter of an hour Maggie Gaule came in, and, standing by this table, gave an address on the objects of spiritualism and the various faculties of mediums. She denied that the power she exercised was that of telepathy. Her friends in that room brought their spirits with them, and it was from these spirits that she obtained the information which she imparted; and more to the same effect. All she asked of her audience was that, if she gave a true reading, it should be admitted as correct by the person concerned.

She then took up a small closed parcel, and said: "This parcel brings me conditions of a little child who is reaching out to its mother. It contains a tiny shoe, and inside that shoe is some other article which belonged to the child. Who does this belong to? To you, madam? I now see beside you a small girl form. Her name is so and so, and she says she would be very happy if she could only feel you had ceased to grieve for her. She says, 'Tell Momma that I saw her when she was doing this or that yesterday morning. I wish her to know that I was with her!'" More particulars are given. The lady addressed bows her head in assent, unable to speak. Turning to another article: "May I ask who brought this here? You, sir? Thank you. Am I right in supposing it contains so and so? It does. I thank you." (Approaching

the owner) : “ I see behind you the spirit of a man. He gives the name of Albert, and he says he is your father. He wishes me to tell you to have patience for one month longer, and you will find that railway scheme will work out all right.” Then, turning round unexpectedly in another direction, without taking up either parcel or letter, she addresses an old lady opposite to me : “ Ah ! madam, I see near you a little girl, who is saying, ‘ Momma, Carrie wishes me to tell you so and so.’ Have you a daughter in spirit life called Carrie, and another so-and-so ? You have ? Thank you. Am I right in saying that you came this evening hoping to hear of them, and that you had a séance at your house on Tuesday last, when you were advised to visit me ? ” Further minute particulars are given. The old lady addressed bursts into tears, exclaiming, “ It is all quite true.”

Maggie Gaule then returns to the table, takes up a sealed letter, fingers it for a few minutes, and says : “ Here is something which shows a most complicated situation. Who brought it ? ” The man sitting next to me holds up his hand. She walks towards him, but suddenly stops and faces another man : “ You have something to do with this. I see a connection between you and this letter ” (muses for a few seconds). “ Are you a judge ? ” “ No.” “ But you are connected with the law ; I know it. Was your father a judge ? ” “ Yes.” “ Well, your father was not a believer in spiritualism in his earth life ; but he had a fair and open mind, and if he knew you were here to-night he would say so-and-so.” (The man assents.) “ And now, sir ” (turning to the man originally addressed), “ about this letter of yours. You are in very considerable difficulties. It has

seemed to you that your troubles never come to an end. No sooner does one cease than another begins. But a brighter time is coming. I must tell you what the spirits tell me, not what it is most agreeable to you to hear. The words are sounding in my ear—'Better not have started litigation with those two sons.'" Further particulars are given. After Maggie Gaule had turned away, my neighbour whispered to me: "Do you know why she mixed up that man with me? He is my attorney. His father was a judge." Quite twenty minutes after Maggie Gaule turned round to him and said: "You think I mixed you up with somebody else; you are quite mistaken."

To a young lady who owned to one of the sealed letters she said, walking towards her: "I can tell you that little love affair will come all right" (confusion of the girl and laughter in the room). "But you had better go on with your music." "Why," exclaimed the girl, "that was the very question I asked." "Well, your mother is standing here, and says you should continue your music. May I open this letter?" (Tears open the closed note, and reads aloud): "My dearest mother, is it worth while for me to continue my practice?" (Great delight on the part of the girl, and much applause from the audience.)

During the evening Maggie Gaule sauntered up to me and said: "I see you are wearing a chain, and something hanging to it which belonged to someone very dear to you." (Takes watch and chain, and fingers watch.) "This was not given to you by one now in spirit life, but it was the property at one time of a person who has passed over." (All correct.) "You have come a long distance, and have travelled a great deal. You have brought across the ocean

some photographs.” (Here followed some private details which I recognised as correct, but which were unintelligible to those around.) “You are making investigations into the problems of spiritualism and the immortality of the soul. You are going to Boston presently. Do you know, it is a very curious thing, I have tried to bring Dr. S. into communication with his son, and have never succeeded in doing so. He is beside me now, and he wishes me to tell his father that he was with him in his study this morning when you called upon him. He says: ‘My father pointed to a picture, and said, “That is my son.”’ He afterwards showed you another portrait of him. He gave you a letter, or authorised you to use his name, to assist you to obtain an interview with Mrs. Piper. Let me tell you, you will not get that appointment yet, next week, nor the week after; but you will achieve your object before re-crossing the ocean. Will you convey the message to Dr. S. from his son? You have written to Dr. H. to-day.”

This was correct in all essentials. Beyond the few words I have already mentioned which passed between Mr. and Mrs. Reidinger and myself in the hall on my arrival, the seer knew nothing of me, nor of my relations with Dr. S. or Dr. H. She did not know I had come across the sea (even if my lamentable “English accent” had betrayed me, I might be from Canada or the South). The photographs had only been mentioned to Dr. S. I had never set foot in that part of New York in my life, and was an absolute stranger to every person in the room. My thoughts were not concentrated on the events of the morning, and I subsequently ascertained from Dr. S. that he had not mentioned my visit to a single soul.

We have not the faintest evidence that the subconscious self can be tapped by a stranger on first meeting. To believe that it can is to believe that a medium can read the motives, character, and innermost thoughts of every person he or she passes in the street. Is it not less difficult to accept the fact at once that Maggie Gaule received her information from spirits present—in this case from Dr. S.'s son, who had accompanied me to her house? He and I alone knew what had taken place. Dr. S. himself was not aware that I had written to Dr. H. on that evening.

One rather curious premonition was given to a business man by Maggie Gaule. "You are in difficulties about a factory for tiles or bricks. More than once you have had to remove because the neighbours take exception to what they consider the danger of your method of manufacture."

"Well, yes. We have been fired out of our location some."

M. G.: "I know. There is no real danger; but people around think there is. Let me tell you, to use your own expression, you are going to be fired out again. Then you have had important dealings with a man whom you have reason to think is not as temperate as he ought to be. Excuse me mentioning these unpleasant details, but I am here to say what I see and what I am told to say."

"Well, I guess he drinks," was the reply.

I have only given the briefest sketch of what took place in Maggie Gaule's drawing-room on this particular evening. Some fifteen or twenty closed letters and articles were "read." All the readings were admitted to be correct. I am not now holding a brief for American methods. English inquirers prefer to

keep their sorrows private, and shrink from parading them before a room full of people, however sympathetic they may be. Be this as it may, there is no doubt that at least a dozen men and women left the house that night happier than when they entered it, firmly convinced that they had been brought into close touch with their loved ones who had gone before.

(1) I may have to return to Maggie Gaule presently. In the meantime I will attempt to describe a visit which I paid the following day to Miss Dora Hahn, a trance medium in New York. I was, of course, absolutely unknown to her. We sat in the dark, and about four feet apart. She gave me a precise description of my state of health, and the precautions necessary, which I believe were correct, but which would not interest my readers. She then accurately described certain spirits around, some of whom I had not given a thought to for years, and she gave their names. She then went into trance, and was taken possession of by an Indian spirit called "Lark," who, in a voice quite different to that of the medium, said, "Where do you wish me to go to?"

"Is the spirit of Iola present?"

Lark: "Yes; she is here with me."

"Well, go to the house of my mother."

Lark: "I will go to the house of your mother. It is a long way, ever so far off, across the ocean; it is not in London, but near it." (Then followed a description of the house and the members of the family attending upon my mother, which was correct.)

Lark: "Where shall I go now?"

"Go to my house at Southsea."

Lark: "Where is Southsea? B—— Square, R—— Square?" (London).

“ Why do you say R—— Square ?”

Lark : “ Well, Iola says she lived there at one time, but the big hotel on one side was not there then. Some buildings have been pulled down, and the hotel has been built in their place.” (Correct.)

“ Now, Lark, what is the square like? You have squares here—Madison Square, and so on. Describe R—— Square.”

Lark : “ It is a sort of park.”

“ Any trees ?”

Lark : “ Oh yes! plenty; and you have to open the gate with a key.” There were further details, all of which were correct.

“ Now, Lark, go to Southsea, near Portsmouth; you know, the naval town.”

Lark : “ All right; I see plenty of ships and soldiers about. You have something to do with them. Golly! what a lot of cars! You *are* getting on in the old country!” A good description of my house followed; also a good account of my son-in-law, my daughter, and their children, who lived in a neighbouring street.

“ All the information given in this interview,” the sceptic might say, “ was obtained from yourself. Dora Hahn told you nothing you did not know before you entered her room.” This may possibly be true; but, remember, we were in the dark. But now to close the séance.

The light was lit. I laid a packet of fifteen photos on the table, and, taking care to get out of view of them, asked the medium to pick out the portraits of any spirits she had seen on this evening. While she was considering, she handed me a photograph of my wife, saying: “ Iola has just told me that this is your



wife, and she says there is another one of her here." She then gave me a second picture of Mrs. Moore. I should like to know how any theory of telepathy can explain this away. Could the medium have obtained this information except from the source she claimed—that is to say, Iola?

The next day I visited Mr. and Mrs. Hermann, two psychics in a remote part of New York. They discovered my name pretty quickly. I tried the photograph test. Mrs. Hermann gave a convulsive movement, and shouted: "Who is the little girl? A spirit is saying in my ear: 'Give him the little girl.'" There was only one little girl in the collection of photographs; it was a *carte-de-visite* of my wife at the age of fifteen, in short dress.

Good tests were given at this séance, but that just mentioned was one of the best. Knocks were going on all round the room, and vigorous taps on the table testified to any true piece of information. No person who had been present could have failed to recognise the activity of intelligences which do not belong to this state of existence.

On January 2 I lunched with Judge Dailey in Brooklyn. My hostess was clairvoyante; and the well-known Rev. May Pepper, of the First Spiritualistic Church of Brooklyn, was one of the guests. It was one of those charming family gatherings for the celebration of the New Year which those only can appreciate who have experienced true American hospitality.

(8) I sat during the meal on the left of May Pepper. When about half-way through lunch, she said to me: "Your father has been in spirit-life twelve years; your mother is still in earth-life; but she has one foot, so to speak, in spirit-life, and she is not long for this

earth—she will never see another Christmas.” These facts were correct—my father passed out twelve years before, and my mother died at the age of ninety, on December 8 following this incident.

After lunch the hostess called me on one side, and said: “Your father stood behind you at lunch, and a man who I am sure was your brother; his name commenced with the letter ‘A’—Albert, or Alfred, or something of that sort. There was also a sister of yours, whose name is so-and-so.” (The information as to the names was correct; they were Alldin and Catherine.)

I should have mentioned that when I was introduced for the first time to Mrs. Dailey, an hour before the above incident, she said: “A sailor has come here; he is dripping with water, and I feel that he was drowned while under your command. His name seems to be Leroy.” I could not think who this was; but when I got back to England I hunted through my journals, and found that in June, 1873, when I was a young lieutenant in a sloop in the Indian Ocean, an accident occurred. We were under sail alone—no steam available—and during the passage from Socotra to the Maldives experienced the usual gale, called the south-west monsoon. One evening we were taking in the third reef in the topsails when a young seaman called Carey fell from aloft, and, striking the rigging in his fall, plunged into the sea. The lifebuoy was let go. I jumped into a boat, and, with five volunteers, went to his assistance. The sea was high, but a keen-sighted man in my boat saw the buoy when we rose to the top of a wave. When we got up to it, we found Carey on the buoy dead. He had managed to swim to the buoy (how I cannot conceive), but this supreme

effort had killed him ; and there he was, with his arms around the upright standard of the buoy, drowned. We got on board again before dark, not without considerable difficulty ; and I believe this was the man who had returned from the other side in some feeling of gratitude for the efforts that had been made thirty-one years before to save his life. Everyone knows the difficulty psychics have in reading these names in what is called "the astral light." Observe : this lady could not read Alldin, but she said "Albert, or Alfred, or some such name." The names Leroy and Carey have three letters in common ; both end with a "y," there are the same number of letters in both, and "r" is the centre letter of each word.

When the party went into the drawing-room, after lunch, Mrs. Pepper, who before lunch had refused to give me a sitting that day, because she was tired after the Sunday evening services, was suddenly controlled by an Indian spirit called "Bright-eyes," who seized my hands, and, in a voice totally different to that of Mrs. Pepper, said : "You have brought a parcel with you ; will you let me look at it?"

(9) In my breast-pocket was the packet of photographs (entirely out of sight), and two or three closed letters to spirits. One of these was worded thus : "Please impress the medium to pick out such-and-such portraits" (mentioning four of the collection). Not a soul in the house, nor in New York or Brooklyn, for that matter, knew that these photos were on my person, nor could any mortal have been aware of the contents of the closed letters.

I handed the packet to Mrs. Pepper (or perhaps I ought to say "Bright-eyes"), who laid the photos faces downward, on her lap. In this position I was entirely

unable to distinguish one from the other ; so telepathy (the bogey of spiritualism) had not a chance to spoil sport. Within five minutes three out of the four portraits were handed to me.

At lunch I sat next to Mrs. Pepper, and it is possible that, with her marvellous intuition, she had read my mind correctly as to the nature of the test I was most desirous to obtain ; but I would like to know by what means she was able to select the portraits, unless it was through the agency of the supramundane intelligence I had requested to intervene, and who was familiar with the photographs I required. On coming out of trance Mrs. Pepper was much vexed to have failed in discovering the fourth portrait.

I am writing now to give my own experiences of psychic phenomena, and not to relate the experiences of others ; but I cannot properly bring before the reader, in a sufficiently distinct light, the powers of the Rev. May Pepper without giving at least one instance of the exercise of her gift that proved to be of great practical value, and which was told me that morning by the gentleman who had invoked her assistance.

(10) Mr. R. is the son of a couple who had been separated not many years after their marriage. He was brought up by his mother, who had never concealed the fact of his father being alive, but always evaded the question of where he was living. Mr. R. was nearly of age when his mother died, and he became more than ever desirous of finding his father. He was in the habit of attending Mrs. Pepper's Spiritualistic Church ; and it occurred to him one Sunday evening to put a closed letter on the rostrum, asking his mother to give him the address of his father. Mrs. Pepper,

through the spirit's guidance, gave the address of a firm in Liverpool, under which his father was employed. He wrote to him at this address, and soon received a manly and affectionate reply. (Mr. R. read me the letter.) The writer made no attempt to defend his share of the unhappy differences which had estranged him from his wife and son; said he could not visit America just then, but he hoped to do so in a year or two; and expressed earnest good wishes for his son's prosperity in life. It was fated, however, that they should not meet, for a few months after this letter was penned the writer was killed in a street accident.

(11) On the morning following the lunch at Brooklyn I went, by appointment, to "Maggie Gaule," for a private reading. She said: "Your father is here. He says he was with you yesterday at lunch in a house at Brooklyn." (Then followed some details which satisfied me that this was not guess-work.) "I hear the word 'Captain' or 'Admiral.' Are you Admiral?" Then a message from my father was given, which was characteristic, and certain details about my immediate family that were correct. The medium then said: "I should like to see that packet in your pocket." (Takes from me the packet of photos.) As she held them I could not tell one from the other. She handed out one: "This one has an association" (correct). "I know there is some very strong interest in your life connected with this" (hands one of my wife). "I am strongly impressed by this" (hands one of the four photos which I have stated had a special interest for me). "Here is another lady who is intimately connected with you" (hands the second photo of my wife).

It is remarkable (*a*) that this lady should have known that I had any photos in my pocket; (*b*) that she should select three out of the four in which I was specially interested; and (*c*) that she should corroborate the presence of my father at Brooklyn the previous day.

After various interviews with other New York mediums, who gave more or less correct information, I went to Boston on 10th January. On the 11th I visited three mediums who could not have known anything whatever about me—neither my name, profession, present occupation, nationality, nor train of thought. Their names were Mrs. Morgan, Mrs. Henderson, and Mr. Porter.

Mrs. Morgan, sitting in full light, commenced by announcing the presence of my father and of her medical guide. She described my physical condition correctly, and said: "I sense—following the sea. You, or someone closely connected with you, is following the sea as a profession. Have you anything to do with wireless telegraphy?" (my son was about to be appointed in charge of the wireless telegraphy section of the Torpedo School at Portsmouth). Various other details followed which were correct. This medium refused to undertake the photograph test, but gave me some interesting private details.

(12) Mrs. Henderson, after a few minutes' conversation, went into trance, and was taken possession of by one of her guides, "Sunflower," an Indian girl, who announced Iola as present, and said: "You have something of hers with you."

"Yes, I have a photograph."

Sunflower: "Yes, there is one taken some time before she passed over, and one taken at a later stage" (correct). I then gave the packet to Sun-

flower, which she laid on her lap photographs faces downwards, and proceeded to describe them.

Sunflower: "This one makes me feel dreadful" (hands me the photo of a lady whose sister was murdered, under horrible circumstances, in New Zealand). "There is some interest connected with this" (hands a photo to which the remark would apply). "This seems to be a sister" (quite correct). "With this comes to me a laugh—a happy time" (hands a youthful portrait of Iola). "The spirit condition predominated when this was taken" (hands an older portrait of above).

And so she went on, giving correct accounts of at least nine of the photographs. As I was completely ignorant which picture was which, I can account for Sunflower's prescience only in one way—viz., that Iola, who knew all the faces, except one, when she was in earth life, was directing the choice.

Other particulars were given concerning my family, which cannot be repeated. They were correct, and my own Christian name was told me.

Mr. Porter blindfolds his eyes. He gave me some good tests; but some of the people whom he described were uppermost in my mind that morning, and I fancy that, though blindfolded, he was able in some way to draw liberally on my own upper consciousness. There was, however, one very curious announcement towards the end of the interview: "This spirit says he was with you in St. Louis. Have you been in St. Louis?" I replied, "No; but that was the name of the ship I came over in." The spirit promised to make his identity known later. Mr. Porter had no knowledge of my name or nationality, but described minutely my occupation.

(13) I returned to New York on 14th January. On the 17th I attended a public reading of sealed letters in the drawing-room of Mrs. Pepper. This time I had some closed letters of my own on the table addressed to different relatives. For instance, one was to my father asking him how many children he had in the spirit world; another was to an aunt, who died fifty years before, asking what was the cause of her death. The clairvoyance shown by Mrs. Pepper on this occasion was one of the most remarkable of my experiences. About forty people were present. I should think the number of sealed letters read that afternoon amounted to twenty or twenty-five. Not a single mistake was made. All the persons who had their letters read, or spirits round them described, admitted the clairvoyant interpretation to be correct. The seer glided about the room with absolute confidence, describing the appearances, names, and relationships to the audience of the entities present, not unfrequently giving an account of a spirit standing by some sitter who had not laid any letter on the table.

Once I thought Mrs. Pepper had made a mistake. She spoke to a fashionably dressed woman in the middle of the group: "Lady, I see near you a spirit whose name is R." "I know no one of that name," was the frigid response. "Ah! I see it belongs to this gentleman in front of you. It is a little boy who has not long passed over. He was his father's darling. May I ask, Sir, have you lately lost a child called R.?" (The man assents, his wife sitting stiff beside him with compressed lips, looking straight in front of her.) "You have? Let me tell you there is a barrier; your little son cannot show himself to his parents



while there is this wall of gloom and despondency in your house. It shuts him out. The father and mother feel no hope; they look around and find nothing to soften their despair. This should not be so. You, Sir, shall see your son. He will make you conscious of his presence within two months, as sure as I'm alive. Have you lately changed the position of a picture?"

"No, we have not moved his picture."

Mrs. P.: "But (listens) he tells me that he was with you when you altered the position of a picture. I did not say it was *his* picture."

The man, who is now weeping quietly with his face eagerly scanning that of the seer, says: "We did make a change in the position of a picture the other day."

Mrs. P.: "Yes, you did. I know it. Your little R. asks me to give you this as a proof that he has been with you in your home."

Mrs. Pepper then turns to another sealed letter, and says: "This envelope contains a letter which was not written by anyone in this room. Ah! I see. Who claims this envelope? You, lady? Thank you. Will you tell me if I am correct in supposing that in this envelope is a letter from an anonymous person trying to damage your husband in your estimation? (Lady assents.) Well, take my advice and think nothing more about it. It is a slander designed to break up the peace of a home, and written from evil motives. That is my answer to what you wish to know. If you care to wait behind this afternoon, I will tell you more about this matter."

After she had dealt with seven or eight letters, she swung round to me and said: "A man, the spirit of

your father, walked across to you when I took up this envelope. Is it yours?" I answered in the affirmative. "Well, I will come back to you presently." Then, turning in the opposite direction, she took up a closed envelope, bit a piece out of it, and mused for a time; then said: "This is a question from somebody present who wishes to know if it would be well for her sister to return to her husband. Who put it here? You, lady? Well, I am told that she had better stop as she is; the separation was not made without good reason, and they had better remain apart. He is a miserly creature. He would skin a flint, this husband of hers, and when they lived together he grudged her the food she was obliged to eat to keep body and soul together. (The writer assents to this cheerful delineation of character.) Tell your sister it is better for her to remain independent, even if she has to work for her living. Perhaps I can tell you more if you remain behind this afternoon."

(14) Then to me: "Your father is laughing and saying, 'They are wondering at home why you are going back a week earlier than you intended.' (Correct.) He also says, 'Does my son think I do not know how many children I have got?' (Then followed a correct answer to my question.) Who is E.? Your aunt? But I don't understand. The E. who is here speaking to me (listens) says that you married into her family. (Correct. Eighteen years after my aunt's death I married her daughter, my cousin.) She was ill for a long time before she passed over; her family did not know how bad she really was, and when the end came it was a great shock." (This was correct.)

I have quoted here a few of the utterances of Mrs. Pepper. All of them were equally interesting and truthful, and there was no doubt in my mind at the time that this remarkable woman did clairvoyantly see spirit entities who had accompanied their friends into the house, and that through their agency she was able to read the contents of these sealed letters almost as well as if she had opened them and read them with her eyes.

(15) Once again, the evening before I sailed for England, I had an interview with her, this time alone. She had a few minutes before returned from Philadelphia, where she had addressed thirteen hundred people, and given readings of seventy-five letters (I understood that five hundred people were turned away from the door), and at that time she was much troubled by some domestic difficulties, so I hardly expected to benefit much by her clairvoyante faculty. In this I was quite mistaken. She gave me all sorts of information of a private and complicated nature, described the character and the manner of death of a distinguished officer (which was perfectly correct), and appeared generally as bright as if she had had no fatigue and no worries. I can only relate one portion of our conversation. One letter I had written, closed, and addressed outside, was to the spirit of a very amiable man who died in the year 1868, and whom we will call here Major Jones. I knew him well when I was a boy, and had reasons for supposing that he would be present, and he was. His only Christian name was Major; he was not a military man, and had never seen anything more formidable than a squib fired off during his life. He had passed over at the age of fifty-nine. Like many

other people in the last century, before statistics had been collected on the subject, he entertained a rooted objection to consanguineous marriages, and believed that they were the work of the devil. Nine years after his death his youngest daughter married a cousin. Three other children had also married. His grandchildren totalled up to the number of eighteen, and the most successful of his children's marriages from the physical and mental standpoint was that of his youngest daughter. The seer was instructed to ask him: "How many children have you in spirit life, and how many in earth-life?" The answer was quite correct: "Two daughters in earth-life, two in spirit-life, two sons in spirit-life, and there was a little boy who died shortly after he was born." (This latter detail was not in my consciousness, but I dare say I had heard of it some time or the other.) He further went on to specify which of his daughters, both of whom he named, died first. Both of his wives were mentioned by name. He said: "I have a grandson in earth-life who is ill. He will have to be taken great care of."

Q.: "Do you approve of the marriage of your youngest daughter?"

A.: "No. That grandson I spoke to you about is her son." (This is correct, the man in question having been attacked by enteric fever in the previous August; at this time he was nearly well.)

Now, observe this reply. The illness of the grandson had nothing to do with the popular notion of the effect of consanguineous marriages; but Mr. Jones, who had ample opportunity, we must suppose, of knowing this fact, still adhered to his original fixed idea. This view I hinted to the clairvoyante, who

was instructed to ask again; but she said: "I can't help it, sir; he shakes his head."

Other details were given which proved the identity of the spirit communicating and that of four or five other spirits who were present.

I said to Mrs. Pepper: "I certainly thought you would be confused by supposing Major Jones to be a military man." The reply was: "No; he didn't look like one."

It is impossible that this psychic could, by any possibility, have known beforehand of the existence of Major Jones, or any particulars of his family; nor do I see how mind-reading could assist her, as my attention was not concentrated on the replies; and they were, indeed, somewhat unexpected.

Iola was present during this interview, and gave some interesting information. "Ask her," I said to the medium, "if she ever materialised in New York." The answer came at once. "She says 'Yes, when you first arrived.' She is smiling, and saying something about a cane." (Listens.) "She says she went with you to the séance-room, and that you took your cane up into the room to prevent anyone knowing who you were. Is this so?"

A.: "No; what I did was to walk two or three blocks, in the snow, from the hotel, when I remembered that my stick had my name and address engraved upon it; so I returned and put the stick in my room."

M. P.: "Yes; that was it. She gives you this as a test that she was with you on that evening."

This was my last psychic experience during this visit to America. I left the country feeling that I had been amply repaid for the trouble of crossing the

ocean. As regards clairvoyance and trance mediumship, I thought the phenomena of far better quality than anything that can be obtained in this country, probably on account of the purity of the atmosphere and superior electrical conditions.

I reached England in a frame of mind quite ready to receive the truths of spiritism if I could find evidences in any honest quarter.

## CHAPTER III.

### THE MEDIUMS CRADDOCK AND HUSK

Some investigators convinced that no trustworthy evidence can be collected from mediums who have once been detected in fraud—Author denies this—If such be the case, all records of materialisations in England are useless—Professional psychics imbued with Jesuitical doctrines—We all live by our wits—The psychic and the positive sitters form a battery—Both essential to success—Mental hostility bars all good phenomena—Mediums can commit fraud in trance—Somnambules—F. Craddock—His exposure—Condemned because he refused to be searched—Nevertheless, an interesting curiosity—His mediumship not in question—Notes of genuine phenomena—But unsafe to sit with for spiritual evidences—Husk—His controls—Some incidents of séances when he was medium—The Test séance—Levitation of Husk—Foreign languages spoken by spirits—“Uncle” visits me at Southsea—Evidence through clairvoyantes sitting with Husk—The spirit of Signor Foli sings solos asked for on the spur of the moment—General remarks on Husk—The movements of the zither, the white forms, the “striking proof,” and the memory of John King inexplicable by any theory of fraud.

THE two mediums whose séances I attended most constantly on my return to England were Messrs. Husk and Craddock. I have already described three sittings with the former, and will give some details of others; but, before doing so, I will state what I know of the latter. Those investigators who are convinced that no phenomena worth noticing can be obtained with a medium who is at any time convicted of fraud will not regard the incidents of Craddock's séances as evidential of spirit presence; but I must again remind

them that, if a stainless record is to be the criterion of our faith, we shall find that we must put aside all evidence collected in this country for telekinesis and materialisation. Florence Cook, who was afterwards detected fraudulently personating spirits, gave many genuine séances while under the strict supervision and fostering care of Crookes. Katie King found no difficulty in manifesting in a genial, sympathetic atmosphere; when, however, her medium was among hostile elements, the latter resorted to tricks to "help out" the phenomena that occurred in her presence. The same may be said of nearly all the professional mediums who have exercised their gift in England, where the dampness of the climate is inimical to success unless the conditions, mental and atmospheric, are of the very best.

One reason why psychics are so oblivious to the necessity for strict rectitude in dealing with their sitters in this vitally important matter of communication with the unseen, is that they know they generally possess the power required for genuine manifestation, and they think that a few lapses here and there make no difference to the truth of the reality of spirit return. It is, of course, a most erroneous idea; but they have not the sense to see it. Rigid honesty is only to be found allied to sound common sense, and that is just the quality in which these negatives are entirely deficient. They are the most unpractical beings on earth; the word "casual" is the only term that can be applied to them. Careless of engagements, hopeless in matters of business, they drift about and alienate their best friends. I believe all this can be cured by early training; but, so far, we have not reached the stage of colleges and schools for educating



people who possess gifts not recognised in ordinary, everyday life.

*Apropos* of professional psychics, a friend, from whom I should have expected better things, said to me a few months ago: "I suspect people who live by their wits." He was a man drawing a liberal stipend from a Government department for work well and conscientiously performed. But it was on the tip of my tongue to say to him: "Are you not living by your wits? What brought you into the honourable position you now occupy? Your wits!" We all live by our wits, from the Prime Minister down to the newsboy, except that minority who exist by the wits of their fathers or grandfathers. If my friend had said, "I suspect all people whose negative organisation is such that their wits do not tell them when they are on the borderline between honesty and dishonesty," he would have been near the mark.

Most materialisation mediums can exercise their genuine gift, if it is not actually in abeyance, when they sit with a sympathetic circle, several members of which are "positive." A true positive is the complement of the medium. A battery is formed, and the necessary vibrations are set up, which enable the psychic to become of use to the band on "the other side" who desire to manifest or to help the sitter's friends to do so. A "positive" seldom, if ever, has any receptive power. His spirit body is not sufficiently separated from his natural body to enable him to see "clairvoyantly," to hear "clairaudiently," or to feel "clairsentiently." He can, however, and often does, give out an extremely tenuous form of matter that assists in building up the materialisations; he does not fall into trance; his senses are on the alert,

and he is a useful recorder of what goes on. If psychics are necessary, the positive is no less so ; it is essential for him to be present if the best results are to be obtained. The attenuated matter which emanates from him can be seen under certain conditions. I have often laid down on a sofa facing a dark red flannel screen with an electric stove behind me, and watched a faint substance streaming away from my side across the background. It resembles the gaseous appearance seen over a sandy plain when the sun is well up.

It is a known fact that one psychic can seldom obtain messages or descriptions when sitting alone with another psychic. Both are negatives. You might as well expect to obtain a current by immersing two plates of zinc in acid or water ; the battery is not complete. Communication with the next state will some day be proved to be due to natural law, and only an extension of wireless telephony, the instrument of propulsion being the forces inherent in the invisible spirit bodies of both the earth spirit and the discarnate spirit.

All psychics are in danger of losing their power at a séance from the mental action of hostile sitters. They are usually in a state of self-imposed hypnosis. A man sits down in the circle and impresses them with the perpetually recurring suspicion, " You are going to deceive me." Eventually the thought becomes an active dynamic force, and the medium senses strongly, " I am going to deceive him." If he has in any way prepared for deception before entering the room, he will, under these circumstances, assuredly endeavour to commit fraud. It is unwise to condemn any medium until you have yourself ascertained that he has in

the room within reach, or about his person, articles which clearly prove his intention to deceive, before putting himself into hypnotic trance.

In materialisation the medium and the form are connected by a spiritous cord. This can be seen, as I have been told, by good clairvoyants. As the form advances further and further from its parent, the cord naturally becomes thinner. It is on record that some mediums always feel an impulse to leave the cabinet and follow the figure. This would be natural enough if we can believe that, by doing so, they diminish the tension of the cord.

Some investigators imagine that if a medium is in trance he cannot commit fraud. This is an error. If the intention is in his mind before entering the hypnotic state, he may or may not carry it out. Somnambulism is a kind of trance or hypnosis; it is notorious that, if the sleepwalker has formed a distinct purpose of performing some act before he lies down, he will be likely to carry it out after he goes to sleep. A relative of mine, a psychic, was a somnambule for several years. One night, while returning to my house late, he imagined that he would be locked out, and might have to ring the doctor's bell, which communicates with the second floor. He found he could let himself in in the usual way; he put out the lights, went upstairs, and to sleep in his room at the top of the house. About ten minutes later he descended (in his pyjamas) sixty-eight stairs, opened the inner door of the hall, descended five more stairs, unlatched the front door, which necessitated turning two handles simultaneously, and went out into the street (four more steps). He then came back, rang the doctor's bell, and entered the house. By this time the gas

had been lit on one landing, and my wife was standing on the next landing above. He took no notice of either the light or of my wife, whom he passed at a distance of one foot. Steadily going upstairs, he entered his room, went all the way round the bed in the dark without stumbling, turned in, and reposed peacefully as before. After locking up the house, I went to him and woke him up. He was entirely oblivious of what he had done, and declared that he had never left his bed.

If this can be done by a somnambule, why should we suppose that, if they have the contingency in view while in their normal state, mediums should not commit fraud in trance?

Craddock is a man of about forty-five years of age. He has several familiar spirits—Graem, a Canadian doctor who is alleged to have lived late in the eighteenth century; Red Crow, a North American Indian; Sister Amy, a Canadian nun of about the same period as Graem; Alder, an Irish gentleman; Cerise, a Frenchwoman who cannot talk English; Abdullah, a Ghazi; and Joseph Grimaldi, alleged to be the famous clown of the early part of last century. I have not any doubt as to the reality of Graem, Amy, Alder, Cerise, and Grimaldi as spirit entities, though, for obvious reasons, I cannot vouch for their identities. Abdullah and Amy were the only two who habitually materialised. There is good reason to suppose that Craddock has, on certain occasions, personated Abdullah. For a man of his build to attempt to make himself up as a slender woman, such as Amy, with small hands and arms, and to act and speak as she did, would be impossible. She manifested at nearly every séance, whether it was held in

her medium's house or in private houses. Perhaps, however, the most convincing evidences of the genuineness of Craddock's gift were the simultaneous appearance of two faces at different parts of a circle, and the small astral figures that formed and disappeared outside the cabinet. Both these phenomena occurred very rarely.

As regards the genuineness of Amy, if I had not satisfied myself of it in various ways the following incident would have sufficed. A long-legged and not over-scrupulous acquaintance once put out a leg when she was apparently standing close in front of him, and showing her face by the illuminated slate. His leg swept an arc under the form, and met with no resistance, showing that the phantom was not standing but floating a foot from him.

On March 18, 1906, a party of ten people, eight of whom were spiritualists, assembled, at the invitation of Mr. Craddock, in his house at Pinner, to take part in a séance; there was an invitation also to pay half a guinea for the privilege. After the dark section of the séance had proceeded for twenty-five minutes, Colonel Mark Mayhew, one of the sitters, who had previously convinced himself of the fraudulent character of one of Craddock's séances, seized a figure which was showing its face to him; the figure endeavoured to back into the cabinet, and the sitter and form fell together on the floor, the sitter being on top. A light was turned on, and Craddock was found in the arms of Colonel Mayhew, looking the picture of terror. He was apparently in trance; for when he had scrambled up into his chair he chattered volubly in the voice of Graem, his principal control. His wife rushed into the room, closed him into the cabinet,

and bandaged his eyes. The door was locked, the room was lighted up; and when the medium emerged from the cabinet, which he did in about eight or ten minutes, he and his wife were invited to submit their persons and their room to a search, in order that the medium might clear himself from the imputation of conscious fraud. In the meantime, Colonel Mayhew found an "ever-ready" electric torch in the drawer of a table in the cabinet which was not there before the séance began.

The situation, then, was this:—The medium, who was supposed to be in his chair in the cabinet, had been detected wandering about four feet outside the curtains, personating a spirit to deceive a sitter. This was *prima facie* evidence of fraud upon the circle, which had been assembled to witness genuine phenomena. It was not necessarily *conscious* fraud on the part of the medium, as he might have been brought out in a somnambulistic condition by beings on another plane of existence; but it was unquestionably fraud of some sort, and the sitters had a right to demand an explanation and a proof that no preparations had been made by Craddock, before he entered the room, to simulate phenomena of spirit return. The discovery of an electric torch, which has no function in a genuine séance, was evidence of conscious fraud; and it was strengthened by the assertion of Mrs. Craddock that the torch had been brought to the house by Colonel Mayhew, and placed in the drawer by him in order to discredit the medium—an obvious falsehood, which deceived no one present. As to this, a letter appeared in *Light* of March 31, 1906, from an indiscreet friend, stating that Craddock had often shown this torch to him.

Though now in his normal senses, and able to appreciate the true effect of his words and actions, Craddock refused to be searched, offering instead to "give a test séance at the rooms of the Alliance." He was asked three times to clear himself, but obstinately refused, and showed a feverish desire to leave the room. Five men consulted together, and decided that the refusal was sufficient evidence of trickery; the door was unlocked, and the medium was allowed to escape upstairs. To use force would have been unseemly and unnecessary. Moreover, a search of Craddock would have been incomplete, unless his wife had also been examined; for she had enjoyed ample opportunity for secreting some of his accessories about her person.

The sitter who seizes a figure incurs a heavy responsibility. The tacit contract between him and the medium may be presented in this way: (a) The medium undertakes to give a séance; nothing may happen, but such phenomena as do occur shall be genuine. (b) The sitter agrees to sit with his hands touching those of his neighbours, and to obey conditions imposed by the leader of the circle.

A sitter is only justified in breaking conditions if he is convinced that the medium has violated his part of the contract. He is liable to the charge of dishonourable conduct if it should be proved that the medium is not guilty of conscious fraud. Moreover, if the seizure takes place late in the séance, when a deep cataleptic trance supervenes, and his pulse is very low, it is possible that the medium may be killed by the shock.

In this case the sitter was justified by the result; Craddock refused to give the only proof which would

have cleared him. Had the search taken place, and nothing been found upon Mr. or Mrs. Craddock, nor in the room, Colonel Mayhew would have been in an unenviable position. As it turned out, all spiritualists should be grateful to him for his prompt and decisive action.

Up to this time no explanation has been offered to the public by Craddock, and no one present in the room that evening has attempted to defend him in the Press. The gravamen of the charge against him is that, having been detected outside the cabinet, he refused flatly the only test which could clear him of a deliberate intention to deceive those whom he had invited to sit with him. The events were reported in *Light* of March 24, 1906.

A theory has been started by a few irresponsible people that, when an astral figure is seized, the body of its medium may fly to it and coalesce, thus inducing the captor to believe that he originally laid hold of the medium himself; but of this there is no proof whatever. It is true that a form may elude its captor and fly back to its parent; but for a human being to come hurtling through the curtains of the cabinet into the arms of the captor without the latter receiving any shock is a phenomenon which requires something more than mere assertion to obtain credence for it.

One naturally inquires at this stage: "If fraud was intended by Craddock, were his principal controls parties to it?" Of course they were. Whatever else may be a matter of conjecture, there can be no manner of doubt that truth and falsehood are terms common to both this and the next state of existence. Graem, at any rate, must have known what was going on, and been in league with his medium. Thus we must



regretfully come to the conclusion that, for spiritual purposes, Craddock's mediumship is useless. Graem, intelligent as he is, is an undesirable associate.

In the light of the exposure of March 18, 1906, I feel justified in saying that some of the materialisations which have appeared to me at various times, in two different rooms, have been Craddock disguised.

In justice to Craddock, one curious circumstance must be mentioned. When he masqueraded before his captor, showing by his illuminated slate, he had a robe of some sort covering his collar and waistcoat. I saw him on the floor in the arms of the Colonel, in a good light, before Mrs. Craddock touched him. Mayhew's grip effectually prevented him from moving a finger; yet *the robe was gone*, and it was not found afterwards during the search of the room. Some supernormal influence was at work that removed that robe; but it does not exculpate the medium from the charge of entering the room with the intention of deceiving his sitters.

But this man is, none the less, a very interesting curiosity. The object of these remarks is not to attempt to reinstate him in the eyes of spiritualists, but to record certain phenomena I have witnessed which were, to the best of my belief, genuine. In my judgment, his offence is much aggravated by the fact that he is a real sensitive who had, from greed, prostituted a rare gift. Under strict test conditions, and with a fixed moderate income assured to him, it is probable that a committee might obtain some very useful information by watching the phenomena which occur when he is in trance. He would, of course, be retained for this purpose alone, and prevented from giving séances to any but the committee.

In the following notes I have mentioned a sensitive who is a member of my family, and who is here called A. He is a busy professional man who has attended a few of Craddock's séances, some at a private house and some at Pinner. Since January, 1906, he had become suspicious, as he had observed trousers under Abdullah's robe and other details which appeared to him to justify the belief that not all the phenomena were genuine.

The correlation between the communications in my room at Southsea (through A.) by table, and the séances, is pointed out as indicative of supernormal knowledge, and the consequent reality of the existence of the familiar spirits, which, necessarily, would imply genuine mediumship on the part of Craddock. I have listened to these familiars through twenty-five séances, and have not been able to detect a false note. Each has his or her idiosyncrasy of voice and manner. Even if the voices of Graem and Red Crow could be assumed, it would be impossible to repeat constantly the voices and special modes of speech of Alder, Sister Amy, Joey Grimaldi, and, least of all, the French girl Cerise.

Craddock has no confederate, and whatever accessories he makes use of are carried on his person. His wife has never sat in the circle when I have been at Pinner; she did not accompany him to the private house mentioned in these notes. Anybody was free to make as much examination as he pleased at Pinner, or at the house referred to. In the latter a bead of gas in a red lamp was the only permanent light; at Pinner the red light was stronger.

On November 16, 1904. At a private house.

Circle of thirteen people. Husk was the medium, and Craddock one of the guests. Sister Amy, one of the controls of Craddock, stood behind him (a form being visible to the clairvoyantes in the room), and talked to his neighbours throughout the séance. The voice said "good night" audibly enough for me to hear it some feet away, in the middle of a hymn. During the evening she asserted that she could not hear the singing. There were three people between Husk and Craddock, and two between Craddock and me.

(16) At the above séance a face showed to me which I did not know. I described it in my notes thus: "A firm and well-set face.....the impression of a military man who had seen active service." This same face appeared to me twice afterwards in another private room, when Husk was the medium; but I was never able to identify it. On February 6, 1905, A. accompanied me to a séance in the same room as mentioned above (November 16). The medium was Craddock. A face resembling that of my puzzle appeared to me. I could not identify it. It then swept swiftly across to A., who instantly called "D.," the name of a messmate who had died in China. The spirit tapped the slate three times and patted A. on the head. D. has a thin face and light moustache; his gestures are those of a military man, bright and most active. I do not see how Craddock could personate this face and figure. He appeared subsequently at every séance attended by A. or myself, and has communicated through the table at Southsea, once giving an address we wanted, which turned out to be quite correct.

Joseph Grimaldi (Joey) called out, "That is Captain D." (the name given by A.), "and he has been

impressing the Admiral to bring you, Mr. A." Shortly after this another face presented itself to A. He recognised it. Joey said, "I think that spirit was for you, Mr. A., but he had a French name" (correct). The curious point about the spirit was this. A. had only known him clean shaved; but he had appeared with a beard and moustache; A. had not seen him for a month before his death. On inquiry it transpired that during his illness (enteric) his hair had been allowed to grow.

In the course of this séance I made a remark to a sitter respecting a certain Admiral, mentioning him by his nickname, not by his rank. Joey instantly called out, "Oh! we know all about him and his renown." H.M.S. *Renown* is the name of the ship which a few years ago carried the flag of the officer in question.

A cardinal materialised in his robes. The face was distinct as he was holding the illuminated slate, and resembled that with which we are all familiar in the pictures of Newman.

On March 13, 1905. At a private house. Circle of eleven people. A. present. Joey said to him: "We cannot all be violinists, can we?" This little joke showed intimate knowledge of a most persevering but futile attempt made by A., as a boy, to learn the violin.

Joey materialised. The face was about half life-size, and very dark. When he came round to my neighbour in the circle, who is a distinguished author, he put out his tongue.

(17) On March 27, 1905. At a private house.

Circle of twelve. Two small hands were held in mine for thirty or forty seconds. They were normal in temperature, not so fleshly as mortal hands, and not two-thirds the size of my own.

A face presenting itself to a sitter, the voice of a familiar spirit talking in the cabinet, and the medium heard rubbing himself, occurred at the same moment. Simultaneous phenomena occurred at every séance; they will not always be repeated in the notes.

On April 10, 1905. At a private house. Circle of thirteen.

A woman's voice sang the last verse of "Lead, kindly light" in the cabinet.

(18) On June 5, 1905. At a private house. Circle of thirteen. A. present. Joey said he had seen me writing in my room, writing my "article" (a short time before I had contributed an article to a magazine). He asked me if I "had been 'Cæsaring' in the Channel" (an allusion to the sinking of the *Afghanistan* by H.M.S. *Cæsar*, the flagship of Sir Arthur W. Moore, the previous day). He also told A. that there had been floods at Southsea that day. (Correct.) Both of us were ignorant of the fact. When I returned home I found that the basement of my house had been full of water at two p.m.—a few hours before the séance.

On July 10, 1905. At a private house. Circle of thirteen people. Sister Amy made a remark to me alone, indicating precise knowledge of the character of a member of my family. It was the sort of

remark which could not have emanated from anybody but a woman—and a refined woman.

(19) On July 17, 1905. At a private house. Circle of fourteen. A. present. Graem made the following remark: "You all know very well that you have only to hang up a telegraph-wire on a tree, and all the other trees know all about it." A few weeks before an American patent had reached England, the main feature of which is this: if a telegraph apparatus is attached to a live tree, at its base, anyone within a radius of twenty miles can open up communication by doing the same thing with another live tree; the aërials are the live trees. It is out of the question that Craddock could have known anything about this normally; not fifty people in the country had, probably, heard of it. One of the circle happened to be a wireless telegraphist, whose duty it was to examine patents for his principals, and he told me that it had only quite recently been sent to him.

On October 16, 1905. At a private house. Circle of thirteen. A spirit tried to materialise from the floor at the feet of my neighbour. It rose about one foot nine inches, or two feet, showed its arm and drapery in front of the illuminated slate, and then collapsed.

(20) On October 29, 1905. At Mr. Craddock's residence at Pinner. Circle of five. I was the only person present who claimed no mediumistic gift.

The spirit of a relative of mine came to me three times, accompanied on each occasion by a girl, the

alleged daughter of my neighbour in the circle. On one of these visits my relative showed her face by illuminated slate; and once I saw the face of the child as it was dematerialising at her mother's knee; it was less than half the size of the face of an adult.

Joey said: "General D. is here, and wishes me to tell you that he was not really selfish; he thought it best to keep the materialisations to themselves, as the conditions would thus be better." (A conversation had taken place a short time before at Southsea between a lady and myself with reference to some séances she and her husband had held with a General D. The lady had said: "The General was selfish, and would not allow anyone into the circle." Craddock could have known nothing normally of this conversation.)

(21) On November 18, 1905. In my library at Southsea. Table séance with A. alone. The name "Grimaldi" was spelt out. He was asked what word he could give us next time we met him; he spelt out "Money." This seemed appropriate, as he and I had been talking of the psychic inquiry into the death of Miss Money at a previous séance at Pinner. On November 26, 1905, at Pinner. Circle of seven. I asked Joey for his word. He replied: "Not much has been contributed to me"; and when pressed said: "I cannot give the word unless I am in the same conditions." On another occasion he repeated this, saying: "If I give you a word at Southsea through A. (the sensitive in my room), I cannot repeat it through my medium here." On December 2 he made himself known again in my room by his usual violent motions of the table, and when asked for his word tilted out "Money."

Grimaldi's presence is unmistakable. He whirls the table about on one leg, apparently trying to lift it off the ground. In spelling a word he taps one leg rapidly on the floor, until he comes to a letter; thus he would tap thirteen times for M., and so forth.

Sister Amy also was in my room on this evening, and Mrs. Endicott's control, "Violet." I had written to Mrs. Endicott two days before, asking her to send Violet to me between nine and ten p.m., December 2, and to write to me the same evening. Of course, no allusion was made to what we should probably be doing. The same evening Mrs. Endicott wrote that Violet had been down, and had told her that there were many spirits in the room and a séance was going on. The name "Violet" was tilted out at the table.

But to return to the Pinner séance of November 26. Craddock's pulse was tested by a physician before he went into trance, and found to be normal. At the end of the séance, after the forms had been absorbed, but before Graem left the body, the doctor whispered to me: "About forty, just consistent with life." During the séance Joey, showing his location by a small illuminated slate, came outside the circle, and twice floated up to the ceiling (eleven feet). It was impossible for a mortal body to get through the cordon of chairs, or round the edge of the cordon, without one or two of the sitters being aware of it.

On December 3, 1905. At Pinner. Circle of seven.

During the séance Joey, with a spirit-light, floated over our heads, four feet above us. I said to him at one time, "What were you doing last night at half-past nine?" He replied, "I went down to your



house to see A." "Who was with you?" "Your brother and sister, Admiral T., and the band." (See account of séance in my room with A. December 2.)

A relative of mine materialised twice, and each time brought with her a daughter of my neighbouring sitter.

An exquisite woman's voice sang a solo in the cabinet.

(22) On December 4, 1905. At a private house. Circle of fifteen, half of whom were mediumistic. A. was present. The medium arrived late, when the circle was formed and everybody in their places. I sat next to an old fisherman, Mr. Endicott, who is clairvoyant. He had come from Devonshire to see Craddock for the first time, and had never been inside the room before. Directly the room was darkened Mr. Endicott described a form standing in front of me, and said, after a long time: "She has now gone over to that gentleman near the cabinet (A.), and is bending over him." (Mr. Endicott had not seen A. before.) A relative afterwards materialised twice to A. and myself, calling us both by name, showing her face also to Mr. Endicott.

Mr. Endicott described Red Crow and other spirits. He also said that he saw in the circle a little old gentleman wearing a skull cap and using a stick for walking about. (This answers to the description of a Mr. Schafer, who once owned the house; and the description Mr. Endicott gave is precisely the same as that given by Mrs. Imison (Nurse Graham) a week before when Husk was medium. Mr. Endicott and Mrs. Imison do not know one another.)

The oriental spirits were specially active on this

evening. I saw one, who brought his own light, fall forward and dematerialise at the feet of a lady three feet from me. Two illuminated slates were seen in the air four to eight feet above us, and about seven feet apart. Apparently there were three or more Indian spirits, for one of the slates—that nearly over me—was dropped from a height of eight feet above me, and caught by a spirit below who was level with my head. Mr. Endicott could see the forms.

“Ora pro Nobis” was sung in the cabinet in a woman’s voice.

Joey told A. he had been “Western-Parading” on Saturday night and doing “hanky panky” with the table. (See notes of December 2.)

On January 14, 1906, at Pinner. Circle of eight.

Two astral forms appeared at the same time. A spirit called “Grant Duff” was announced as present in the cabinet. Two days after (January 16), the *Times* announced that the Right Hon. Sir Mount-stewart Elphinstone Grant Duff, G.C.S.I., had died on the 12th.

A short time before, through Mrs. Arnold, at Southsea, a spirit had promised to appear to me “without slate.” On this evening the same spirit came to me without slate and identified herself.

A woman’s voice sang a solo in the cabinet.

A sister of Amy came to me in substantial woman’s dress, white sleeves, dark bodice and skirt. She invited me to take the skirt in my hand.

(23) On January 21, 1906, at Pinner. Circle of seven.

An astral form came very slowly and silently to

me. By the spirit-light she carried I was able to recognise the face of an old relative, and to distinguish the domino and delicate drapery. She bowed her head low to the name I gave her, as if in assent, spoke my name and allowed me to take her hand. This form was about 4 ft. 6 in. in height, and the hand was the size of that of a child. Having remained nearly a minute, it sank slowly down, and dematerialised at my feet. It was Iola.

Joey, speaking to me from the cabinet, gave the names of certain spirits who, he asserted, were present. One was a brother officer, another a friend who died about fifteen years ago, and whom I had not seen for over twenty years, when I parted from him in the distant colony of the Fiji Islands (Joey said Grand Canary Islands). Both names, especially the latter, were uncommon ones.

After the séance was over Graem called for a sitter present to make passes before the medium, and for me to put my hands on this man's shoulders. The curtain was drawn around us. Graem gave directions through the mouth of Craddock. I distinctly heard Joey, Cerise, and Sister Amy speak at this time in the cabinet. After two or three minutes, Graem having ceased to speak, Craddock gave a convulsive start and slowly came to life. Within twenty minutes he was able to leave the room. I remained in the house for a quarter of an hour, to complete my notes. On taking leave of Craddock I found him very dazed, and, apparently, surprised at seeing me in the house so long after the other sitters had left. When I shook hands with him the action seemed to give him pain.

(24) On February 11, 1906. Circle of ten. Six

of those present are mediumistic, and all are spiritualists.

An astral form came silently towards me, bringing its own light, by which I recognised the face as that of Iola. It was about 4 ft. 6 in. high; face small, pallid, and ethereal. This beautiful form dematerialised at my feet; the light did not disappear till it was fifteen inches from the floor.

A little child touched all the circle twice.

On February 18, 1906. Circle of twelve. A draped figure came to me silently, without light, on two occasions, emerging and returning through the opening of the curtains at the corner of the cabinet near which I was sitting, and called me by name. I took the hands, which were trembling violently.

Joey Grimaldi said to me: "I heard you talking with A. the other night about the medium being brought out as Abdullah. It is not the medium, but his astral body, which we use to shape the form of the spirits. He was wrong on that point." (It is a fact that such a conversation had taken place on that subject in my room at Southsea, A. and another sitter having seen trousers under Abdullah's robe.)

Joey said to me: "There is a Mr. B. here who thinks you can give a message to his wife. He would like her to know that he is still alive and watching over her." (Mr. B. was a Low Church minister at Southsea. I had heard of him, but not made his acquaintance, and did not know that he had left a widow. A few days afterwards I learnt, on inquiry, that his widow lived in strict retirement at Southsea.)

(25) Two materialised figures, after showing their faces to me, fell sideways on to the floor without a

sound, their faces being visible until they reached within a foot of the carpet.

I made passes in the cabinet to bring the medium to. Graem talked to me for some time, and before he left the body of the medium. Sister Amy and Joey said "Good night" to me from different places in the cabinet.

(26) On February 25, 1906. At Pinner. Circle of six. All the sitters, except one, mediumistic.

Sister Amy told me that she had been in my room at Southsea when I was sorting my papers into a bureau. (An American bureau had been given to me a short time before, and I had spent the best part of half a day in sorting papers into it.) She also said that "the Doctor" (meaning Graem) was in my room when A. and I were discussing astralisations. The Doctor thought we had made a mistake in one thing. (A. and I had often discussed both materialisations and astrals in my room.)

This evening there were no less than forty materialisations. As many of them came out with a rush and showed immediately after one another, at one moment there being two faces showing to two sitters simultaneously, it is impossible they could have been all personations by Craddock. I have no doubt that most of them were genuine spirit forms.

(27) On March 8, 1906. At a private house. Circle of fourteen. I sat next to the curtain of the cabinet at one corner. The curtain used in this house is one continuous piece of stuff, and opens only in the middle of the front to admit of the ingress and egress of the forms.

After some delay, alleged to be necessary for the accumulation of power, the materialised forms (or what purported to be such) came out, apparently, in a batch. Two faces showed to two sitters eight feet apart simultaneously, and there appeared to be others moving in the centre of the semi-circle. The presentation of faces followed one another with great rapidity up to the number of six or seven. I heard the medium rubbing himself in the cabinet at intervals while these forms were out.

The French spirit, Cerise, spoke to me from just inside the corner of the cabinet. I asked her to take my hand. She said I was "too masculine," but she grasped my hand with the curtain between us. I asked her to take the hand of the lady on my left, and guided that lady's right hand with my left towards the corner of the curtain; her arm was touched, and her bare hand stroked by the bare hand of Cerise. I regarded this at the time, and do now, as an instance of the passage of matter through matter; for there was no opening in the curtain through which Cerise could have passed her materialised hand. In his autobiography Dr. Alfred Russel Wallace mentions similar cases which came under his own observation in America.

On March 17, 1906, in my library at Southsea, I held a table séance with A. alone. Iola made herself known, and gave a message implying doubt as to her being present at a séance to be held on Thursday, the 22nd, at a private house in London.

Joey made himself known, swaying the table about in his usual violent manner. Not long after this A. experienced a sort of electric shock down his right arm,

and said he felt impelled to write automatically. This was the first time he had felt such an impulse. The writing was illegible; the first three words might read, "Will you inquire?", but these words are not clear; the rest is scrawl. At the time we put the attempt at writing down to the influence of Iola, who had come earlier, and we did not connect Joey with it.

Sunday, March 18, was the day of the exposure of Craddock. About twenty minutes before the medium was seized I asked Joey: "What were you doing last night between 9.30 and 10 o'clock?" He replied: "I was down in your room trying to make A. write." (Under no conceivable circumstances could Craddock have known, normally, of A.'s attempt at automatic writing on the previous evening.)

The exposure put an end to the projected séance at the private house which had been arranged for the following Thursday. Thus, Iola's doubt was explained.

The items I have recorded here are not a quarter of those in my notes made at the time, which convince me that Craddock possesses the gift of mediumship. Every man or woman who has sat with this medium ten times could furnish similar evidences if they have jotted down their experiences within twenty-four hours of each séance; but, if postponed to a later date, their notes are of no use.

Those who assert that Craddock is an ordinary vulgar cheat are as much in error as the infatuated women who have written him expressions of sympathy and confidence. Six clairvoyants of undoubted power, five of whom are professionals not previously acquainted with him, have sat next me at his séances. All assured me that the manifestations they witnessed

were genuine, and three described to me forms which subsequently made themselves known to my non-mediumistic senses.

I have not sat with Craddock since his exposure. He is undoubtedly a psychic, but his guide Graem is not to be trusted, and one never knows when he may be again tempted to "help out" his séances by bringing into the room on his person drapery and articles that should have no place there. He was condemned, not because he was found outside the cabinet, but because he refused a test of honesty which the sitters had a perfect right to demand. We were all glad that he escaped imprisonment at the subsequent trial for fraud. The fine that was inflicted by the magistrates at Edgware crippled him for some time, and taught him, I hope, the valuable lesson that "honesty is the best policy."

I pass on to a few brief descriptions of manifestations I saw when sitting with Husk in 1905-6. All the séances I shall refer to were held in our private rooms in St. John's Wood and in George Street, Portman Square. Many of the phenomena were precisely the same at one meeting as at another; it is no use repeating these. I propose only to record those incidents at the séances which struck me as specially remarkable.

February 7, 1905. Circle of eleven people.

In the middle of the materialisations Foli sang "Rock'd in the Cradle of the Deep" with special emphasis and power. The volume of sound filled the lofty room. He had strength to sing a few words of "Off to Philadelphia in the Morning" before he



departed. The zither (known as the "fairy bells"), worked by the spirit "Ebenezer," played round the circle over the heads of all the sitters, rose to a height of ten or twelve feet above the table, still playing a definite tune, and then dashed through the floor, played beneath, and returned to the room as on previous occasions. The Captain D. alluded to in Craddock's séances came to me; I said, "I am very glad to see you. Did you materialise for me before last night? I never met you in earth life, and did not know you." The head bowed and the slate dropped; then my hand was stroked three times, and a whisper came out of the darkness: "You are right, Admiral; I came to you as a link of sympathy between me and A. My kind remembrances to him."

John King took great pains to dematerialise deliberately. I saw his head enter the table.

The spirit controls called "Uncle" and "Joey" talked until Husk was quite normal. One sitter asked Uncle, "Are you using the medium's throat?" The reply was a bellow close to him: "Do you think this is the medium's throat? If so, he must have a long neck." (The sitter who asked the question was about four feet from the medium.) When we were singing, spirit voices joined in from above with great strength.

February 13, 1905. Uncle was heard talking after Husk came out of trance.

February 14, 1905. A gentleman who was present spoke to the Greek priests in Russian, and obtained brief but satisfactory replies. The room rocked under our feet.

February 21, 1905. The room rocked as on the last occasion.

March 6, 1905. Circle of thirteen people.

My relative A. recognised two friends in the materialisations. One of them had, in life, a Jewish nose, and was identified by that feature.

March 14, 1905. Circle of thirteen people.

I was discussing with a lady the unevenness of the top of the table. Uncle came close up to me and said: "Admiral, it wants a good holystoning, doesn't it?" The word "holystoning" is almost unknown to any person outside of a man-of-war. The decks of the old wooden vessels were holystoned once a week; the effect was to make them smooth and clean. I thought this remark showed a knowledge of trifling terrene matters that was extraordinary. No other person in the room knew what the spirit was talking about.

During the materialisations a ball of stuff appeared to me, the colour of terra-cotta; it had no features whatever. As it was evidently intended to represent a head I asked, "Are you Iola?" The ball made a movement as if in assent. "Then please come round and speak to me." The ball disappeared; a minute later a face appeared with the lower part muffled up, as is often the case with materialisations of women. Again I asked the same question, and the head bowed assent. Later in the evening the spirit came round to me and made her presence known in an unmistakable manner. The professional clairvoyante, Mrs. Fairclough Smith, was one of the sitters; she informed me when the séance was over that a lady

(description good) was standing behind me all the evening.

March 20, 1905. Circle of fourteen people.

Two of the sitters were a good old German Jew and his niece. A voice came from the darkness speaking to them in Hebrew; four or five materialisations appeared to them, all eventually recognised, and a favourite hymn was played on the zither. There was also, on this evening, an Indian, who spoke rapidly and fluently in Hindustani. Iola manifested to me *outside the circle*, the slate being held for her by Uncle. I was sitting between Mrs. Husk and Mrs. Fairclough Smith; and the latter gave a correct description of my guide, but her name was never mentioned.

March 28, 1905. Circle of twelve people.

John King gripped me by the left shoulder, and told me he had been "hunting up old records," and found that he succeeded Lynch as Governor of Jamaica. There was a Richard Morgan who came before him as Governor; and the names were sometimes confused. He believed that he (Sir Henry) was Governor three separate times—not consecutively—but he would make further inquiries. (I have not been able to find out if this is correct.—W. U. M.)

Mrs. Husk told me that the spirit lady, who had attended at the circle before, was floating, as it were, behind me. I asked her to find out her name; and about ten minutes later she gave me the earth-name of Iola—not that by which she was called by me, but the name she was called by only one or two members of the family. Uncle came up and told me that Mrs. Husk had got the name clairaudiently. After the

departure of John King, the figure gradually faded away.

A lady was sitting on my right, who was greeted by name by John King. I asked her when she had last seen him, and she said: "Two years ago." The memory of this control is truly remarkable, as I have often found out myself.

Joey spoke when Husk was out of trance; and as Husk was being led downstairs, Uncle was heard to say: "You ought to have a sentinel here." This was in allusion to a fumbling at the door during the séance.

April 3, 1905. Circle of fifteen people.

There were three irreconcilable sceptics present, and it was somewhat extraordinary that the séance was as successful as it was. The only indication of want of harmony was a change in the usual order of presentation of the phenomena. Three materialisations took place as soon as Uncle had made himself known, and the voice of the Cardinal and the tunes on the zither were not heard till after these forms had collapsed. The phenomenon that Uncle calls the "striking proof" was much in evidence on this evening. The spirit holding the tube touches lightly the head of a sitter, and almost immediately afterwards the ceiling of the room. The tube is then dropped upon the table. In its fall it does not touch either the hands of the sitters or the illuminated slates or the zither on the table; it alights on the table itself, and rebounds for a short distance. Two of the sceptics were given the "striking proof," and the tube was laid over their arms when the solos were sung, to show that it was not used for assistance during the singing. There

were some twenty materialisations during the evening, most of which were recognised.

April 4, 1905. Circle of fifteen people.

On this evening, very early in the séance, soon after Uncle had made himself known, my guide touched me on the shoulder and gave her earth-name. I did not in the least expect her at this time, and the manifestation so early was a great surprise.

One lady of the society, who had made some mistake as to the time of the meeting, came with her daughter to the door. Finding that the séance had already begun, they remained outside, and heard the singing distinctly. This was a good proof for those who entertained the idea of "collective hallucination" (of which I was not one) that their speculations were groundless.

(28) April 17, 1905. Circle of fourteen people.

Husk came, suffering from a bad cold. The singing was as good as usual, but the materialisations were not numerous.

May 1, 1905. Circle of thirteen people.

A Scotch spirit came in, and sang with great fire and energy "Scots wha hae wi' Wallace bled."

(29) The Test séance.

On May 2, 1905, with Husk's concurrence, we held a test séance in our room at George Street. I sat between Husk and his wife, my left little finger being hooked to his right; and Mrs. Alleyne, a lady upon whom we could all rely, sat on his left, her right little finger being hooked to his left. The medium for ten years had been accustomed to having his wife or

some friend with psychic powers sitting on his right. I am not gifted with any mediumistic powers ; consequently conditions were much disturbed, and it was not expected that the séance would be as prolific of phenomena as usual. We were, however, all much interested in the experiment, which was to demonstrate how far the invisible powers would be able to make use of their medium under adverse circumstances.

The séance was held in the dark, as usual. For about half-an-hour nothing at all happened, except that I was touched on my left shoulder. Soon after this, one of the sitters expressed a doubt of there being any spirits in the room. The words were hardly out of his mouth when ten pairs of chairs standing against the wall were knocked down behind me. A little later Uncle made himself known, and then his nephew Christopher. John King manifested, by voice only, an hour and a quarter after we sat down, and greeted those whom he knew individually. He then held a consultation with Uncle, just behind Husk. Uncle said : “ The medium is in a bad position.” (I think he had fallen over, with his head in front of Mrs. Alleyne.) John King said : “ Yes, he is ”; and shortly afterwards left us, saying “ he did not think they would be able to do much.”

Foli sang one verse of “ Rock’d in the Cradle of the Deep.” Earlier in the evening two spirit voices joined in our singing.

It must have been over an hour and a half after we sat down that Uncle came to me and said : “ Admiral, don’t press so closely to the medium ” (I had kept our forearms together). I drew my elbow away a little. A minute or two elapsed when I heard a large chair placed with violence on the top of the table, striking

some object in front of me (the chair was a heavy one; the object, as I discovered afterwards, was one of the slates; the chair was back to me). Uncle then said, from behind Husk's back, to Mrs. Alleyne and to me: "Please rise when we lift the medium." There was a "heave ho," and Husk was lifted out of his chair at the table and placed in the chair *on* the table. He must have been taken over the back of it, because Mrs. Alleyne had to stand on tiptoe and I had to stretch up my left hand as high as it was possible for it to go. It was a very neat job. I felt nothing touch my body or arm; but two or three times I heard Uncle exclaiming to Christopher, "Up with him," just as a mortal might do when lifting a heavy weight.

The lights were switched on, and there was the medium sitting mournfully on top of the table, back to me, coming out of trance. I immediately looked at the chair he had left. *The front part of the seat plumbed the edge of the table!*

During this séance there were no materialisations, no Cardinal, and no playing of the zither (fairy bells). I attach the remarks of Mrs. Alleyne:—

#### TEST SÉANCE, PSYCHOLOGICAL SOCIETY.

May 2, 1905.

My testimony must of necessity be somewhat similar to that of Admiral Usborne Moore, for we were so close together (having only the medium, Mr. Husk, between us) that I heard all that "Uncle" said to the Admiral, and also the conference between "John King" and "Uncle." I was conscious that Mr. Husk (in his unconscious condition) was in a very awkward position, for my right little finger, which held his left little finger, was twisted forward, and was painful and

uncomfortable, owing to the vice-like grip of Mr. Husk (in his trance) upon it. At the end of this particular séance my right little finger was in a very swollen and inflamed state, in consequence of the strain put upon it. Nothing happened in the way of phenomena for fully half an hour; but my arm was pressed many times, and my husband was able to speak to me three or four times, once calling me by a pet name known to no single person in the room.

“Uncle” then came to me, and asked me to rise from my chair when they (the spirits) lifted their medium. I did so, and, tall woman as I am, had to stand on tiptoe, still holding on to the medium’s hand. The lights were then turned up, when we all saw Mr. Husk, sitting in a chair, on the table at which we had all been sitting, just coming out of trance, and in a very dazed and bewildered condition, astonished to find himself in such a strange position. There were no materialisations because of so much power having been used up in the levitation of the medium. Some spirits joined us in the singing of a hymn, and Foli sang the second verse of “Rock’d in the Cradle of the Deep.”

Thus ended a thoroughly convincing proof of the power of this great medium, used by his band of good spirit friends—one of the very great and many proofs vouchsafed to me.

(Signed) E. A. K. ALLEYNE.

This was the last occasion upon which I saw Mrs. Husk. She passed over three weeks later, while I was abroad.

May 29, 1905. Circle of eleven people. A clairvoyante sitting next to me, whom I had never seen before, corroborated what other clairvoyantes had said



respecting a figure standing near me, which was certainly "Iola"; she materialised twice on this evening. The second time her head dropped slowly down from two feet above the table; when the neck was level with the table the slate fell over her.

Husk was accompanied by an old friend, who sat next to him. The manifestations were much the same as usual in quality, but not so numerous.

(30) June 20. Circle of fourteen people. In the middle of the materialisations two new solos were beautifully rendered by male spirits, who declined to give their names—"For Ever and for Ever" (by Tosti) and "The Children's Home" (by Cowen).

When Ebenezer took the zither through the floor we heard the playing distinctly below. As it burst through the floor on its upward journey, I saw a light, or it may have been the phosphorescent patch under the instrument, as it touched the spare chairs at the side of the room. On this evening I heard, at one time or another, eight separate male voices, from bass to tenor, and I saw faintly the figure of the Cardinal as he passed near me when giving the individual benediction.

On June 26, 1905, I sat with the medium Williams in a friend's flat in Eaton Mansions.

On June 27. Circle of thirteen people. At our private room. Medium, Husk. Uncle came to me and said: "I saw you last night sitting between Major and Mrs. R." (correct). Williams and Husk are both controlled by John King and his deputy "Uncle." At one time these two mediums worked together.

July 24. Circle of twelve people.

I now sat two feet from the medium's left hand, where I could obtain a more private view of any face that materialised to me. The zither on this evening altered its gyrations round the circle at my request, and went from one person to another as I desired. When Iola appeared she reached out and touched me with the slate.

A Norwegian lady was spoken to by her mother in her native tongue.

A few days before this evening the room had been lent to some Parsees, who held a séance with Husk as medium, the only stranger present being Mr. Gambier Bolton. I understood that the only language spoken by the spirits was that of the sitters. Uncle alluded to this circle, and said that all the time there was an animated discussion going on in the surrounding circle of spirits as to the propriety of doing away with the Towers of Silence in Bombay, where the dead are laid out on gratings to be eaten by vultures. Many of the unseen visitors were in favour of adopting the methods of Hindu cremation.

(31) October 17, 1905. Circle of fifteen persons.

Fifteen minutes or so after the materialisations began to appear I saw a light over Husk's head. This was corroborated by a clairvoyante in the circle, who saw this light detach itself from the medium as a form, and move to a position over me, where it floated very bright. Another lady, who was a stranger, also saw this light. It remained by me for nearly an hour.

October 23, 1905. Circle of fourteen people.

On October 21, in my library at Southsea, my relative A. was sitting at a ouija board, when the word “Buller” was spelt out. At the séance on October 23 Uncle said he came to my room on the previous Saturday night (21), and tried to impress A. When asked what he said, he replied: “Oh! I cannot remember exactly. Probably ‘I’m your uncle,’ or ‘Uncle’; or perhaps I gave my name, ‘Buller.’” Uncle always speaks as if he had a stone in his mouth. He certainly said “Buller.” His correct name when in earth life was Müller.

Note the curious way the name came out in my room. The sensitive A. was playing with the ouija pointer, but it is evident the name came to him first clairaudiently. The hand only impressed the pointer at the command of the brain.

I was sitting on Husk’s left, two feet from him. The left side of my head was touched several times. Even supposing Husk’s right hand to be disengaged, it would have been impossible for him to have reached this distance without attracting the attention of the lady who sat between us.

(32) November 7, 1905. Circle of fourteen people.

The clairvoyante, Mrs. Endicott, of Brixham, in Devonshire, was sitting on my left. Soon after John King came a white form was seen by her at my left shoulder, and she received the following messages:—  
 (a) “I am sorry my sister has been ill. She is better now.” (b) “I am going to pay a visit with my sister.”  
 The figure seen clairvoyantly was Iola. Her sister had been ill, and was then better. The day following the séance (the 8th) her sister went for a long distance into the country, to pay a visit of condolence and

assistance to another sister who had recently lost her husband. It is hardly necessary to say that Mrs. Endicott was entirely ignorant of Iola or her sisters in earth life.

November 14, 1905. Circle of fourteen people.

Several spirits made themselves known to sitters by singing familiar tunes or playing familiar airs on the zither.

A small hand came round the left side of my head, and touched me several times.

November 27, 1905. Circle of fifteen people.

I sat next to Mrs. Imison (Nurse Graham), a well-known clairvoyante. She described a lady very near me on my right. As she had never been to a materialisation séance before and was a stranger to us all, I think what she said from time to time may be taken as good evidence. With regard to the spirit who stood near me, she corroborated the statements of all other clairvoyantes whom I had met when sitting with Husk. She also told me she saw Uncle, the Cardinal, Ebenezer playing the zither, the angel choir, and the singers of the solos; she described the band of light which joined Uncle to the solar plexus of the medium, and, later, how this kind of band joined each materialisation to Husk.

The power was very strong, for nearly the whole evening I felt wafts of air across my knuckles.

November 28, 1905. Circle of twelve people.

Just before John King came my left shoulder was gripped. I asked, "Who is it?" The reply was the name of a man who had denied spirit return in life,

and who, about six months before, had sat with me at one of Husk's séances. He continued, "Yes! I give in." The curious thing was that this was the first evening since his death that three of his friends were present together at a séance.

"Tom Cole," a Lancashire miner, announced himself, and sung a song in the Lancashire dialect.

January 30, 1906. Circle of fourteen people.

A gentleman present, who very seldom attended, asked Foli, after he had sung "Rock'd in the Cradle of the Deep," to sing "The Magic Flute." Uncle came forward and said, "He wishes to know which aria you want." "The second," was the reply. Thereupon Foli sang the second aria of "The Magic Flute" correctly without accompaniment.

The zither, while being played upon, altered course at request, going from one person to another several times, and it went through the floor as usual.

February 12, 1906. Circle of fifteen people.

After Foli had sung "Rock'd in the Cradle of the Deep," the same gentleman alluded to above asked him to sing "The Diver," which he did at once correctly without accompaniment.

February 20, 1906. Circle of ten people.

I saw the zither return through the floor by flash of light or illuminated patch.

(33) February 26, 1906. Circle of twelve people.

Two women materialised without any bandage round the mouth. One was a near relative of mine who had passed over three months before. It was a very good likeness.

A spirit seen by two clairvoyantes standing behind me. One of the two clairvoyantes told me it was Iola.

The incidents that I have recorded in the foregoing pages are those which struck me as specially worthy of mention from my own point of view at one seat in large circles. No doubt the other sitters observed phenomena that, from their point of view, were equally deserving of recognition. Judging by the insistence with which many of the members of our societies returned again and again to the séances, it is to be presumed that they had recognised their friends in the materialisations and believed in the genuineness of the other manifestations.

It would weary my readers to describe the phenomena that habitually took place; they generally came in the same order and in the same convincing way: (a) The greetings and blessing of Cardinal Newman; (b) singing by the circle with spirit voices joining in; (c) playing on the zither (fairy bells); (d) journeys of the zither, always playing a definite tune, to parts of the room far beyond the reach of the medium; (e) arrival of John King; (f) materialisations; (g) singing of solos; (h) more gyrations of the zither, playing all the time; (i) its rush through a wall, a floor, or a door, and its return; (k) often the chanting of Greek priests; (l) a final hymn with spirit voices again joining in. Whatever theories are afoot about the aerial singing and the materialisations, and they are many, I am not aware that anyone has had the temerity to profess to account for the flight and management of the zither, or for the column of light seen by many different clairvoyantes standing or floating behind certain sitters. The zither careers swiftly

about and alters its course at the request of individual sitters, never ceasing to play by fingers on its chords. If the medium had his right hand free, he could not control the movements of this instrument and play it at the same time; nor could he control these white forms. The "striking proof" is a test that is inexplicable by any theory of fraud on the part of the medium. Though some of the whispers through the tube are "Husky," the voices of the controls, John King, Uncle, Joey, Christopher (who lisps), and Ebenezer, do not resemble the voice of the medium in the slightest degree. Uncle talks the whole evening, and answers all sorts of questions on the spur of the moment. There is never a jar nor a tactless word, and John King remembers every sitter who has ever sat with his medium.

## CHAPTER IV.

### MENTAL PHENOMENA IN ENGLAND

Further manifestations — Table-tilting — Disadvantages of using material objects—Automatic writing, ouija board, planchette and table-tilting only the physical means of expressing one spiritistic phenomenon—Admiral T. gives information in Southsea of an expected disaster in China—His forecast the same as that of Director of the Observatory at Hong Kong—Table-tilting with the Endicotts—Theory of mind-reading considered—The photograph test—Mrs. Endicott very successful—The astral form of Mr. Henry Crookes—The photograph test again successful—Captain Alleyne in spirit life picks out a photo of Iola—Mr. Peters' tests—Mrs. Arnold—Miss MacCreadie—General success with photograph test—Premonition of a relative's death through Mrs. Davies—"Clairibelle"—*Carte-de-visite* of spirit present falls on the floor—Planchette writing of Mrs. Arnold—Fallacy of the theory of mind-reading—Miss Earle predicts death of my mother, which occurred a few hours later—Mr. Von Bourg—My relative controlled by Iola to take papers from a bureau—My own attempts at spirit photography—Mr. Richard Bournell—Committed fraud occasionally, but had genuine power—Photograph of a gentleman in his library while his funeral was going on—Precipitations upon old photographs—I again visit America.

WHEN we seek to establish communication with the unseen without going to professional mediums, it is usual to adopt an intermediary such as a small three-legged table, a ouija board, or a planchette. These are clumsy methods and slow, especially the first, and they are all subject to the same disadvantage. The true psychic is aware that the letters or words are in his head before the table or other object moves; consequently, he does not quite know, when the word is



spelt out, how much is due to his own automatism. I have sat many times at a table in my library with my relative A., and I understand from him that he is conscious of two letters ahead of what, at the moment, is being manifested by the leg of the table. He is not conscious of moving the table, but believes that the tilts are performed in some way through his organism. This does not invalidate the message. Indeed, the answers to the questions I have often put through the table have been such as he would be unable to give from his personal knowledge.

If I may risk a prophecy as to how messages from the unseen will be received in years to come, I should say that what is now known as "inspirational writing" will be found to be the most effective means of communication between the discarnate and the incarnate spirit. As far as I can judge, automatic writing, table-tilting, ouija board, and planchette are only the physical means of expression of one phenomenon, the message from the discarnate spirit impressed upon the brain of the psychic, probably through the spirit brain. The brain commands the nerves and muscles to deliver the message by means of pencil, table, or whatever the inorganic object may be in the room. I do not wish to dogmatise on this or any other subject, but I think this will be found to be so: if I am right in my conjecture, it is futile to use the intermediary. Why not in the first instance sit down and write what comes into your head?

I have gradually come to the conclusion that the best plan is for the psychic and the positive to sit opposite to one another at a small, unvarnished, deal, three-legged table, with their hands on it, but not

touching. After a few words have come through by ordinary tilting, the psychic will be found to be receiving impressions. These should be recorded in the notes in brackets. The table is required as a connecting-link between psychic and sitter. It will be found after a few minutes, that the impressions will come with fair rapidity, and the tilting, which causes great waste of energy, can be almost dispensed with.

Through the clumsy process of table-tilting I have received many messages from relatives and friends. After a short time I got to know which of my relatives was present by the nature of the tilt. The gentle movement of the table by Iola, and the decisive, dignified taps of my father, were most characteristic. A., the psychic, could get very little alone. I got nothing whatever out of the table by myself; but when we sat together, and conditions were favourable, we were able to receive trustworthy messages. I will give an example:—

(34) On Sunday, April 30, 1905, at ten p.m., my relative and I were having an interesting conversation with a friend who had lately passed over to the other side, when the direction of the tilting was suddenly changed. Instead of tipping towards the psychic, as it had been doing before, it moved across the line between us, showing that a new influence was present. I said: "Please give your name"; and the taps indicated "T....." This is the name of a distinguished admiral under whom I had served twenty years before.

Q.: "Have you any message to give?"

A.: "Yes; I expect that Rojdestvensky will meet with a typhoon to-morrow."

Now, ten p.m., April 30, in England would be six a.m., May 1, in China. If Admiral T. were phrasing his message in China time, he would be referring to Tuesday, May 2, as "to-morrow."

Admiral T., who passed over many years before, had manifested himself to me on at least twenty occasions, on both sides of the Atlantic, and through five or six mediums. Though a typhoon in May, in the China Sea, is of very rare occurrence, I thought this message had some significance, and I took care the next day to give a copy of it to a friend in London.

It subsequently transpired that Admiral Rojdestvensky, with the larger part of his fleet, was at Van-Phong Bay, on the south coast of Hainan, on May 1. It is a very exposed anchorage.

On Thursday, May 4, the following notice was in the London daily papers: "A typhoon visited the South China coast this week, and it is reported that the Russian Baltic squadron was caught in it, the smaller craft being scattered."

I now wrote for information to my friend Dr. Doberck, the Director of the Observatory at Hong Kong, and received his reply in August, together with a copy of his monthly report, from which I extract the following items:—

On April 30, 1905, 12.10 p.m. The barometer has fallen on the China coast, particularly in the North, and risen quickly in Luzon. The typhoon is now to the West of Luzon, probably moving towards W.N.W.

On May 1, at 12.14 p.m. The typhoon in the China Sea may be situated to the S.S.E. of Hong Kong, and between the Paracels and the W. coast of Luzon. Probably it is moving towards W.N.W.

Red S. Cone and Drum hoisted. [These are the warning signals for the approach of a typhoon.]

On May 2, at 6.25 a.m. Red S. Cone and Drum lowered. The depression in the China Sea no longer traced.

So it appears that the London daily papers were wrong, and that the typhoon dissipated in the middle of the China Sea. That is of small consequence. Admiral T. did not say that Rojdestvensky would meet with a typhoon, but "I expect....." The point is this: there *was* a typhoon in the China Sea on May 1, and it was in such a position that, if it had travelled as was expected by the Director of the Observatory, it would have passed over Hainan the next day. Considering the exposed position of the Russian fleet, it cannot have failed to do much damage—as much, probably, as the guns of the Japanese did a fortnight later. In short, Admiral T. made the same forecast as the Director, who gave instructions for the storm-signals to be shown at Hong-Kong.

This is a good example of accurate information furnished by a denizen of the next state of existence. It was, no doubt, given to me as a test. Admiral T.'s communication to me was six hours before the time of the storm-signals being shown. He may have judged for himself, or he may have seen into the mind of Dr. Doberck. Either way it does not matter; for the fact remains that he gave me in a house at Southsea an unexpected item of information of a disastrous event that was officially forecasted six hours later in China.

(35) To continue my experiences in table-tilting. On September 20, 1905, I paid a visit to a fisherman,

Mr. Endicott, and his wife, at Brixham, in Devonshire. They have an old three-footed table, made out of some wreckage, at which they had often sat and obtained manifestations. They are both psychics, but Mrs. Endicott has the greater power. We sat with our hands flat upon the table. In a few minutes the latter gave signs of animation, and indicated that a spirit was present for me. I called out the letters of the alphabet, and the following dialogue took place:—

Q.: "Will you give your name?"

A.: "Yes; Iola."

Q.: "Have you a communication to make?"

A.: "Yes, W.; I am going to arrive on session night to greet you both." (Correct. The session of sittings was to begin in a fortnight at our private rooms in London, after a pause of three months; a member of my family had decided to go with me.)

Q.: "Will you give me a test? You know the trouble we have had with personating spirits?"

A.: "Yes."

Q.: "What is the name of your youngest sister in earth life?"

A.: "Dear T." (Correct. The name given had not been applied to her sister for thirty-five years, as I afterwards found out. It was a pet-name, and only used by one member of the family.) Five minutes later Mrs. Endicott said: "Who is G.—a little lady?" (the name was the working name of the sister called T.).

Q.: "Please give the name of the town where you passed over."

A.: "Kilmarnock." (Correct.)

Q.: "What country?"

A.: "England." (Wrong.)

Q.: "Can you give the number of years since you passed over? Please tap the floor once for each year."

A.: Thirty-one taps. (The proper answer should have been thirty years, four months.)

Q.: "What is the short name of your eldest brother?"

A.: "T." (Correct.)

Q.: "What is the number of the house in R. Square, where you lived?"

A.: Thirty-five taps. (Correct.)

Q.: "What is the number of the house in which you lived in E. Square?"

A.: Twenty-one taps. (Wrong; but, on my saying so, two taps were added, which made the number correct.)

Some private conversation followed with a male relative, the table tilting at right angles to its former direction.

We now had tea, and afterwards sat again. Mrs. Nowell Endicott (a psychic, daughter-in-law of the fisherman and his wife) came in, and made a fourth sitter at the table. In a minute or two Iola announced her presence.

Q.: "Can you tell me what I have in my pocket?"

A.: "Yes; photographs." (Correct.)

Q.: "How many?"

A.: Three taps. (Correct.)

Q.: "Which of the three do you like best?"

A.: "The one you have enlarged." (I laid the photographs on the table and pencilled the numbers 1, 2, 3 on them respectively.)

Q.: "Do you mean No. 1?"

A.: "Yes." (Correct. The face is four times the size of the others.)

Q.: "Do you remember the one which Captain Alleyne picked out?" (This incident is described later in this chapter.)

A.: "Yes." One tap. (Correct.)

Q.: "What is the name of the lady who is taken with you in No. 2?"

Mrs. E. sensed Agnes, which is correct for the Christian name. The spirit could not give the surname.

Q.: "What is your first name?"

A.: (Given correctly.)

After some private details :—

Q.: "Do you know we have just moved a picture of yours?"

A.: "Yes." (Mrs. E. said "Not long ago.")

Q.: "In what room did I put it?"

A.: "Dr. —." (Mrs. E. called out the correct answer.)

Q.: "Do you know the name of my eldest daughter's husband?"

A.: "G——." (Correct surname.)

Various other details were given. It was obvious throughout that Mrs. Endicott's "sensing" was as reliable as the table, but the latter was required for connecting the members of the circle. She gave the correct surname of Iola. During the second sitting (after tea) I let the table slip through my fingers as it tilted, and at all times only touched it lightly.

I had met Mrs. Endicott before in London, and also her daughter-in-law; but neither of them knew, normally, anything whatever about my affairs or relatives, alive or dead. It was the first time I had seen the fisherman. There are only two theories to

account for the foregoing phenomena — (a) mind-reading; (b) the presence of invisible intelligences.

Let us consider this much-talked-of and, in my opinion, over-worked theory of mind-reading. First I would ask, Whose mind is being read? Is it mine? Well, if so, how is the pet name "T." to be accounted for, and the wrong answer of "England" for "Scotland"? Certainly neither of these items came out of my mind. Then, how is it I have never since been able to obtain such precise information through the mediumship of the Endicotts, though, of course, I have had excellent tests through Mrs. Endicott in other ways? Again, who moved the table? It generally, but not always, tilted towards Mrs. E. I watched her and her husband carefully. She did not consciously move the table, I am sure. The impressions she often received had nothing to do with what was passing in my mind. Take the first message from Iola on this particular day. It did not originate with me, and was on a subject of which the Endicotts were entirely ignorant. I paid several visits to these psychics after the one I am describing, and came away with a number of questions unanswered or answered wrongly, though in every case I was acquainted with the correct answer. If "mind-reading" is the correct solution of the difficulty, why is it all-powerful one day and powerless the next?

I attribute the phenomenon to the presence of spirits, who impressed the psychics, chiefly Mrs. Endicott. I do not deny that Iola may have assisted her own memory by tapping my consciousness, especially in the case of the numbers given; but it was she who gave the replies through the organism of the psychic. As in the case of my relative A., it may



be that Mrs. Endicott's hands automatically moved the table after the message was received in her brain. That is not proved; it is possible; but Iola was there in the room, and that is all I care to establish at present.

At the end of August, 1906, I again visited the Endicotts. The table séances were very wearisome and unsuccessful. I asked many questions, but got only one reply worth recording. Iola manifested, and I inquired the Christian name of her father. The reply was correct, and it is a very peculiar name; I doubt if there is another person in Great Britain with the same Christian name. A characteristic message, as from the father, was added.

(36) In another form of spirit manifestation we were more fortunate. I gave Mrs. Endicott a packet containing forty *cartes-de-visite*, and asked her to pick out the portrait of Iola, whom she had often seen clairvoyantly. I retired to another part of the room, and turned my back to the psychic, who unfastened the packet herself. After feeling them for a minute or two, she said: "There is more than one of the spirit here." I said: "Yes; two." In two minutes both of the photos were handed to me across my shoulder. This was done without any preliminary guesses; they were the first two given back into my hand. Neither picture had ever been shown to the psychic before.

Towards the end of August, 1907, I again visited the fisherman's cottage. My first sitting was on the 19th. Within five minutes of my greeting Mrs. Endicott she said:—

“A man has come with you. He is a big man; his name is Henry; he has a broad, open forehead, square face, and big jaw. One eye looks a little fuller than the other. I should say he opens one eye a little wider than the other. His hair is brown, but there is grey in it. I get a B. What is that for?”

This was about 3.43 Greenwich mean time. At 4.10 she said: “That man is still here. He is not an old man; looks about forty. I have noticed that the astral form always looks younger than the natural body. I have got the idea that he is sitting, resting. Does he ever talk with you about New York? I have an impression that way.”

At 6.40 p.m. I posted a card to Mr. Henry Crookes, at the Carlton Hotel, Southsea, asking him to make a note of his doings between 3.40 and 4.40 p.m. that day. He did not receive the card till the morning of Wednesday, the 21st, when he wrote the following from memory:—

Between 3 and 4 p.m. (on Monday, 19th) I was sitting in an arm-chair in the recreation-room at Carlton Hotel, Southsea, reading the *Express*. At about 3.40 I felt rather sleepy. I tried to keep awake, but could not. At about 3.45 I dozed off for five or ten minutes. Was awakened by the waiter clattering teacups and plates.....At 4 p.m. I, in company with my wife and four other ladies, walked to the Mikado Tea Rooms in Palmerston Road, where we had tea, and remained there till about 5 p.m.

The description of Mr. Henry Crookes given by Mrs. Endicott is very good; better than she has ever given me of any other spirit except Iola. He tells me that the allusion to the eyes is significant, and that his spectacles are constructed to obviate the

inconveniences of different forms of astigmatism in the two eyes. This peculiarity is not now noticeable to a casual observer, on account of the glasses; and I was entirely ignorant of any difference between them.

I returned to Southsea from Devonshire on the afternoon of Thursday, August 22; and at 6 p.m. the description in my note-book was read to Mr. and Mrs. Henry Crookes. After this I opened his notes, which I had not before seen, and read them.

The night previous to the appearance of his astral I had been discussing with Mr. Crookes my photograph test with Dora Hahn in New York.

Before getting to Eastleigh on the morning of the 19th, I had completed my notes of a séance which I had attended with Mr. Crookes on the previous evening; and my thoughts did not dwell on him during the run down to Brixham. It was no "thought-form" that Mrs. Endicott saw; she has often told me that she can distinguish thought-forms from astral or spirit-forms.

In subsequent conversation Mr. Crookes has told me that he never sleeps in the afternoon, and that on Monday he dropped off into a deep sleep at the time mentioned, and against his own desire. His glasses were not in place.

#### REMARKS BY MR. HENRY CROOKES.

My eyes are both astigmatic; the cylindrical axis of the right spectacle-lens is nearly vertical, while that of the left lens is almost horizontal. I have been wearing glasses two and a-half years only; and, until a few years ago, I could not read ordinary print at all with the left eye. Mr. Juler, the oculist, tells me that, with the naked eye, my sight is only 1/10th (one-tenth)

of normal. This allusion to my eyes is certainly significant, as nothing special is noticeable to a casual observer. Another point to be mentioned is that, when my eyes are closed, they go out of accommodation nearly vertically, instead of horizontally, as is the case with most people.

With regard to my sleeping in the afternoon, it is not at all a habit of mine; and this was the only occasion on which I have done so during my visit to Southsea.

H. C.

(37) After this we sat down to the same table, as on previous occasions. Iola made herself known, and gave a correct description of what she saw me doing two days before in my library. A brother-in-law came, and identified himself by name. I then put a packet of forty photographs into Mrs. Endicott's hands, told her to open it herself and select the picture of Iola, taking up a position several feet distant, with my back towards her. The packet contained some of those photographs used for a similar test the previous year, and many new ones. She had never seen either of the two portraits of Iola that I had inserted among them. In less than five minutes one of these was handed to me over my shoulder, and shortly afterwards the other (no preliminary guesses).

The next day, after some unsuccessful table-tilting, Mrs. Endicott said of Iola: "Once she came to me in an earth dress. It was a check, with large, but not long, sleeves; the bodice was short.

Q.: "How old were you when that picture was taken?"

A.: "Eleven years." (Correct.)

Mrs. E.: "It was a short bodice, with big sleeves, a low neck; three or four little flounces round the bottom of the dress, braidings around the flounces; something around her neck. It was a check dress; the hair was brushed back."

Q.: "I have a picture of Iola in that costume. It is a daguerreotype."

A.: Three taps (yes).

Q.: "Where is it?"

A.: "Large bookcase." (Correct.)

Q.: "What part of bookcase?"

A.: "Top." (Wrong.)

Q.: "You have often seen it. You know it is not on the top of the bookcase?"

A.: "Drawer." (Correct.)

I described the place, which is the top private drawer of the solitary big drawer of the largest bookcase in my room. This elicited emphatic tilts from the table.

The daguerreotype incident is very good. The existence of the picture is only known to my wife and children, and it is the only portrait of Iola in my possession that has not at some time or the other been used as a test; it has never left the house. The description is not perfect, but so nearly so as to make it absolutely certain what it was my guide wished to indicate through Mrs. Endicott.

There were many other communications through the table, but they were mostly rubbish, and not worth recording. Throughout there was a knowledge shown of terrene affairs.

I now give an instance of a lying spirit (Diakka) that manifested in this cottage the following year:—

At 3.40 p.m., Monday, August 17, 1908, I commenced a sitting with a fisherman, Mr. Endicott, and his wife, at 11 St. Peter's Terrace, Brixham, Devonshire. The meteorological conditions were satisfactory.

At 3.50 table tilted, and a guide called "Racca" made himself known, and promised to guard the circle.

At 3.55 a vigorous spirit made herself known, and gave the following information in answer to questions put by me:—

"Sarah Matherson; passed over in London, at the Savoy Hotel; on September 9, 1891, from cancer of the throat, at the age of thirty-three. Widow of a soldier, colonel of artillery in the English Army. Lived at Maclinwater, near Dumbarton. Passed out seventeen years ago. Husband passed out with sun-fever eight years before me, when I was twenty-six years of age."

Q.: "What caused you to come to us to-day?"

A.: "Perceived a bright spirit light."

"'Harris' is father's name. Only one child—spirit babe—Ida, who died when one year old; buried at Dumbarton. I attended Protestant Church—Scotch Church. Sister, Mary Louisa Harris—in Leith now; cannot give her address.

"'Gordon' was the first name of my husband." (Mrs. Endicott described the spirit as a tall, big, straight woman.)

During the above communication the table tilted down towards Mr. Endicott.

I have made particular inquiries at the War Office, Dumbarton, Leith, the Savoy Hotel, and of two old officers of the Royal Artillery. There is no such

place as Maclinwater, and there never was an artillery officer in the English Army called Gordon Matherson. There is a negative sort of value about even this communication. It shows a knowledge of terrene affairs, and therefore probably emanated from someone who once lived on earth.

I have alluded above to certain tests by photographs. It will be remembered that I found this plan of testing the powers of clairvoyantes successful in America. On my return to England I increased the number in the packet to twenty, and later to forty. Friendly critics had said to me: "It is all very well, but the psychic can see into your mind and sense the image of the person whose picture you expect to receive; this done, the task of selecting the picture from the pack is easy." Among the twenty or forty *cartes-de-visite*, therefore, I always took care to have two of Iola at widely different ages and in different attitudes. It occurred to me that, if the clairvoyante by normal means could pick out the composite portrait of these two that are said to be in my mind, it would be a more remarkable way of accounting for the selection than by the spirit hypothesis. I propose now to record how many times this test succeeded. But before doing so I will note a rather different test.

(38) I have already referred to Mrs. Alleyne, one of the members of our investigation societies in London, who usually sat on the left of Husk at the séances we held with him. During many of these pleasant evenings I was her neighbour; consequently when Iola appeared she could be as well seen by Mrs. Alleyne as by me. Mrs. Alleyne's husband generally

manifested about the same time as my guide, and I argued that he should be well acquainted with the latter and be able to pick out her portrait.

On June 20, 1905, after Iola had appeared twice to us both together, I handed to Mrs. Alleyne twelve photos in a closed packet, and asked her to be so kind as to take it home and to beg her husband to pick out the portrait of the spirit she had seen. A week later she returned me the packet, and showed me the photo that her husband had selected. *It was the only picture of Iola in the pack!* She told me that she had laid the photographs out in a line on a ouija board in her room; that her husband, through her hand holding the pointer, had first indicated by the letters of the alphabet, "Take the third from the right," and had then pushed the required portrait out of the row exposed to view.

Now, of course, Husk had nothing to do with this phenomenon, as the selection was made at Mrs. Alleyne's home. Neither Mrs. Alleyne nor her husband when in earth life had ever known Iola. The only person in London who knew the spirit or her photograph was myself; and I was three miles away when the selection was made. There was not a single normal circumstance that could have assisted in the selection except that Mrs. Alleyne had twice seen the materialised face of the spirit. If that helped her in the choice, so much the better for the mediumship of Husk; but I doubt if it could have conveyed much to the brain of the lady, because on both occasions the face was muffled under the nose, and only a sitter like myself, who was well acquainted with the original, could recognise the likeness.

I do not record here any photographic test as a



success unless one of the portraits of the spirit alleged to be present was selected outside my range of vision at first shot. To have two handed to you as was done by Mrs. Endicott on two occasions, separated by twelve months, and when the number in the pack was forty, is rare, and cannot be expected except in the case of clairvoyantes of the first rank.

Mr. Peters, in a private interview on July 7, 1905, handed me one picture of Iola, whom he had previously described accurately, out of a packet of twenty. There were two in the collection. The second he handed me was a portrait of her younger living sister, who has been alluded to in these notes.

(39) This medium described an article of dress worn by the spirit that I had never seen. In fact, it was so unusual that I declared I did not believe she had ever worn it. Peters firmly adhered to his statement, and denied that there was any mistake in his clairvoyant vision. Some days afterwards I had an opportunity of inquiring into the truth of this allegation, and discovered that fifty years before there had been such an article in vogue, and that, as a little girl, Iola had actually worn it for about six months.

Peters also described two naval officers. One, he remarked, "says he was under you in some foreign place. His name is 'Fred.' I hear the name 'More,' 'More.' (Rolls a newspaper up into the size and shape of a small telescope.) He is holding something under his arm like this. He was with you when you had a very bad fever over twenty years ago. I am no good at dates; you nearly died; you were in great danger of your life. Others died at this time, but you survived." (Correct. A sub-lieutenant, J. Frederick B., long since passed over, was under

my command at a time when I contracted a bad dose of East African fever up a river near Zanzibar.) The second form was identified at once; for a close approximation to his surname was given, and the medium took on the conditions of his death, which was by drowning. He added, which was true, that on the day of his death abroad this officer was seen clairvoyantly in London.

On September 27, 1905, I strewed twenty *cartes-de-visite* on a table at Southsea, and, turning my back to them, asked Mrs. Arnold, a clairvoyante, to select the picture of Iola, who, she had previously declared, was present. There were two in the collection; within two minutes the psychic gave me one of the two, and then took up another picture, saying: "She says this is her sister." (Correct.) It was a little girl in a short frock.

(40) On May 20, 1906, I called upon Miss MacCreadie, to whom I was a perfect stranger. She gave me a good reading, and, among other things, described Iola with fair accuracy. Shortly after she said: "Somebody passed out of your life six years ago." I denied it; but the psychic got a clairaudient message: "Somebody *did* pass out of his life six years ago." On reconsideration, I remembered the death of a relative by marriage in whom I did not take particular interest, and who had passed over in the year 1900. This relative was a particular friend of Iola. The psychic was controlled ten minutes later by her guide "Sunshine," who gave a more accurate description of my guide. After some talk I handed my closed packet of forty *cartes-de-visite* into the hands

of the medium, and went into the corner of the room, turning my back, and asked "Sunshine" to pick out the photo of anybody who was present in spirit. I waited in the corner, perhaps, five minutes, when the control called me back to the table and presented me with a portrait of Iola taken not long before she passed over. There were three photos of the spirit in the pack.

I am at a loss to see how the selection of photographs under the circumstances I have mentioned, when I was not in a position to know which one the psychic or her control was handling, and therefore wholly unable to assist them by impression, can be attributed to any mundane intelligence whatever. It might be argued with some plausibility that the phenomenon was due to the agency of some earth-bound spirit, who had accompanied me about for two years with the express intention of deceiving me at every séance that I attended. Such a being, having once discovered the photos of Iola, might impress the medium time after time to put one or two of them forward; but no person on earth could do it without some assistance, beneficent or malevolent. If I had tried this test once, the success might be put down to coincidence, for the chances are only ten to one or twenty to one against the right choice being made; but the fact is I have scarcely ever failed to obtain this test from psychics of acknowledged powers. It had come off four times in America, two with faces downwards, and ten times in England; and the selection of the picture was generally preceded by a good description of the person and face of Iola. I do not myself believe in the malevolent-spirit theory. What motive would such a devil have in giving me a proof of immortality?

For assuredly, if this test was not engineered by a devil, it was given by my guide herself, whose appearances and manifestations have been consistent throughout, leading me gradually to a belief that she is alive, and, therefore, that existence beyond the grave is a fact. I have long ago come to the conclusion that, on each of the occasions I have related, Iola was present in the room, and effected the selection of her own and her sister's pictures.

I have two other incidents to record in which photographs played a part. On September 30, 1905, I gave Mrs. Davies, a clairvoyante, then in Portsmouth, my packet of forty, and asked her to pick out the portraits of any people who impressed her as being near to me. As was arranged on all other occasions when photographs were used, some were near relatives, some distant; some strangers, some friends. About half the pack were portraits of people alive. I turned my back to her. Presently she handed over my shoulder the photo of a lady taken at the age of sixty or thereabouts, saying: "I see a bright light upon this picture; I am confident that this lady is about to pass over shortly, if she has not already done so." The portrait was that of a very near and dear relative, who died ten weeks later in her ninety-first year. She then gave out another relative for whom she prophesied an early death (which I fear will come true). Finally, she was told clairaudiently to take up "the funny little one," and produced a *carte-de-visite* of Iola at the age of eleven years, taken nearly fifty years before. There were two of my guide in the collection.

Mrs. Davies is a good clairvoyante. Twice I visited her shortly after the death of relatives. There was

nothing in my dress to indicate bereavement, but on both occasions she saw Iola helping these people. By normal means she could not have learnt of the recent demise of either.

One day, on my entering her room, she said to me: "A man called Alldridge has been here this afternoon. He said, 'Tell him [that is, me] I have seen East.'" By no possible means could the woman have known normally that I had ever heard of these names. As a matter of fact, the former was an old naval captain whom I had heard of, but never seen. He died in the West country some months before. East had passed over many years before. He was a lieutenant, and I knew him slightly. I had never thought of either gentleman; but both belonged to the surveying branch of the Navy, to which I was attached myself before I retired—a fact of which the medium was ignorant. Alldridge was reputed to be mediumistic; he died at the advanced age of ninety.

On April 3, 1908, I had a sitting with "Clairibelle" in York Street, near Baker Street, London. Her "reading," as it is called, was not very clear. She was controlled early in the sitting; and after some descriptions, more or less true, I handed to her my packet of forty photos, in which there were two of Iola, and turned away. After the control had been looking at them some minutes (held in her medium's lap), I heard one fall on the floor. I looked round, and saw that it was one of the portraits of my guide. The clairvoyante picked it up and handled it, but said nothing at the moment. Presently the control went on talking, and giving a somewhat loose description of Iola. She then tried to make a selection again,

and called me to receive the *same portrait that had fallen on the floor*. I told her that there was a second picture of the same spirit in her lap, and she gave me two photos, both of relatives who have the same Christian name as my guide, and who are considered to resemble her. There were more descriptions, and she came out of trance. In her normal state she tried to pick out photos, and gave me again the same picture of Iola and that of one of the relatives previously selected, and who resembled her most. The second portrait of my guide was not found.

Now, what caused that one *carte* to fall off the medium on to the floor?—there was plenty of room in the medium's capacious lap. Observe, the control did not recognise the significance of the little accident, and passed out that same picture some time after. Before I left the house, the medium said: "The conditions surrounding all those pictures are mixed up, as there is no paper between them. Probably the spirit threw her portrait out on the floor to separate it from the others." In my opinion, the selection was made in this way, and it was thrown on the floor intentionally; in which case the phenomenon is quite as evidential as the photograph tests through Mrs. Endicott. "Clairibelle" knew nothing whatever about me, and knows nothing now.

Through the Mrs. Arnold referred to in my notes on photographic tests, I have had a great deal of planchette-writing. Some of it is pure rubbish; it is nearly all of a private character. Some sentences bear internal signs of guess-work by the writer; but among the records of our many sittings I find abundant evidence of the presence of Iola. Mrs. Arnold knew

nothing of my deceased relatives; there were no possible means of her acquiring such knowledge. She knew nothing of my house, into which she had never entered; yet the writing referred to relatives who had passed over, and alluded to assistance given them by Iola, who, from the first, signed her full earthly Christian names and surname. Allusions, also, were made to my house, which were correct. I have tried to spoil many of the messages, but some I cannot; they were so obviously spontaneous and unexpected. For instance, I asked one day: "Can you tell me whose portraits are those on either side of the fireplace in my dressing-room?" The reply was quite clear: "Mine and that of your wife." (Correct.) "And who is between them?" "Father." (Correct.) I have numerous relatives, near and distant; I cannot see any reason why so exact a reply should have been given, unless the spirit impressing the medium had actually seen the room and the pictures. Another time the spirit gave an answer which implied a knowledge of what my library contained and how articles were placed. On another she impressed the psychic to write out a foreign name—a most unusual one—that of a particular friend of hers when she was in earth life. My wife was frequently mentioned by her initials in such a way as I only in the family have written them. The crystal-gazing of this medium was also sometimes very good. I have known her to describe faithfully our séance-room in St. John's Wood, London, though at that time she had never been inside of it.

A friend once came down to spend the week-end with me. On the Sunday morning he went to Mrs. Arnold, to whom he was a perfect stranger. A spirit

manifested through planchette, and gave his surname. When asked for his Christian name, he gave, not his real name, but a nickname that had been bestowed upon him by his comrades in Canada, where he had died.

The fallacy of the "mind-reading" theory was very apparent when sitting with this psychic. I often asked questions, the replies to which were, so to speak, on the tip of my tongue; but I got either no answer or the wrong one.

(41) I sat with Miss Earle in our room in George Street, Portman Square, two or three times. There were generally twelve to fifteen people in the circle, and she gave messages to all in turn. At 7 p.m. on December 7, 1905, before the circle was formed, she said: "I see the form of a gentleman behind you. He has been in spirit life some years. He is holding out his arms as if to greet a lady whom I can also see. I sense these two are closely related to you—that they are husband and wife, and that you are their son." After the circle was formed, and my time came for a message, she talked in my ear as if controlled by my father: "I am in a ship with many on board, but we have not enough flags." (Symbolical.) "I like your researches; I and others are helping you. The golden thread is nearly broken."

Q.: "What do you mean?"

A.: "One who is dear to us both."

My mother passed away the following morning, having been unconscious for many hours. She had been bed-ridden for a short time, and was at a very advanced age; but she was conscious at the time I met Miss Earle, and the end was not expected so



suddenly. I have no reason to suppose that the psychic knew, normally, either that my father was in spirit life or that my mother was in earth life. I thought then—and I think now—that this was a true prophetic vision, and that my father was actually present.

(42) On November 4, 1905, Mr. Von Bourg, the well-known psychic, gave a séance at Southsea in a private house. I had been invited, but was unable to attend. My relative A. was stopping with me at the time, and I asked him to take my place, which he consented to do. He returned late, and told me that during the séance a spirit manifested to him; from his description I gathered that it was Iola. While he was talking to me in my library, standing against the fire-place, he was partially controlled suddenly, rushed to a bureau where, at that time, I kept my records of psychical phenomena, and, muttering "third on the middle row," dragged out a packet of papers, and, selecting one of the latter, which he handed to me, said, "What is this?" While I read it he kept on muttering, "Was I not right, was I not right?"—as if giving voice to a clairaudient message.

The paper contained notes of a private séance of July, 1905, in my room. A premonition was then given respecting a family trouble. A. said: "She wishes me to understand that she was not certain then, but she is now." I let A. read the paper after this, and when he was going to put the packet back in the bureau I said, "Let me have the papers." He then handed them to me, and was impressed to say, "Take the third." I did so, and found it contained references to the same matter during a séance dated April, 1905.

In the previous April I had been in some trouble; a misfortune threatened me that I did not know how to avert. I consulted my friend Miss Bates, who wrote inspirationally that all would come right. Things did not come right, and, in July, I again asked Miss Bates to assist me. The answer this time was not so cheerful as before, but the spirit still gave it as her opinion that the trouble would pass away. In August it completely disappeared, how I know not; but I am convinced it was in some way through the influence of Iola; also that she partially controlled A. in my room and prompted his giving the papers to me. The two papers he placed in my hands were the notes of the séances with Miss Bates in April and July. The July paper was given first. In the bureau there were over one hundred papers.

On December 17, 1905. A., who was again my guest, went with me to Mrs. Arnold's for some planchette writing. Iola came and wrote for A., "I was with you and it was about your papers."

Q.: "What papers?"

A.: "Did I not get you to look for a paper out of a certain drawer?"

Q.: "Was that last message for Admiral Moore or for me?"

A.: "It was for you, one Saturday about a moon ago. I gave the message and you should not have forgotten, and the paper was not at V. B. [Von Bourg], but on the Parade" (8 Western Parade).

It is out of the question that Mrs. Arnold could have known anything about the curious scene in my library on November 4.

I have exposed some hundreds of plates in attempts to obtain photographs of spirits. A red flannel screen was used for background and a Jena mercury lamp for illumination. About a third of the prints show abnormalities of different kinds; there are many very faint faces difficult to distinguish clearly, and none distinct enough to be reproduced by photography of the existing prints. Sensitives can see a great deal more in these prints than I do; on the other hand, quite half those to whom I have shown them can see nothing at all.

Mr. Richard Boursnell often obtained genuine psychic photographs. He was a medium, and, when the power was with him, his pictures were reliable. But, like some other professional psychics, when his gift was in abeyance he faked. I have given to the London Spiritualistic Alliance a complete proof of a fraudulent production by this man. The negatives and the prints show unmistakably how the fraud is accomplished. I have, however, in my possession two or three of his photos that I believe are true evidences of spirit presence. The only proof is the likeness to the person when in earth life, together with the certainty that the photographer had no means of access to any existing photograph of that person. Duplicates, triplicates, and quadruplicates of Boursnell's spirit pictures are numerous. Some years ago a man was stopping with me who had photographs of three precisely the same spirit persons near him as I had near me. The attitude, face, and form were exactly the same, down to every crease in the robes. Boursnell's story was that spirits, having once entered his studio, reappeared again and again. This may be, but it seems improbable that they

should keep for many years the same cast, so to speak; as they appear now, you can put a tracing of the form in one photograph over the form in another, and not be able to detect the smallest difference in detail. It cannot be doubted that some sitters bring better conditions than others, and these enabled Bournsell to exercise his gift of mediumship to the best advantage; I have seen several photographs obtained in his presence that I believe show genuine spirit forms behind or beside the sitters. He was also an excellent clairvoyant. Once he gave me an account of a very eccentric naval captain who died over forty years ago. His peculiarities were well described, and the name of the ship he last commanded was mentioned. The information was not available to the public. Though I had heard of this officer, I had never met him. On another occasion he affirmed that he saw a marine who was drowned at the time of the capsizing of the *Eurydice*, and gave his name. I ascertained that there was such a man in the crew of that ill-fated ship.

That showing on a sensitised plate is one of the hundred or more methods of spirits to prove their existence to mortals is, in my opinion, proved in the United States and this country by the many portraits which have been obtained.

Some years ago the body of an old gentleman who died in London was taken to his country seat to be buried. The house was in the occupation of relatives, and the coffin was conveyed straight from the railway station to the church. A young lady, who was a guest in the house, and about to take her departure, took a photograph of the library during the time the funeral ceremony was in progress. When the negative

was developed, the dead man was found in the picture sitting in the chair he usually occupied when alive. I have seen this picture, and cannot doubt that it is genuine. There are certain features in it which point to its fidelity, and the spirit form has been recognised by members of the family. Moreover, the circumstances under which it was obtained render the theory of imposture incredible.

There is a phenomenon in connection with photographs that has not yet attracted sufficient attention. I allude to the "precipitations" of faces and forms on old photos which have been in the possession of one person many years. I have in my possession a *carte-de-visite* of a girl relative, taken at fifteen years of age, at Brighton, in the year 1865. About four years ago the background of this picture began to show signs of what I thought was deterioration in the varnish; the defect, as it appeared to be, became lighter and lighter in colour; six or eight months later the faint impression of a face was discernible. It is now clear that the face is that of the young lady's father. The eyes are closed as if in sleep, but the features resemble those in an existing portrait. He was alive at the time the portrait was taken, and did not pass over till three years later. Why he should appear in this way I am unable to explain; but I am satisfied that the image is no fancied coincidence suggested by the decay of chemicals.

(43) I have in my possession also a photograph of Iola taken at the age of fifteen. There is one face faintly precipitated in the background over her head, and five on the dress. The initials of one sister and the name of another are impressed on the dress. It is a curiosity. I have seen precipitations on other photos in my collection.

This phenomenon is a mild introduction to the coloured precipitations done by spirit agency in the presence of the Bangs Sisters at Chicago, which I will describe in a later chapter.

I had interviews with several other clairvoyants in England than those I have mentioned. Most of the information conveyed was of a private character. Good tests came through Ronald Brailey, J. Vango, Otto Von Bourg, and others. The relation of what occurred at these séances would only weary my readers, without adding appreciably to the evidence already adduced in support of my belief that those whom I once, in my ignorance, thought dead are very much alive. It became more and more plain to me that the presentation of all the delicate phenomena of spiritism depended for its success, in a large measure, on the mental condition of the sitter. If he believed through personal investigation, or by studying the records of the experiences of others, that communication with the unseen was possible, he got some test—hardly ever the one he expected, but an answer, maybe, to some inquiry made weeks before, or, at any rate, an item of information, crisp and clear, that could not be accounted for by any knowledge in the possession of the psychic nor by what was in his conscious mind.

By 1908 I had read everything worth reading on the subject of spiritism, and a great deal that was not; and, as it was impossible to make any progress in the subject in this damp climate, I determined to visit America again.

## CHAPTER V.

### RETURN OF THOMSON JAY HUDSON

Itinerary in United States—Arrive at Rochester, N.Y.—Mrs. Georgia—Hudson manifests through her hand—*The Law of Psychic Phenomena*—Hudson's views when alive—Conversations with Hudson—His views on the sub-conscious mind and telekinesis—The names of his books given correctly—Completely reveals his identity—Many dialogues—He accompanies me to Chicago and Detroit, and carries messages to Rochester—He assists Iola to write—Tries to prevent me getting a picture at Chicago—Manifests at Chicago by precipitated writing—Fulfils at Rochester and New York a promise given at Chicago—Reasons that probably influenced Hudson when playing these tricks—Mrs. Georgia writes for Dr. Hyslop and Dr. Funk in New York—*The Widow's mite*.

My dates of arrival at and departure from places in the United States on this second trip for investigations were as follows:—

		<i>Arrival.</i>		<i>Departure.</i>
Rochester, N.Y.	...	Dec. 22, 1908	...	Dec. 28, 1908
Buffalo, N.Y.	...	Dec. 28, 1908	...	Jan. 2, 1909
Toledo, Ohio...	...	Jan. 2, 1909	...	Jan. 7, ,,
Detroit, Michigan	...	Jan. 7, ,,	...	Jan. 11, ,,
Toledo, Ohio...	...	Jan. 11, ,,	...	Jan. 17, ,,
Chicago, Ill. ...	...	Jan. 17, ,,	...	Jan. 24, ,,
Toledo, Ohio...	...	Jan. 24, ,,	...	Feb. 2, ,,
Detroit, Michigan	...	Feb. 2, ,,	...	Feb. 6, ,,
Rochester, N.Y.	...	Feb. 6, ,,	...	Feb. 26, ,,
Chicago, Ill. ...	...	Feb. 27, ,,	...	Mar. 6, ,,
New York	...	Mar. 7, ,,	...	

The first psychic I sat with for phenomena on my arrival in the United States was Mrs. Georgia, who

lives with her mother in Rochester, N.Y. She is a young lady in affluent circumstances, accomplished, retiring in disposition, and, at that time, inclined to believe that the strange gift which she had possessed for four years, of automatic mirror-writing, was due to some power within herself and not to outside influences. She had never written except for her personal friends, and then but rarely. I carried a letter of introduction from a namesake in the city, Mr. A. W. Moore, who made no allusion to my nationality or profession, but wrote of me as Mr. Moore.

I did not send in my card, but only the letter of introduction. When Mrs. Georgia came into the room she asked, "Are you related to my friend Mr. Moore?" I replied, "No." She then took up a pencil, and, putting some sheets of paper under her right hand, the latter wrote backwards as follows:—

(44) "We can come, but you are wrong in thinking that Mr. Moore is a relative, or that he is any old acquaintance. He is a man of the sea. He is a friend of a man who invented the radiopath (*sic*), and who is also an expert on sanitation. It is Sir ———. He also knows Lady ———. He will return to his country, then he will meet them both and tell them of you. They are interested in these matters. The man (Sir ———) is a celebrated man in his country. I am Hudson."

Mrs. Georgia knew nothing of Hudson except that a man of that name had written a book called *The Law of Psychic Phenomena*, which she had read in a desultory manner five years before. She had heard of Sir ———; but did not know he was married.

I knew nothing, personally, of Mr. Hudson, but had



read with keen interest two of his books, *The Law of Psychic Phenomena* and another that I erroneously recalled as *Proofs of Immortality*; this book I thought had been his last; of his two subsequent works I knew nothing.

Hudson's views while in earth life were briefly these:—

Man is such a wonderful animal and has within him such marvellous potentialities that his ego or individuality is bound to survive the change we call "death"; the ego is certain to continue its uncompleted experiences in another phase of consciousness. He has within him two distinct consciousnesses: one with which he carries on his practical daily life; the other dormant, but infallible as a record, registering every word he has seen or heard, every scene (however trifling) he has passed through, every experience he has ever known. The former is capable of inductive reasoning, the latter only of deductive. The subjective mind may be tapped for the use of the conscious mind, but, as it is not capable of correct processes of reasoning, if allowed to get the upper hand, so to speak, the result is mental disorder.

Communication with the denizens of the next state of consciousness is impossible. When man thinks he is dealing with invisible intelligences he is simply playing the fool with his subjective mind, or soul, which presents him with reflections of his complete record and lures him on to believe that he is communing with his departed friends.

Hudson was deeply committed to these theses. He took care to skate warily over the physical phenomena of spiritualism. Very rightly, he attached the highest importance to the manifestations of Jesus Christ, and drew largely from the Gospel narratives to support

his case. I have seen him alluded to by a loose writer as a "spiritualist." He was nothing of the sort; and he spoke in derision of those who professed to communicate with people who had passed away. He certainly believed in the facts of alleged spiritistic manifestations, and in immortality; but his reasons for faith in the latter were entirely different from those upon which spiritualists base their convictions.

I had thought a great deal about Hudson, but not for a year, or I should not have made the mistake I did about the name of one of his books. I confess that, at one time, I was much shaken by the doctrine he put forward. I had read all the arguments for the subjective, or, as Myers calls it, the "subliminal" mind, and believed in its existence; it is only another name for the soul. Hudson's theory was plausible and well presented; but I soon recovered, and through this consideration: the existence of a subjective mind, or subliminal, or soul, whatever we please to call the register, may possibly account for some of my purely mental experiences; but how can it account for telekinesis and other physical phenomena? Will it account for the passage of a bell from one room into another which is locked? Will it account for the sudden creation of the simulacrum of a human body, sometimes almost as solid as life; for the movement of heavy objects; for the levitation of a human body; for the dematerialisation of flowers, and for other physical manifestations, all of which were, to me, proved facts? No! It came upon me suddenly that it was for a purpose that physical phenomena accompanied the mental during the revival in Rochester sixty years ago; it was to anticipate this

very argument now set forth in such attractive guise by Hudson.

The plain fact is, a sound belief in the existence of discarnate friends cannot be established by mental phenomena alone, because we do not know how far the messages we receive from psychics in trance, or out of trance, are leavened by their individuality. Such messages are extremely valuable, but they require to be backed up by exhibitions of force to convince us that a person is present who can exert power independent of the medium and sitter. If I can have a characteristic message to-day from one medium, and to-morrow I can see the friend who has passed over, materialised, when I am sitting with another medium, conviction comes; but if I only have the message, it is not so; the information contained in it may have been got surreptitiously from outside, or possibly from me, though this latter contingency can only happen if the subject is one in my upper consciousness—and very rarely then.

When Mrs. Georgia came to the words “He will return,” I asked her to write with her left hand, which she immediately did. I then asked Hudson: “What was the name of your book?”

A.: “*Law of Psychic Phenomena*. I did say that inanimate things had souls.”

Q.: “I do not remember that.”

A.: “No; what I said was this: ‘Take the other hand; I am not ambidexterous [here the psychic changed the pencil again to the right hand]; that my sister-in-law was able to tell the history and life of stone.’ I want to talk to you of better things than titles that you already know; I want to speak of the tests that I can show.”

Q.: "Have you altered your opinion about the powers of the subjective mind? How about telekinesis?"

A.: "No, I have not. It is the centre of the soul-force, and can be used during life as after death; it can be cultivated, and the mind projected to far-away countries; it is possible to educate the soul within us—each person can attract. That is what I know. When the inner soul demands an object to approach, it will attract all the soul-force about his aura. Yes; that moves the object; not the sub-conscious attracts, but the spirit-force that can move it; it is the command that moves, the demand that creates the forces to action."

Q.: "Can you tell us anything else?"

A.: "No; ask me—it gives me strength."

Q.: "Tell us, Mr. Hudson, about your feelings after death. Can your state be described as a happier one than when you were in the body?"

A.: "I did not know I had died; I seemed to be there just the same. Death is a progression; like progressive whist-tables, you move up. I am working there, as I did here, only my sphere is more congenial."

Q.: "What do you mean by congenial?"

A.: "It is the souls who are in the same element of progression—'the same kidney,' as the English say."

Q.: "What do you think of my photograph test?"  
(Here the test related in Chapter IV. was described to the spirit.)

A.: "That is a test only of the sensitive. All creatures are mediums of greater or less degree. There is an impression of the plate on the medium's

mind, and she feels this as you feel that to-morrow will be a fine day."

Q.: "Is the spirit, whose photograph is required to be selected, there to help?"

A.: "The spirit-force is always there. Some people.....Read what I wrote—[here Mrs. Georgia got up from her chair to fetch more paper]—you annoy me, breaking up my thoughts. I am an old soul, and tired.....can see forces; others can feel it."

Q.: "Is the form in the spirit world the same as it is in the material world?"

A.: "It is luminous, not heavy with clothing of fleshly imperfection."

Q.: "Am I right in supposing that spirits are more attracted to us by love than intellectual sympathy?"

A.: "The spirits that come are often restless seeking the old life and habitations that they knew in life, even as an old man seeks the scenes of his childhood."

. . . . .

Q.: "Is the phenomenon of materialisation true?"

A.: "Only the few who are clear enough in vision can see it. It is true, as this room and the world is filled with luminous forms that have rarefied the earth. But it is the expectancy that brings the wonders to pass. Jesus expected to see the man arise. When we expect and desire, we have."

There was more of a private nature. This first sitting with Mrs. Georgia lasted for over three hours. The conditions were excellent. Outside the house it was freezing hard, dry, and a clear sky.

Mrs. Georgia was much interested. No such strange or powerful intelligence had ever guided her

hand before. She was not a spiritualist; I think I may say that this was the first occasion on which she suspected that she was the instrument of an unseen force. She kindly arranged that I should come again, and the Hudson script ran on for many days in December and February. I found that she could write with either hand, when talking or reading, and in the dark; not a word could be deciphered unless the paper was held up to a mirror or laid upon a piece of white "bristol board," face downwards, when it could be read through the back if the paper were sufficiently thin. When the power was strong, she wrote with rapidity; when it was weak, she wrote slowly. At times the pencil was pointed away from her, and at an angle of sixty degrees from the paper; at others it pointed towards her, and inclined at an angle of twenty degrees from the paper. Mirror writing is not difficult to acquire; but I have never heard of anyone who could write with the speed or abstraction of this lady. I do not doubt that, even in this case, the brain first received the message and impelled the hand to write; but it was done in such a way as to make it highly improbable that she was conscious of a single word until the script was transcribed.

On December 24, 1908, with Mrs. Georgia.

Q.: "If anybody is here, will they please make themselves known by writing their names through Mrs. Georgia?"

A.: "You must wait; talk a bit. Yes, no music but the voice. Try a duet." (Graphophone proceeded with a duet.) "Try a coon song—one that laughs. It will show the gentleman the topical coon shout, which

is an institution of the South. Then you may write, as Hudson will come."

"No question is necessary. Did you enjoy the music?"

(45) "I am here. I want to say that I am much stronger in the evening air than in the day time. I want to ask you to come Christmas night at eight o'clock, instead of Christmas afternoon, as my 'light' [medium] is better at that hour; that is why I kept you waiting. Spiritual forces are elusive. You told her wrong." (I had told Mrs. Georgia something about what I thought was his last book.) "It was not that; it is the one you know; you refer to the last book before I passed over. It is the one you have read. It was published in 1903." (I had not read his last work, but thought I had done so.)

"You must copy it later before you leave, not now while I am strong." (This refers to a proposal of mine that we should at this time write down the interpretation of the mirror-writing.) "I passed away in Detroit, Michigan, 1903." (Correct.) "I was in a Government position for some years; I was also a newspaper man." (Correct.) "Do not worry about the conversation." (Mrs. Georgia and I were talking nearly all the time, and I had expressed a doubt as to whether it were wise to do so.) "I come better on the sound of voice. It was a hard life on a Michigan paper. I was Jack-of-all-trades. A lawyer in Ohio." (Correct.)

Q.: "Where did you practise in Ohio?"

A.: "Cleveland." (Correct.) "I practised law." (I said "I thought he was a doctor.") "No, Sir Oliver Lodge is the man of physics. He is the head and front of the college. Yes, I have been around

here for a long time. I come through this girl because she is of a cheerful disposition, and that cheer attracts me. It is that force that attracts. In life we seek the sunshine; that's what we seek. I am glad to come to this gentleman; that is why I come so strong; it is his vital interest that helps me to come to you. You may copy this now; give me a chance to rest." (We copied.) "Go upstairs and lock the door." (Mrs. Georgia obeyed.) On her return I proposed extinguishing the gas, to ascertain if she could write in the dark. The light was put out, and she wrote as follows:—

"I like the cheer of the light; I like to see the face of the beautiful mother and full countenance of the daughter, and the intelligent face of the distinguished guest."

(The gas was lighted to read what had been written, and not again extinguished.)

Q.: "What was the name of your last book?"

A.: "Let me think. *Law of Psychic Phenomena, The Divine Pedigree of Man.* The subject-matter is of the law of life after death."

(I said that I had never heard of *The Divine Pedigree of Man.*)

"No, that was not the last book. I wrote the *Pedigree* first. I wish to have time to think, as it was published after my illness. I died the year 1903; the book was published 1903."

Q.: "What is your full name?"

A.: "Jas., the same as Hyslop."

(I said: "I think his name was Thomas Jay Hudson.") "No, you are wrong; my name was not Thomas. Go and look at your front door. Open it, and let the other fellow in. Open it wide and alone."



(Mrs. Georgia went to the front door, opened it wide, and remained a minute or two; then closed it, and returned to the drawing-room.)

“My name was Thomson Jay Hudson. Don't copy yet. I went out of the back door, and must come in at the front. I went out to get fresh strength.

“James Hyslop is carrying on my work where I left off; that is why I said Jas. was my name, as it is in a sense. I am with him; some day he will hear of me through this girl's hand.” (Correct.) “I will help him. You may copy now.”

(I said: “He has been writing for one and a half hours.”)

“That makes no difference; I can't come very often, so I want to stay.”

(Mrs. Georgia said: “I do think he might have said something more complimentary of me than that I had a ‘full countenance.’”)

“You need not feel that; you have charm, and that is enough.”

(A discussion took place about knocks in the room, three having just occurred. I said I could not get them to respond intelligently.)

“You can if you wish. You can bend the intelligence that comes to you. You can bend a personal intelligence to your will, by moulding it as you do here by dominating it.”

(Mrs. Georgia's mother here said: “I wish to know the condition of suicides in the next life.”)

“Drop out all such suicide talk.”

“I wrote a book on the force of mental healing; that is my last book.” (Correct.) “Perhaps you had better tell me the name of the book you mean, as you confuse me.”

(I said, "It was *Proofs of Immortality*.")

"Go to the front door; let me think there."

(Mrs. Georgia went to the front door for a few minutes, and then returned to her seat.) "You don't mean my last work; you mean a book called *The Scientific Demonstration of a Future Life*."

(This is correct, and I regretted having forgotten the proper name; but, as I have said before, I knew scarcely anything of Hudson. I now mentioned that we had sat for nearly two hours.)

"I can stay easily till then—I mean till 10.30."

Q.: But this is rather frivolous, making the medium run constantly to the front door.

"I get strength of force out of doors; I like to come. I must take the girl to the air, so I don't overtire her. She is very young to me, as I am an old man. I was born in 1834. (Correct.) Is not that a great difference in our ages? I was fifty-nine years old when I died."

(I said: "That must be wrong; he was sixty-nine.")

"The gentleman is right; I was born in 1834. Let me say fifty-nine. Is a woman the *only* one to *dodge* their age?"

Q.: "Did you know I was coming to see Mrs. Georgia?"

A.: "I knew that *someone* would come that would have the interest and vitality to call me. I have hung around this girl's front door for two years. None came strong enough to call out the 'Open Sesame.'"

Q.: "Are people living in pairs of male and female in spirit life?"

A.: "Like a school of fish. The congenial flock together. Yes, they do."

Q.: "You misunderstand me. I mean, supposing two people are joined here, can they live in close union there?"

A.: "By all means, if the soul is twin. Two people may be joined by a mummer in a church, and be as wide apart as the antipodes."

Q.: "But many worthy people here imagine that, in a future life, the high ideal should be universal, equal affection all round?"

A.: "As long as souls are individual they seek the affinity in a spiritual sense. If men and women loved collectively, not individually, they would make trouble enough on earth, as well as in heaven. I know what you mean; you dislike the ideal of spiritual universal love—it would rob love of its value....."

(Front door bell rang.) "Have Mrs. —— go to the door." (Mrs. Georgia's mother went to the front door, and received a telegram.)

(I said, "Perhaps he will tell us more about this state.")

"Yes, I have lots of information, but it must be to-morrow morning; it is now 10.10, and too late to enter into the exhaustive subject." (The only correct timekeeper in the room was the watch in my pocket. I looked at it, and found that the spirit had stated the exact time to a minute.) "Stay a bit, so that my girl-medium will have your strength; then I will say 'Good-night,' and 'sport my oak,' as you English say." (In answer to a remark of the mother, I said the climate of England was not suitable for this sort of phenomena, and Mrs. Georgia's writing would not be so good there.)

A.: "My girl can. I will come in the morning, but I will not be strong; so I am away. Wait until he copies."

December 25, 1908. With Mrs. Georgia, who wrote:—

“ I am here, but not strong enough. Have my girl go to the front door and breathe five minutes ; then I can come.”

(Mrs. Georgia went to the front door, and returned in about five minutes.)

(46) “ I was surprised, in seeing my articles re-read, how faulty the grammar and diction was. I ask as a favour, if you publish them in book form, that you have them edited. Diction and rhetorical display is not what I want—the sense of what I have said must be preserved. I don't know that I want my girl to sit with an American doubter except to show him the truth. If he sends for her, she may go ; but he is not to scoff at me, or the value of what I know and have proven. You can see that I am serious and loyal to some of my former ideals.” (Mrs. Georgia and I sometimes discussed the propriety of her sitting for Dr. Hyslop, who is kindness itself to young mediums, but whose natural tendency of mind does not encourage the controls to do their best.) “ The reason you dislike Christmas is the fact that your former festal days were brighter by closer contact with the Beloved. You are told this because I see it in your mind.” (This was evidently an allusion to the death of Mrs. Georgia's father, four years before.) “ What I meant by a ‘ fine table ’ was this : you have sifted the coarser things of food-stuffs down to a *finer* diet. Tell my girl how to transmit messages and how to perfect herself in this. She is a bright ‘ light,’ but a mere tyro in the study of the soul ; that is where you must talk and educate her in the method to advance. Be the Columbus of this unexplored sea that lies open

before you.” (In a former communication that I have omitted, as it would not interest my readers, Hudson gave a friendly, but candid, account of myself. The only sentence that gave me any uneasiness was, “You are fond of a fine table.” This charge I resented, and Mrs. Georgia and I had openly talked of the accusation across the table. The reference to the transmission of messages was due to our having attempted, during the sitting, to telepath a definite message to a psychic lady in Italy by pre-arrangement. It was not taken in, as she forgot the appointment.)

(47) December 25, 1908, p.m. With Mrs. Georgia.

Q.: “Supposing two souls on earth strongly united, but on widely different planes as regards spiritual development. Do they not live together when both have passed over to the next state?”

A.: “It is now 7.35. Wait a bit.” (I looked at the watch in my pocket and found it showed exactly 7.35.) “Talk a bit, and I will tell you.”

Q.: “Does he want the graphophone?”

A.: “No, I want the human voice; in talking I gather what you desire from me.....Now, apropos of matrimony in a celestial sphere, I have this to say. Man who loves singly and with an isolated devotion will gravitate toward her, just the same as he would by a railroad ticket to the home of his affinity. Church nor Churchmen do not make marriage lawful only in the human sight. The marriage that is based upon baser instincts and for ulterior purposes are soiling their souls; by this method the lives of human marriages are prostituted. The Divine marriage is the soul knowledge of each other.”

Q.: “Supposing a man marries two wives, and that

both are full attachments. What will be the fate of the second wife?"

A.: "The one that is the stronger will cling to the man with a stronger force than the other; I mean stronger *spiritual attachment*."

Q.: "What is to prevent all three living harmoniously together?"

A.: "It would be pleasanter for two than for three. Can you imagine that here?"

Q.: "Imagine what?"

A.: "Freedom from the human love impulse. The lives are progressive; the instincts we carry there the same as we do in this phase. You go from one phase to another. There are twin souls that have been separated centuries finally reunited. The separation was caused in the first instance by a crime against that love union, one being weaker to yield to the importunities of the beguiling tongue. Infidelities are punished in this manner. There are many unfaithful soul-mates, separated, seeking through space and the infinite distance for each other—groping in the dark."

Q.: "But supposing one only is guilty?"

A.: "The one who is guiltless finds relief in a few centuries of peace and happiness with another who is innocent and unpaired. Now this is the same way in the case of the second wife or husband stage. The spirit of youth that went with the first marriage, often in the second one has simmered down to a calm dish of peaceful content. You can try in the dark if you want" (this in answer to conversation).

(The lights were put out.)

Q.: "Why cannot the spirit see the lines in the dark?"

A.: "I can't take the time to figure out the space, and another thing I want to say is that I have tried to prove my identity, and I think I have tested this out quite freely. I know it is done to satisfy the Society. You have no idea how far I can go in this; but I have exhausted the force in explaining this to you now in this way. I will tell you that your friend Sir —— was knighted in 1897. (Correct.) He is a fellow of the Royal Society; he has written a book. (Correct.) I have proved that I know I am telling the truth. I will say good."

(Lit the lights. Found that the writing, as on a previous occasion, was a little wider apart than the writing in full light.)

"It is 8.18. I don't like my girl dressed in black. *I hate black.* [Mrs. Georgia went upstairs and changed into a red robe.] I love red, it is the astral colour. Give the guest your seal ring, and before he goes ask him for it. *Put it on his finger. I want the ring to have his magnetism.* Then my girl will have a link; then I can come to her. You can write her, and she will let you know if I come. Oh! there is a guide here that says Mrs. Georgia must write, as my girl's work must not be interfered with. They have planned a great work for her. [This is a reference to a play that Mrs. Georgia was writing at that time, and which turned out a success.] No, I mean this: if I can come without you, I will, just to test her out. Mrs. Georgia is to have your address; then when I come she will write you. Then you send a question; think of me at a certain time—then I will come to you. I think it funereal [referring to the black dress]. I do *think* her lovely, if not beautiful, poor child!" (This is in allusion to the joke of Mrs.

Georgia and the compliment paid her by Hudson the night before.)

Q.: "I hope to be back in February. Could we not have a series of sittings?"

A.: "By all means, if you will have your questions all written down; show them to me every night I am with you. I am the guide of the Admiral, and I am going away with him. I met him in this house, and I am waiting two years for someone to bring me strong enough. I did not know him before I waited here on her doorstep."

Q.: "Why did you not come in before?"

A.: "Because this gentleman has the same interest, the same idea of writing; because no sensitive was strong enough in a mental sense. By this I mean this: my girl has a keen, yes a keen intelligence that attracts. My rhetoric and grammar are weak, that's all."

Q. (from Mrs. Georgia): "How is it that you, an author of several books, are weak in this way?"

A.: "My dear child, it is this way: my thoughts fly so rapidly that the setting matters little; it is the jewel, not the setting, that is valuable. I expect the Admiral to edit it, that's all. I want my thoughts clear and the diction finer—that I expect from him."

"Now, C—— wrote a book on this investigation." (Correct.) "He has delved deeply. Do you know that Hodgson can't come back because he was such a sceptic?"

Q.: "This is the pot calling the kettle black, Mr. Hudson. In your books you distinctly state that you do not believe in communication between this state and the next."



A.: "I was on earth then. Great Heavens, can't a man change his mind as well as a woman?"

Q.: "I should have said that you were more of a sceptic than my friend Dr. Hodgson."

A.: "Progression occurs in change. I wrote a great many things to fill my books, the same as all people do. Some I believed, some of it was a filler. I quote the Bible in my book." (The spirit then referred to a previous conversation about Mrs. Georgia being able to write for him in England, when I had said: "He is talking through his hat.") "I am not talking. Through my knowledge of my girl, I know it is true that she can write in any country. L—— is a Fellow of the Royal Society also. I can't tell you when he was knighted: he was at the head of one of your colleges; he held the chair of Physics in some college there—for the life of me I can't recall the name."

Q.: "Birmingham?"

A.: "I don't mean the one you said. He was not always there."

(I remarked that the script was getting rather disconnected and frivolous.)

"If you call my endeavours to demonstrate my knowledge of the men you know 'frivolous,' I don't know how to please you. I have let in a light on the future; what more do you demand? I can write all night; my girl is not going to wear out."

Q.: "Thanks for all you have done for us. What is the spiritual fate of the suicide?"

A.: "That is a fate no one would court—groping in the dark to pick up the dropped stitches that fell from the knitting-needles."

Q.: "Supposing the life of a man became unbear-

able—say through incurable disease—and he had nothing to live for, is it not his own to cast away or retain ?”

A.: “ Their fate must be worked out in this phase or the next. Trouble can only be overcome by endurance. You can never escape the law of consequences.”

Q.: “ Do you mean the Theosophic theory of Karma ?”

A.: “ I mean that one soul must work out the evil of each life in its successive phase. I don't mean Theosophy in its general sense.”

Q.: “ Is there such a thing as re-incarnation ?”

A.: “ Not in the Theosophy sense ; yes in another.”

Q.: “ Is each phase of advance in spiritual life what you mean by a re-incarnation ?”

A.: “ Yes, in another world ; you may belong to the Latin race, to the Slav, to the various offshoots of Babel. Do you follow me ?”

Q.: “ I do not quite understand. Is the progression a series of births ?”

A.: “ That is a punishment. The Slav is the bottom of the ladder ; the yellow or Oriental is the very beginning ; the Anglo-Saxon is the better. I will go if you want me to depart.”

Q.: “ How do you mean, our punishment ?”

A.: “ Yes, in that lower state to pay for any criminal offence.”

Q.: “ Then, am I to understand, a criminal comes back ?”

A.: “ But not necessarily on this planet ; there are other planets which are inhabited. I am going to leave you now. I will have my girl take the ring [I had been wearing Mrs. Georgia's ring for an hour],

and so I will go ; but I will see you perhaps at eleven. You will understand.”

(Neither Mrs. Georgia nor I understood what Hudson meant in his latter replies ; but I have thought it well to enter them throughout where there was nothing of a private character. It will be observed that statements became less definite towards the end of a sitting, which seems natural.)

11.15 a.m., December 26, 1908, with Mrs. Georgia, who wrote :—

“ I am here ; but you will have to read my writing in your fine voice, so I can gather strength I want you to give me.”

(I remarked : “ I think our sittings should not last more than two hours, as it is injurious to the psychic, and I feel considerably drawn upon ; the messages, also, become confused after that time.”)

“ I will speak to you later ; you dictate in the interim, so I may come strong on the vibration. Then I will help you send the message to the minister or reverend gentleman across the sea.”

Q.: “ Mr. W. T. Stead is not a minister, but his father was one. His son passed over to the higher life some months ago. I hope you will soon know him.”

A.: “ I don't know the son. Dictate now, so I come strong enough.”

(After dictating to Mrs. Georgia a telepathic message to Mr. W. T. Stead, we sat down to repeat it over and over for half an hour.) Hudson then wrote the following approximation to the message through the hand of Mrs. Georgia:—“ I have got into communication with Thomson Jay Hudson, of

Detroit, Michigan, the author of several efforts to enlighten the inquiring minds in this phase of life through my girl at Rochester. Some day I will identify myself to the son of William T. Stead; also to his father, a strong divine of the Baptist persuasion—a man who made an outcry against social evils. He has come to the son often. He is very proud of William T. Stead. I will see them both when my girl comes to England. This is all this a.m., as my poor girl is very weak; I dare not tax her more.—T. J. H.”

(The message we attempted to telepath was as follows:—“Through Mrs. Georgia, a mirror-writing sensitive at Rochester, I have got into communication with Thomson Jay Hudson, the author of *The Law of Psychic Phenomena* and *The Scientific Demonstration of a Future Life*.....” This message was not taken in by Mr. Stead.)

Q.: “How can we attract those we desire to come to us from a spirit life?”

A.: “I will tell you Sunday.”

Q.: “Have you not made a mistake about the Baptist minister?”

A.: “I was talking about the father of the man you were sending the message to.”

Q. (by Mrs. Georgia): “I do not feel that I am weak.”

A.: “No; your pressing on, your soul strength and squeezing the life out, was the reason. I mean any demand makes them weaker; I mean the sensitive.”

(48) Sunday, December 27, 1908. With Mrs. Georgia.

Q.: "How can spirits be attracted to a sitter?"

A.: "You take the picture you have with you, put it in your pocket, if you have one; then, Mrs. Georgia, go to your case under the weathered-oak table, present the plate-holders to the distinguished envoy; then take your smaller camera in the room, adjust it, throw the red robe over the camera, and expose it for twelve counts. Develop alone at the hour of twelve at night. In two days later the ambassador is to concentrate on the picture at the agreed hour; and, if possible, I will transfer the picture in his pocket on to the plate with him. This is a very important test. Then, if I am successful, the spirit will always be with him."

Q.: "That is not quite what I wanted. I doubt if this is Mr. Hudson."

A.: "Yes—yes it is! I am."

Q.: "I cannot do that."

A.: "You miss a great test if you do not! C—— was born two years before me; this will prove what I say, that I am Hudson." (Correct.)

(Mrs. Georgia wished to see if the camera-case was where the spirit said it was located. She went to the weathered-oak table, and did not find it.)

"It is under the table, on the floor, not on the shelf." (I now went to look, and found it, as described by Hudson, on the floor, a little on one side of the edge of the table. Mrs. Georgia had only searched the shelf. She said that she had not used the camera since the fall, and that the plate-holders were loaded. While she was telling me this, she suddenly became intensely cold and hysterical. She was unable to control herself for twenty minutes. Eventually writing was resumed.)

"You must sit for my picture if you wish to....."

(Here the writing breaks into a large and unreadable scrawl. An evilly-disposed spirit came in and wrote.)

“You are both too stupid; good-bye. I hate you.”

(The signature was unintelligible. Hudson presently returned.)

Hudson: “I went away when you could not oblige me. I have some right. I want my picture just to test my power. I have waited for two years on this girl’s step to get” (here follows a crude drawing of a picture). “I am angry at you both for not assisting me; that is why I write Big, so you can see the way the ether blows.”

(I suggested that I had not time to wait for the development of the picture, if taken. I was going away the next day.)

A.: “You don’t have to. She can mail it.....You are wasting time. Get your plate-holder and camera.” (I said I would not remain up until twelve o’clock.)

“Yes; don’t sit up! Call your sub-conscious mind, and the picture will appear on the plate; it is possible to be irritated here.” (I did not believe in the success of the experiment, and said I should be unable to oblige Mr. Hudson.)

Hudson: “You must, or I shall never come again to you—not in February. I don’t want it only for my own benefit, as it is my desire to investigate my power. If I come to you, can’t you reciprocate? Life here is carried on in the same working plane. I want to see if I can...” (I said: “That seems reasonable.”) “Just sit still; don’t come...” (This last remark was in answer to one by me saying I was unable to come back at midnight.) “Just think, if you are awake; or, before you go to sleep, charge your mind with the spirit-picture.” (Mrs. Georgia declared that it was

too dark a day to get a focus for the picture; her experience had been that interior work required far more light.) "You mind your affair. I will attend to my Business. That's my Business to get the picture."

(To restore harmony we decided to do as Hudson desired. The camera was set up, and his directions followed to the letter. It was a very dull day, but focus was obtained by my holding a lighted candle. Hudson afterwards expressed himself as much satisfied, and we parted amicably, he saying, "It is not a failure." However, when the plates were developed, two days later, no spirit form was visible. It was a remarkable print. With twelve counts—say nine seconds—exposure in a dark room, nothing ought to have appeared at all, whereas two distinct pictures were produced, full of detail.)

. . . . .

I propose to relate in this chapter all I know of Mr. Hudson, regardless of sequence in the dates of my investigations. The reader will find this clearer than if I reverted to some phenomenon in which this spirit was involved, in the middle of a description of other types of spiritistic manifestations. I may say here that I have not strictly obeyed Hudson's injunction to "edit" his writing through Mrs. Georgia. I think it is best for the reader to see exactly how the sentences came. All I have done is to punctuate what he said, and to add a word at wide intervals where otherwise a phrase would have been misunderstood.

(49) On a preconcerted date, 10 p.m., New York time, January 20, I sat at a table in my room at the Auditorium Annex Hotel, Chicago, and read over several times the following message:—

Mr. Thomson Jay Hudson,

Will you tell Mrs. Georgia, "your girl," that Cleopatra, Queen of Egypt, is to project her portrait on Friday morning? My sister's portrait is splendid.

W. Usborne Moore,

"A Man of the Sea."

I sent this to Mr. A. W. Moore, who kept it in his possession. Mrs. Georgia did not see it until I wrote to her about a fortnight later.

Mrs. Georgia did not take in the message on January 20, probably from over-anxiety, which generally causes failure in all psychic experiments; and on the 23rd she wrote to me at Chicago to say so, and to propose another test for the 27th. I did not receive this letter till the 26th, as I had moved from Chicago to Toledo, and there was some delay in forwarding it from the Toledo Post Office to the Secor Hotel. There was not time then to get an answer to Mrs. Georgia before the hour appointed on the 27th. She, however, did sit, and got the following:—

I am satisfied that the Bangs Sisters are genuine. I am highly pleased with my pictures on [*sic*] my sister and the great Egyptian. I wish you had permitted me to give you your father's picture.

The Admiral is seated in a hotel that is built like this [sketch], one of the largest modern hotels in the West. He is in a room eight stories up. The day in Chicago is murky, the air full of smoke and haze; he cannot see the lake very clearly on account of the haze. He is seated on a large chair near the window; the chair is not a rocker, but built on the half-turkish and William Morris lines.

The room is about thirteen and a-half by fifteen feet. The colourings are light in tone; the dresser is



mahogany, with wide glass. This message is brought by three—Hester Hudson, William Hudson, and Thomson Jay Hudson—who says, “My girl is a great girl, and her play will be a *great success*. We all help her.

“I want the Admiral to go to Denver. Some friend in Chicago will give him the address of the medium there. I must go now, as we are getting weak.”

All this was correct except the following: (a) My floor was the seventh in the Auditorium Annex, but underneath the first floor there was a subterranean passage to the Auditorium, in which was a barber's shop and other offices. By a stretch my room might be called one on the eighth floor. (b) My room was about eleven feet broad, instead of thirteen and a-half. (c) Cleopatra's picture had not been precipitated when I concentrated on the message.

The precipitation of Cleopatra took place two days later. The case is one of deferred percipience; and it seems probable that Hudson knew on the 27th, when he delivered the message, that the picture had been done. It is somewhat curious that, on my way to Toledo, I met a Denver man who was interested in psychic research and could, no doubt, have told me the name of the medium Hudson wanted me to sit with. It is also somewhat singular that Hudson answers a question of Mrs. Georgia, who had written requesting me, if I came across a good medium, to ask whether her play would be a success.

Mrs. Georgia could not possibly have known what sort of message I was likely to send; nor could she have known about it after it was sent, before she pencilled the mirror writing on the 27th.

(50) The next case is not quite so clearly cut. I

asked Mrs. Georgia to sit 10 a.m., February 4, and I would get Dr. Hudson to take a message for me. Purposely, I concealed from her what city I should be in. This was the message:—

Dr. Thomson Jay Hudson,

Will you please tell "your girl," Mrs. Georgia, at Rochester, that I will see her on Monday next; that I have talked with you here; and that you think her play will be a success, and be appreciated by the public. Tell her I now understand why you have been able to do so much for us both.

W. Usborne Moore,

Vice-Admiral, R.N.

This was sent from the home of the medium, Mrs. Wriedt, 414 Baldwin Ave., Detroit, Michigan. Hudson wrote through the hand of Mrs. Georgia:—

The Admiral is in a hotel opposite old City building on the fourth floor in a City on a lake. Day is cold and cloudy, he is rather tired and exhausted; tell him rushing too much, he should restrain well his forces; they overwork him. I can't just get the thought, so I will say there is an attractive dining-room which is a feature of the hotel; he has had breakfast. His message is telling me he expects to have splendid results from the Hudson sitting. He tells me he is convinced of the immortality of the soul. He is satisfied with the trumpet medium.

He has not found out about the Hudsons; he must speak of "Hudson," that's me, in your address; many people have accepted my hypothesis of the sub-conscious. I want him to say that he has heard from me.

He must be very quiet, and not over exert himself.

My Girl will sit for him here and in N.Y.

for James and Hyslop, in concert. I shall bring F. W. H. Myers and Dr. Hodgson if I can.

T. J. H.

Two hours after this Hudson came to me at the home of a trumpet medium, called "Kaiser," in Detroit, and spoke to me in the direct voice in the dark. He said he had done his best to impress "the light," but thought he had only partially succeeded.

Now, what I wish to point out is that, although my message is not accurately carried, Hudson had transferred my thoughts. I was just then unwell from too frequent sittings. I was satisfied with the trumpet medium; I was looking for the Hudsons in Detroit; it was here Hudson had lived for some years, and here he died. I had not found them. It is curious that this profound thinker, whose works are the only ones worth a rap in denial of spiritism, was not known in his own city. At last I found one man who had been a friend of his. While at Rochester, in February, Hudson told me that he saw me with his friend, and, by way of test, gave me such a very unflattering description of the gentleman, including his weight in pounds avoirdupois (every word of which I believe is true), that I cannot repeat it, as I might lay myself open to an action for libel.

There is one feature in the message worthy of strict attention. The hotel Hudson describes is *not* the one I was in at the time—*i.e.*, the "Cadillac"; but it is the one I put up at on my previous visit three weeks before, the "Pontchartrain." I asked Hudson at Rochester why he described the hotel and room I was not in at the time of taking the message. His reply was, in effect: "When I came to you at

K.'s (the trumpet medium) I did not wait to go home with you, as another spirit wanted to come in; and therefore I did not see the 'Cadillac.'"

I suppose I must go through the formality of mentioning that Mrs. Georgia knew nothing of my movements, and nothing of Detroit.

The lecture referred to by Hudson was one I was to give on February 26, 1909, at Rochester. In March Mrs. Georgia did sit in my room in New York for Dr. Hyslop and *Dr. Funk*, in concert. At the time this message was written such a séance seemed most improbable. Mrs. Georgia's play was a success.

Monday, February 8, 1909. With Mrs. Georgia, at Rochester, who wrote:—

"I am here, but must hear your voice before I get strength to come. Tell my girl what you have done. I want once more to come on. [Does he want the graphophone?] No, I want my man of the sea!

"I helped with the play, and I hope it is a success. I have planned with her so her guides would let me in her circle. Read the plan I sent to your brain to him; then I will come."

(Mrs. Georgia here read to me a neat essay on the salient points to have in mind when writing a play. This, she said, had come into her head a few days before, and she was impressed to write it down there and then. She also described to me the plot of the drama she had written. I objected to the extreme innocence of the heroine, and gave it as my opinion that the public might think such a character a fool.)

Hudson: "If you read the Admiral some dialogue, he will not despair of your play."

Q.: "Do not all women know that they are loved, from the age of ten?"

A.: "I don't think it. The play will be a success. All women think they are loved whether they are or not. That's why some women are so contented."

Q.: "Have not all women of ordinary intelligence a gift of intuition that is a weapon of defence, enabling them to know the character of a person at first sight?"

A.: "Just at first! If they live as long in their atmosphere, they absorb their aura."

(Mrs. Georgia related some of her personal experiences to me.)

Hudson: "I am glad you were frank with the man of the sea."

Q.: "What time of day is best for our meetings?"

A.: "I would rather you come between 5.30 and sit until 8 o'clock. I mean you come here at 6 and stay until eight o'clock. I want you to know my girl is to be honoured, as the play will make her famous, that I know. I want to tell you she is an old soul, and she will find her great work in this work. I shall write an entire book through her hand. This is T. J. H."

(51) On February 11, 1909. With Mrs. Georgia.

(I suggested the use of the graphophone to assist Mr. Hudson to manifest.)

"Yes, it will help me. I will date the message; it is the eleventh day of February, nineteen hundred and nine." (Graphophone set going.)

"You wait until the Admiral hears the others; it helps me. I come on the vibrations. Set the Irish

ballad, then I will tell the man of the sea all he wants to know ; I am trying to get Fred. W. Myers to come with me." (The Irish ballad was played.) "That was a favourite of mine. Write my son."

Q.: "Is your son at Stanford University, California?"

A.: "You must write him ; he was there. A letter will reach him there."

Q.: "Do you wish me to tell him the reason of my inquiry?"

A.: "To-night? Yes. He does not believe much in this. I made a promise to come back to him, but he did not find me."

Q.: "Will he believe that I have communicated with you?"

A.: "Not at first. Yes, on the whole, he will believe a man of your probity." (Mrs. Georgia here inadvertently turned over the paper, and wrote on the wrong side.)

Q.: "If you can bring Mr. Myers and Dr. Hodgson, it will be good. I did not know Mr. Myers."

A.: "Myers promised to return to his special friends, but he was unable to do so. The Admiral will give you the devil for writing on the wrong side of the sheet. You see, you really annoy 'the man of the sea' by your lack of system."

Q.: "Have you seen my picture?" (one precipitated in the presence of the Bangs Sisters).

A.: "No, I was not there ; I met you in my home town. I was there in the room for the first time ; it was then I saw you."

(Mrs. Georgia and I discussed the handwriting, which was not straight across the page. We asked Hudson if he would try and write parallel to the top

and bottom of the sheet. The character of the writing changed.)

Hudson: "This cramps my hand to sit in my girl's lap."

Q.: "Did you not talk with me at Detroit the last time I was there?"

A.: "I could not stay; you called for me; that's why I came and stayed a short time."

Q.: "You came twice?"

A.: "Yes; but neither was very satisfactory."

Q.: "Why did you describe to Mrs. Georgia the Pontchartrain Hotel?"

A.: "I did not follow you to the Cadillac; I think the hotel was built on the old hotel site of the 'Plankington.'" (Mr. H. C. Hodges, one of the oldest residents of Detroit, tells me this is not so. He says the "Plankington" is a hotel in Milwaukee, and that the "Pontchartrain" is over the old site of the "Russell" Hotel.)

Q.: "You took a message last Thursday from Detroit; why give the description of my hotel of a month before?"

(52) A.: "Because I did not go out of K's house with you; there was another spirit came to you after I left. I saw you with my old friend, the man on the *Free Press*."

Q.: "I saw him at the office of the *Detroit News*."

A.: "He was on the *Free Press* when I knew him."

Q.: "Can you describe him?"

A.: There followed a very unflattering description of the man, with his Christian name, surname, and weight. I believe this description was true; the names certainly were, and the weight I should judge to be right.

Q.: "What sphere are you in, Mr. Hudson?"

A.: "The third."

(After this some confused messages came, which satisfied me that Hudson was in touch with Iola, my guide. The sitting was very interesting to me, as the psychic, Mrs. Georgia, knows nothing of Detroit, the hotels, or the man on the staff of the *Detroit News*. I did not know the Christian name of this man, and did not find it out for months afterwards.)

"I will bring Dick Hodgson the next Tuesday, and Mr. Myers tells me he will try and tell what message he sealed to his friend in England that no medium has ever read. It is in a dark walnut desk, and is in three envelopes. He tells me that he has quite forgotten what he wrote, but that it was a silly jingle that no medium could ever guess, as it is a little jingle. It has been forgotten, as Myers has been dead almost ten years. The Society has it; I don't know, but it is a member of the R. S. I can't see who has it; but you will find out it is a very trivial little jingle. You would expect some esoteric thought, would you not?"

"Come Tuesday at 6.30. He is coming also. Myers says he is too old to get here before Tuesday. He would be tired. Hodgson is younger. He wants me to say he has disappointed all his old friends, and he is sorry. I will want you to copy now, then my girl can get a little strength."

February 13, 1909. With Mrs. Georgia, who wrote:—

"I am here; it is the 13th....."

"Marriage is built upon a totally false foundation. When the Lord of all said 'In My Image,' he meant



the soul, that he, the man child, could develop it to a great extent. The temple, at birth, is given; you must invite the soul to inhabit."

Q.: "What do you mean by saying 'invite'?"

A.: "Just this: a child is born with mind and intelligence; that is purely physical. The soul is a cultivation, a growth of the spirit. Do you understand your earth terms limit my expressions?"

Q.: "Then there is no soul before physical birth?"

A.: "The soul is the expression of the highest sense that is bred in the fœtus.

"That is why the pre-natal has such an influence; the male responsibility ends when the seed is planted, the female carries the responsibility during the entire period. No child attends [attains?] full understanding until they reach the physical period of the first function. Can you wade through what I mean?"

Q.: "I do not understand the word 'attend.'"

A.: "Because I wanted to tell the man of the sea that, when children attend [attain?] the first period, then soul growth begins; they can expand or contract their spiritual development."

Q.: "What do you call the 'first period'?"

A.: "'Attained,' that's it; the age of puberty."

Q.: "Does not the spirit in which marriage is entered into affect the spirit of the child?"

A.: "By all means. All children are an accident, more often than design; the result is found from careful observations. I spelt 'vibrations' wrong last night. [He had spelt it 'viberations.'] It was my girl's fault."

Q.: "That does not matter, as the Doctor has asked me to edit his work."

A.: "Do that, or I shall die of shame."

Q.: "I thought he was dead already."

A.: "I am alive in spirit, but my girl is so rapid with her force I can't stop to think of the spellin'." (Is this a joking allusion to "the nu spellin'" we heard of from the United States two years before?)

Q.: "Would not true love produce a better child spiritually than conventional marriage?"

A.: "By all means. A better birth start is made than in an involuntary submission of a loveless union. You know, scientific men have found illegitimate children are better started than legitimate offspring, for two reasons: they are *born in love, bred in love*, and the pre-natal influence is all shrewdness to avoid detection. That sharpens the wit of the child, the brain; and the love makes a perfect physical consummation."

Q.: "I do not see why true love should necessarily be illegitimate."

A.: "I thought the man of the sea was referring to the 'Love' which is greater than law or order."

Q.: "It is true; I was thinking of the great talents of Alexander Hamilton."

A.: "You were thinking of the illegitimate. He is often near you—a bold, intrepid spirit."

"Hamilton's mother was a victim of the time. Had she not married the Scot, she might have married Hamilton's father. Divorce in her day in those British possessions was death; socially she could do no worse."

Q.: "Has the spirit of man ever lived before?"

A.: "That is a phase I can't see, as each sphere is a college; I have only taken the third degree."

Q.: "When you entered spirit life, what sphere did you go to?"

A.: "I stepped right into this one. I can only look down on the few less fortunate. The earth development is a ticket to your sphere.

"I have seen Myers, and he wants you to come Monday, instead of Tuesday."

Q.: "I will do as Mr. Myers wishes; but Tuesday will suit me better."

A.: "He says he thinks the weather will be better, Monday, for him. He is an old, tired soul." (Mrs. Georgia said: "I think Mr. Hudson must have passed over with some stomach trouble. I feel the conditions.")

Q.: "What disease did you die of?"

A.: "Gastritis is my trouble; for my girl to take it is bad." (I have not been able to confirm this.)

Q.: "I have written to your son through Stanford University, California. Will you see that he gets the letter?"

A.: "I will see that you hear from it." (So far, 1911, I have received no answer.)

Q.: "What relation to you is Hester Hudson?"

A.: "Sister in spirit."

Q.: "And William Hudson?"

A.: "My father's brother." (As yet unconfirmed.)

Q.: "Is Hester Hudson your sister-in-law?"

A.: "Yes." (Correct.)

Q.: "Shall we copy now, Dr. Hudson?"

A.: "By all means."

February 15, 1909. Very bad atmospheric conditions. With Mrs. Georgia, who wrote, in a different handwriting to the former records:—

"I am very weak to-day. Myers drags on. This is Richard Hodgson. I want you to talk to my girl. We can hear your voice, no more."

Q.: "Who is writing now?"

A.: "I saw him at Piper's sittings. Myers."

Q.: "Will you give us something as a test? As I did not know you when you were in earth life, it would be the more valuable."

A.: "I will tell you when I am stronger. If you will put your hand upon the pencil, I might gather strength." (Put my hand upon the pencil.) "You are a very strong force. You can write. You will write."

Q.: "Do you mean 'mirror-writing'?"

A.: "Yes, it will come to you. You must let me rest."

(I explained to Mrs. Georgia how I came to believe in the existence of the spirits of departed friends.)

A.: "An agnostic before."

Q.: "Mrs. Georgia said, 'Tell us something about Admiral Moore.'"

(53) A.: "That he has 4 children, 3 girls and 1 son." (Correct.) He is a magistrate in some small court in the same town (Gosport, Fareham Division of Hampshire). He has lived in the same house a great many years, near 35 years (should be 28 years in the same town and 20 years in the same house). You married 30 years or 31 years ago (31 years correct) in some distant place, not in England but under your flag. (Correct; Sydney, New South Wales). He knew her 35 years. You will live in that house 35 years (probably)."

Q.: "How do you find out these things?"

A. (Handwriting changed to that usually adopted by Hudson): "By the guide that stands near you. She tells me. I am waiting for strength. I must come again."

Q.: "Is my guide, you spoke of, here now?"

A.: "Yes, but she can never come through the hand." (Here I asked a question on a private matter about an event at home. The prognostication given turned out to be correct. It was unexpected.)

Q.: "Can you give us any more information, Dr. Hudson?"

A.: "Don't you hear the rain and the hail and the snow? (The atmospheric conditions were of the very worst.) Hodgson and Myers want to try again—Wednesday and Thursday. Yes, if the weather is good. Myers was a very poor prophet!" (Alluding to Mr. Myers's forecast of the weather given in the script of the 13th.).

Wednesday, February 17, 1909. With Mrs. Georgia, who wrote:—

"Dr. Hodgson and Professor Myers can't gather strength enough to come. I am the man who came in with you. You left the Dr. you expected down town."

Q.: "I hope if Mr. Myers cannot come Mr. Hudson will give me a message."

(Mr. Hudson did not manifest directly, but helped Iola, my guide, to come in. This was the first time she had made herself known through Mrs. Georgia. She identified herself completely, referred to a séance with another private medium at Toledo that had taken place a fortnight before, and in such a way as to put thought-reading out of the question. I think Hudson was doing the writing for her. It was an interesting conversation, about matters that are of no concern to the reader. Mrs. Georgia, with great kindness and patience, continued writing for an hour

and a half about things that could not possibly have been of any interest to her when they were translated.)

February 19, 1909. Atmospheric conditions most unfavourable. There was a thaw, and it was raining. With Mrs. Georgia, who wrote:—

Q.: “Is Iola here?”

A.: “Yes, I am here, but you must talk a bit. I like her, and I like to come by her hand.”

Q.: “Shall we talk, or have the graphophone?”

A.: “Talk. Weather so bad.”

(I said, “We know the conditions are very bad.”)

“I am the founder of the Psychical Society. I was the first president of that society.”

(54) Q.: “Are you Professor Sidgwick?”

A.: “I died in Rome. No, I am Frederick William Henry Myers. I was at Trinity and Cambridge.”

Q.: “Delighted to hear of you, Mr. Myers. Please give me some test.”

A.: “I promised that I would come back if it were possible, and left a jingle, but I can't remember it. I wrote a great many verses in my time, as well as my prose work. I wrote the Scientific future life, prose; and St. Paul, poetry.”

(I said: “What he means is *Human Personality and its Survival of Bodily Death.*”)

“I wrote seven books in all; I died in 1901 in Rome. (Correct.) I was born 40-s. (Correct.) I can't stay, but February 6 is the date. Tell L. and C. you saw me.”

Q.: “Very sorry you are obliged to go. Will you come again? Please send Iola here.”

A.: “I might if I can remember better; 43 was the year of birth.” (Correct.)

(All this was in an unusual handwriting. Mrs. Georgia had never heard of Mr. Myers's works, either prose or poetry; neither had she heard of Mr. Myers himself until he was mentioned by Mr. Hudson in her script of February 11, 1909. I had never seen Mr. Myers. I had read *Human Personality*, *St. Paul*, and several of his papers in S. P. R. transactions, but I knew nothing about his other works. Nor did I know his third Christian name, the dates of his birth and death, nor anything about him personally. I remember reading something about him when a memorial was erected to him at one of our universities, but the facts had entirely escaped my memory. It was not till I reached home that I ascertained that the above facts were all true. I sent the writing to the secretary of the S. P. R., thinking it might fit in with some script in her possession. It was returned with a courteous note saying that Miss Johnson "had not found anything evidential in it." I believe the word "jingle" is an incorrect term to apply to the message Mr. Myers left behind him. Otherwise I think Mr. Myers's communication is about as evidential an incident as has ever been obtained about anybody, so far as it goes.

After the departure of Myers, Iola came in, and a private conversation took place, very interesting to me, but of no particular value to my readers.)

February 22, 1909. With Mrs. Georgia, who wrote:—

"I am here; the conditions are fine; the day glorious, and the distinguished man of the sea is in a fine mood."

Q.: "Is Iola here too?"

A.: "I want to talk a bit ; that is her rapping on the table.

"The reason I have not been here the last two times was better for me to stay away so Myers could come ; he is in a higher sphere than I, and more anxious for you to hear from him.

"He wants me to urge you to call for him wherever you go that you will receive the rhyme from some other medium.....

"You should call for us when you can, because we will inspire your book in the wonderful atmosphere you have brought around you."

Q.: "Is Mr. Myers here?"

A.: "He likes the place he is in better than when he was here, and it means a great effort to come back. He wants to come through an Englishman ; you are a very strong psychic control."

Q.: "Ask Mr. Myers if he will answer a letter at the Bangs Sisters on Monday, March 1?"

A.: "He will try, but their mentality does not attract him as this girl. Animal magnetism may be able to signal (picture of a flag which I assume means "signal") him. England next fall!"

Q.: "Do you mean Mrs. Georgia in England?"

A.: "You will see Mrs. Georgia in England during the year. You will blaze the trail! You will be able to prove to a very intelligent few the phenomena! You will do that ; don't go home without exposing a medium ; if you go to one fake and expose him, you will carry greater weight with your genuine."

Q.: "I do not care to convert. If people do not believe that you are Thomson Jay Hudson, nothing will convince them of the truth of these phenomena."

A.: "Going up the Jacob's ladder is giving out



good thoughts; I will some day reveal the great hidden truths in the Bible. All this phenomena is in the Bible, but the world then was as blind to it as to-day."

Q.: "Have you seen my address intended for next Wednesday night?"

A.: "I will see it when you bring it out to-morrow. You can do nothing without the Admiral."

(I said to Mrs. Georgia: "You wrote before I came.") "Not with me. You are too selfish to give my letters to the world; you are too fond of a good dinner!"

Q.: "Who do you mean?"

A.: "I mean my girl. I want her to wake up! I want her to realise her spiritual possibilities; she does this to please you, not to please me or educate the public, nor even herself. I am old enough to be a (her?) father, so I have a right to arouse her to the frightful waste of talent!"

"Iola wants to come in if you would rather she came in?"

Q.: "You have been very good. I should like Iola to come in."

A.: "I would be glad to come all the time you are here. I shall carry the message T. J. H."

"Take another paper."

(I am sorry that I have had no opportunity of following the advice of Hudson to "expose a medium." As will be seen later, my correspondent from the third sphere was anxious that his message should form the principal feature in the account of my experiences in America; and did not hesitate to imply fraud in other mediums with the hope of carrying out his object. It was, however, no good. I was unable to oblige him.)

The rest of this sitting was occupied by a conversation with Iola which is of interest only to myself.

A curious incident happened when I returned to my hotel. I was particularly careful to put all my papers reporting this sitting into one drawer in my room. In the evening I found them separated into two lots, one (the latter half) being in the drawer into which I had put the whole; the former part was discovered in another drawer that I had never used for records of sittings, nor, indeed, for any other letters or papers. The division was accounted for the next day, as will be seen below.

February 23, 1909. With Mrs. Georgia.

This sitting was entirely taken up with communications from Iola.

Q.: "Can you tell me about my papers last night?"

A.: "Yes, I was there. I read them over to see how nicely I could write."

Q.: "Why did you put half of the papers in the wrong drawer?"

A.: "I want you to know it was I; I was a bit careless on earth."

(I said: "I don't remember clearly, but I think she was.")

A.: "Near relatives should know!"

February 24, 1909. With Mrs. Georgia.

This sitting was taken up by communications from Iola. The following are extracts:—

Q.: "Have you seen Hypatia?"

A.: "I have not."

Q.: "She was at Jonson's cabinet."

A.: "I did not recognise her; she was of no

interest to me then. I was so exhausted that time."

Q.: "You know I have a picture of Cleopatra?"

A.: "Yes, I know all about Cleopatra."

(55) "He has the offshoot of the oak in his pocket, a gold acorn. Have him take a chain from his outside pocket." (This is a remarkable incident. I took out of the outside pocket of my coat the key of my room in the hotel. Attached to it by a steel chain was a gold-plated acorn. It is hardly necessary to say that Mrs. Georgia knew nothing of what was in my pocket.)

February 25, 1909. With Mrs. Georgia.

(I asked Mrs. Georgia to try what she could do in automatic mirror-writing while reading aloud. - I brought her one of the books from her library, a play by Victor Hugo, and while reading it to me she wrote. The script was rather wild; I first asked a question of Dr. Hudson.)

Q.: "Dr. Hudson, were you with me last night when I delivered your message?" (an address given at the hotel).

A.: "Yes, I was. If you want my girl to attract Iola, you must keep the first commandment. Have no other gods before this; in this respect the gods are spelled with small letters; no irreverence. Read, read. No irreverent disrespect to the Eternal God! Read." (I said: "I think Myers came in here.")

"I mean can't write with noise in brain at all. I mean this: don't read as Iola can't use the mentality

unconsciously of this sensitive for this reason—she wants no gods before her writing.”

“That is from Myers.”

(Mrs. Georgia discontinued reading Victor Hugo’s play.)

Q.: “I hope you will answer a letter at Chicago on Monday next, 11 a.m.?”

A.: “Yes, do; I will try and come. I want to explain something to you; it is this: We use this sensitive’s sub-conscious mind to draw our earth material from. You impoverish our resources if you occupy her conscious mind; she is a reservoir upon which we draw. Cut off our supply, and we can’t give you a very brilliant achievement.”

Q.: “Can you give me a test for Sir \_\_\_\_\_?”

A.: “I could come, and would exhaust the strength of this perfect condition. That’s why she recalled the first commandment. The other gods was a metaphor, the sub-conscious being our divine principle of working; the conscious is physical and human.” (Mrs. Georgia said: “Do not all mediums have that?” I replied: “Everyone has it.”) “But not developed by education nor experience.” (Here came Iola with a private message.)

Q.: “Did Mr. Myers sign?”

A.: “Here is my signature, ‘F. W. H. Myers.’ I never used anything but initials. I want another sheet.”

(Iola now came in, and occupied the remainder of the sitting giving some interesting reminiscences of her time on earth.)

In a previous sitting I had inquired how it was that Iola, who is in a high sphere and realm, required the

assistance of Hudson, who is in the third sphere and no realm, to manifest to me. The reply was: "She is higher in the spiritual; he in the intellectual." Hudson also said that he had made a study of the methods of communication with the earth plane, and was better able to come to me. I take it to be a fact that, the longer spirits have been progressing away from earth conditions, the more difficult it is for them to adopt material means of making themselves known. I am now going to show how I was nearly misled through a communication signed by Lola, but which really emanated from Hudson. It is a story that does not redound to the credit of Hudson. When the deception was found out, he asked me to keep it to myself. At first I intended doing so, not so much on his account as on that of the Bangs Sisters. A superficial critic, on reading the following narrative, may think that it contains evidence against those mediums. I do not; and I feel bound to relate it, as it is first-rate evidence of spirit action, and shows how people not far advanced in the spirit world have the same human instincts as people here.

I had, during the third week in February, written to the Bangs Sisters to say I was returning to Chicago for more tests, and adding that I should probably sit for a portrait of Hypatia; at the same time ordering a frame the same size as that already ordered for the picture of Cleopatra. (The frames take four weeks to complete.) I told Lola of my intention. Much to my surprise, she objected strongly to the project, as will be seen below. Pressed for reasons, she (or Hudson, writing for her) declared the picture was *already done*, and gave some sort of idea what it was like. But it became clear, as the writing went on, that Hudson

was apprehensive that the effect of his script would be weakened in England if it were put side by side with accounts of the Bangs's pictures. He therefore used every endeavour to prevent me getting more, and unscrupulously attempted to discredit the Bangs Sisters by challenging them to answer a letter that he would himself dictate to Mrs. Georgia.

February 26, 1909. With Mrs. Georgia.

(I said to Mrs. Georgia: "I wonder if Iola was with us last night in Plymouth Church?")

A.: "I was at the first part of the lecture. I could not stay. I felt the depressive influence of a crowd."

Q.: "Do you understand in future that your name 'Iola' will be substituted for 'X' in future narratives?"

A.: "Yes, I like it much better; X is like an algebra sign standing for some unknown quality or quantity. What time does your train leave?" (I said, "5.30 p.m. for Chicago.") "I want to tell you were not able to get the book by Arnold." (This is correct. In the previous sitting Iola had recommended me to go to the store in town and buy a certain book. It turned out that it was not in stock.)

"I wish you were not going further than Detroit."

Q.: "Why?"

A.: "Because I want him to go home to M. G. (initials correct). If you go (*i.e.*, to Chicago) don't get another woman (referring to the picture of Hypatia), that's it; you have enough, I think, if you make the experiment. Let it go. *Don't get that Picture; you have Cleopatra.*"

Q.: "I want the picture for the purpose of educating the public, not for my own gratification."

(56) A.: "You can't hope to educate the British fools that are pigheaded; such experiences to be of value as an education must be personal. Save your dollars, give Cleopatra to the Society if you will, not to the museum." (This is a curious remark, as it never entered my head to give the picture to either the S. P. R. or the British Museum, though I had asked the latter to take charge of it for a time.) "Write the Bangs, and wire them your plan for picture is altered, and you will find *they* will insist upon your taking it. *It is already done!* This is Thomson Jay Hudson.

"You wait, try my plan, and see if I am not right. The wire will cost you 40 cents. Try it. I tell you at Iola's request. The woman is painted as a blonde with hanging hair; the robe white grecian (fairly correct). It is her request that I investigated it. Upon a separate sheet I will write a letter and have Mrs. Georgia read it. Yes she is. You *must* see that they are lazy; it shifts on the paper, it saves them strength—what they have. Iola is here while I write you. T. J. H."

"I will write a letter for you to have them read which will be duplicated by a carbon. You are to seal it without reading. Mrs. G. will keep the copy here, you will see it shifted, that's all.

"I will write a scientific note for a test that they can never answer; a test Iola wants to warn you; she warned G. about the picture; she don't like Hypatia's picture." (Iola now came in.) "I want your test to end with Great Britain. I mean don't get that picture; test the letters of the Bangs, but no

more pictures.....you will see I am right when I know they will force you to take the picture. I don't think I will tell you all just yet until you see Mrs. Georgia again. But you must not take it." (I made some remark to the effect that, having ordered a picture, I must take one.) "Then get one of me."

"They must give you the copy of the full-faced one. Wire them *to see how* they try to force the long-haired woman upon you. I want you to seal the picture with your signet....."

Q.: "Is not the picture I have of you a genuine precipitation?"

A.: "*It is genuine in some respects, but you must see if I could give you one why not the other—do you think me limited?*"

"The test must be made so that you can dignify your belief; yes, it is Iola. I tell you that I have come to you through the picture, but I want you to *Have no more*. If you wire them, they can't hold you to your half order. I said that because they can't give it. If a spirit can paint one—an *artist spirit*, why not a full face? Is the artist limited? *I am* there, your picture is there, but you will know I am right. Save the money, 6 pounds. *If you are made to* take any, insist that is the picture you want. Tell May Bangs you can't have any, nor will you accept any unless they can give you that one in a *perfect likeness*; that will save the six pounds. You are going to prove, not to be imposed (upon).....I shall keep you from it if I can. Wire them, and have the letter test.....I want you to watch out so your test of the *letters* will be single and alone. *If you test* the letter *alone* Crookes will know you made a real business of his request. You will destroy this effect



of your test if you mix up the picture test; it will hurt your book's influence, for people will believe the letter test when they won't the picture.....I will rest ten minutes."

(After an interval of about ten minutes.)

"I will tell you that I want you to prove to the English-speaking people that your test of these letters is thoroughly mental, not chicanery. I know the picture (Iola's picture) is all right. *He don't*; that's why you must have no more. You will and have done enough for the Bangs Sisters. Wire them by all means.....Hudson spoke for me, that's why you did not recognise my 'style,' *literary 'style.'*

"You must have the N.Y. man (Dr. James Hyslop) to find out about Mrs. Georgia, as his excerpts from your book will create a great sale in this country. I am Iola, I want your book to reach the world."

Hudson then dictated to Mrs. Georgia a letter for me to carry to the Bangs Sisters. I did not read the contents until after the reply had been given at Chicago on March 4.

In the course of conversation I had told Mrs. Georgia that the principal reason for my return to Chicago was to obtain an additional test of the Bangs Sisters' letters for Sir William Crookes (see Chapter VII.). We had talked over my previous visit to Chicago, and she had seen my picture of Iola to which allusions are made above. We both believed in the genuineness of the Bangs Sisters' manifestations. The foregoing script was written very clearly and with great rapidity, in her usual mirror-writing. To me the warning was incomprehensible. The vehement denunciation of the proposed picture of Hypatia was unlike the usual gentle tone of Iola's

communications. I knew that Hudson wished his message to be given prominence in the account of my investigations, and I had a strong feeling that it was not contrary to the wishes of Iola for me to obtain the picture of Hypatia, who, I felt sure, had assisted her in the higher life. I did not send the telegram, but left matters to settle themselves when I arrived the next day at Chicago.

On Saturday, February 27, I went to the Bangs Sisters. I told them I intended to have a picture, but it would probably not be that of Hypatia. The elder woman said: "Do as you like; but how about the gold frame you ordered to be made?" I replied: "That is of no consequence; you can make use of it for some other picture. You are constantly in need of frames for pictures of this size precipitated through your mediumship." To this there was no demur; no attempt was made to insist upon the execution of that particular picture. In the evening I put a closed letter to my guide between my slates, after May Bangs had seen the exterior of the envelope, and received a reply (for the methods I must refer the reader to Chapter VII.). The principal question I had asked was, "Would she (Iola) give me a full-length portrait of herself on the following Monday, March 1?" I give extracts from her reply:—

I know just what you want.....I can come in likeness on the smaller canvas, but I think you had better select a larger and more panel shape, considerably longer one way than the other; it will be more artistic and shapely.....It may seem strange to you that I should make such a request of you, but I do so because I can see that opportunities will not be favourable again, but I want you to sit for Hypatia's portrait

while here. Hypatia has been such a help to me in making all the different grades of progress in Spirit Life, and is deeply interested in your medial progress. ....You may think it strange that I have changed the programme, but there is a reason for this that I will explain to you fully. Of the two.....I would prefer to give Hypatia's picture, but I know you will let us both come, and you will have no regrets. Ask the mediums about the panel canvas for my picture. I will impress them with what I mean.....(Signed)  
IOLA.

On the outside of the envelope was the instruction : "Read your message before leaving, so as to arrange with the medium." It was settled that we should sit for Iola's portrait on Monday morning.

On Monday, March 2, 1909. I told the Bangs I would have a precipitated picture of Hypatia, as well as that of Iola. They proposed, as a test of their mediumship, that we should try for *both* on that day. While we were waiting for the panel canvases to come up from the town, May Bangs brought me the two large canvases that were to be used for the picture of Hypatia, to inspect. They were warped, and I objected to using them ; but, as May Bangs said they had used up all the others, I agreed to try and get these straight ; so we nailed them up to a wall and left them there for four hours.

At 11.20 the two panel canvases arrived from William Horsley and Co., 17-19 Clinton Street, wet. We put them in the window, under full light of the sun, and sat over them till they became dry. This occupied twenty-five to thirty minutes. They were then put up in the window ; and at 11.50 we sat for the picture. It was precipitated in ten minutes, and about 12.20 I

left the house to get my lunch at the Annex Hotel, two miles distant. For a full description of the execution of this picture and of that of Hypatia I must refer the reader to Chapter VII. It is sufficient to say here that Hypatia was successfully precipitated at 4 p.m. About 3.30 May Bangs came to me with two straight canvases, saying: "I have found two canvases not warped. Would you sooner use these than the ones we nailed up?" I said: "No; we will stick to the warped canvases"; and we got them down from the wall and used them.

That evening I wrote a letter to Iola; and, among other things, I asked what was the meaning of this *volte face*—*i.e.*, asking me to sit for a picture of Hypatia after doing all she could at Rochester to prevent me from getting it. Four sheets of blank paper, marked with a private mark, were put in the letter for reply, and the envelope closed with gum. The next morning, Tuesday, March 2, I took this letter to May Bangs, and sat with her for reply. Here are extracts from the answering letter:—

Regarding the messages at Rochester in regard to Hypatia's portrait, I will simply say I was influenced in my communications by Prof. H——. You understand.....and when I was free and independent I communicated direct. I am delighted that you followed my wish. I should indeed have been disappointed had you returned to England without it. It was simply a case of one spirit trying to dominate over another. These experiences you must not give to the world now; the time will come when all those undeveloped communications will occur.....Thos. J. Hudson is entirely responsible for the message given —but let it pass.....

I have stated that Hudson wrote a letter through Mrs. Georgia a few hours before I left Rochester, the contents of which I did not know. This letter I took to the Bangs Sisters' house on March 4, and May Bangs and I sat for an answer; the medium saw, but did not touch the letter. When I got back to my hotel, I slit it open at the top and read the contents, which were as follows:—

#### LETTER FROM HUDSON IN MIRROR-WRITING.

To Hester and Thomson Jay Hudson.

Where was I born?

How old was I when I died?

What was my financial condition?

Where is my son?

What was his first name?

All these things I will try and answer through the Bangs Sisters; if not, let their guide tell these questions in right style, and sign the name of G. S. H. S. in full.

Thomson Jay Hudson.

(G. C. H. S. are the complete initials of Mrs. Georgia.)

#### THE ANSWER.

My good Friend, Brother, and Co-worker,

I greet you to-day, and am very thankful to come to you through this influence. I find now how very little I knew when in earth form in comparison to that which is to be known. It is little things such as this phenomena that confound the mighty.

I shall truly acknowledge that in my investigations here I was entirely too prejudice (*sic*) to be candid in certain directions. I live above these principals (*sic*) now, and shall endeavour to bring such phenomena

in the future that shall be absolute in proof of all psychic power and the continuity of life after death.

In my recent communications advising you *not* to have Hypatia's portrait I was somewhat persuaded by other intelligences as the spirit Iola was persuaded by my advice; but since I have had the pleasure of coming to you here and witnessing the wonderful power and work, and have learned all the good that has been planned, I am delighted that changes have been made, and you have the portrait.

Yours kindly and ever in interest of light and truth,

THOS. JAY HUDSON.

The above is written in the same handwriting as all the replies to letters answered through the mediumship of the Bangs Sisters. *If* these letters are juggled out of the room, and *if* the Bangs can read mirror-writing, there is nothing in the replies so far to indicate supernormal agency; but what is written above was not all that I found in Hudson's letter. Across the second half of the last page there is a post-script, in blue pencil mirror-writing, in a different hand to the body of the letter, and also to the script through Mrs. Georgia, which runs as follows:—

These questions [Hudson's queries in mirror-writing given through Mrs. Georgia at Rochester] will be answered through the psychic power of the medium through whose hand the questions were written; both the mediums and guides now understand.

On the outside of the envelope was written:—“My good Friend,—Kindly retain the writing *for yourself*, for reasons I have within explained.—THOS. JAY HUDSON.” The handwriting of this afterthought appears to be the same as that in the body of the letter.

I lay no stress on the curious fact that Hudson confesses to having advised Iola not to have the picture of Hypatia precipitated, as May Bangs was aware that I had received many messages from Hudson at Rochester, through whom she did not know, nor does she know to-day. She said: "I shall be able to tell you who that medium is"; but she was powerless to do so. Mrs. Georgia and the Bangs Sisters know nothing whatever of one another.

While the reply was being written May Bangs said to me: "The writer of this letter has the name Thomson Jay Hudson." The signature at the bottom of Hudson's questions was in mirror-writing.

My chief object in this chapter is to show that Hudson still lives. If, say, we do not believe in the genuineness of the Bangs Sisters, is there any one concrete fact in the complicated incident I have just related, which, if taken by itself, would prove his continued existence? Let us suppose that the mediums at Chicago could accomplish mirror-writing of the most perfect kind, is it possible for them to do it in such a way that, if the paper (which is the thinnest type-paper procurable) is held in a certain light and at a particular angle to the line of vision, it cannot be seen? On the back of this very thin paper there is not the slightest sign of an indentation, and unless it is held in a certain way the writing on the other side is invisible. As far as it goes, this is evidence of spirit power, not necessarily that of Hudson. But there is actual proof of Hudson being present. It is declared in the postscript that "These questions will be answered through the psychic power of the medium through whose hand the questions were written....."

Was this accomplished? If so, surely Hudson must have been with me at Chicago?

Now, on March 6, the day I left Chicago for New York, Mrs. Georgia wrote a script at Rochester:—

Yes, this is Hudson. I came to answer my questions. I could not get *en rapport* with the sisters.

I was born on the same day the father of my country was born, February 22nd (not confirmed), 1843. I have the figures wrong—it is 1834. (Correct.) You see, I make mistakes. I was born in a little village in Ohio called Windham. (Correct.)

My financial condition was fair; my son has my influence and Hester is also with him. She knows him very well in his work and his name. Am tired now. T. J. HUDSON.

Mrs. Georgia lost this document for six weeks, but told me she had received the message, when I met her in New York, on March 13, and the purport of it. Perhaps Hudson knew she had mislaid it; for when I called on Mrs. Georgia, at the house of Mrs. Brattan, in Central Park West, on that day, she was impelled to write: “I am Hudson who.....answered the questions at Rochester. I was born on Washington’s birthday in 1834 at a small country town in Ohio called Windham. My financial condition at my death was just very.....(word undecipherable). My son’s name was Jonson (or Thomson?).....”

Hudson says he did not get *en rapport* with the Bangs Sisters. That, I take it, means he could not write directly through them; but he apparently did manage to influence their writing-guide, and to precipitate the message that I have called “the post-script.” As I have before said, the lady at Rochester knew nothing whatever (except their name) of the



professional mediums at Chicago, nor did the latter know anything whatever of Mrs. Georgia. It is not possible that any communication could have passed between them. There is not a doubt in my mind that Hudson was present with me at Chicago.

All the details of Hudson's life that I have been able to confirm have been found to be correct. He was born in 1834, but what date I do not know; he wrote the books he says that he did, and in the order he mentioned; he was a jack-of-all-trades; he did practise as a lawyer in Cleveland, Ohio, and he did hold a Government appointment in Washington. The name of his sister-in-law was Hester; he died, as he says, in 1903. As to the other details, I should consider myself the debtor of anyone who would kindly tell me whether they are true or not. If these lines meet the eye of any of his friends who know the facts, I should be much obliged if they would communicate with me. I have not been able to reach his son.

While taking leave in this chapter of the witty and accomplished young lady who wrote for me at Rochester, I beg to offer her publicly my grateful thanks for her kindness. She spent many a weary hour over the script out of pure good nature. What I have copied for this chapter is only about half the writing that came through her hand. Iola influenced her to write some fifty or sixty pages, which I have not transcribed, about matters of great moment to me, but which could not have interested her. Mirror-writing can be acquired without difficulty, but Mrs. Georgia did not learn it. No one was more astonished than the lady herself when she discovered her gift. It was all done in full light, except in two experimental cases; she never went into trance, and the

writing was generally clear and easy to decipher. As she had never read any psychic literature, the references that appeared were of special value. Our last séance was at New York, on March 18, 1909, for the special benefit of Dr. Jas. Hyslop. Dr. Funk was also present. Mrs. Georgia had never met him before that evening, and had not read his work, *The Widow's Mite*. In the middle of the sitting Dr. Funk asked a question of Hudson: "You wrote me a letter, Dr. Hudson, a few days before your death. Can you tell me to what it referred?" The reply flowed from the hand of my friend at once: "It was about a little coin." I wish that my readers would refer to page 507 of *The Widow's Mite* to see the significance of this answer. The papers written at this sitting are in the possession of Dr. Hyslop, who, I believe, had subsequent sittings with Mrs. Georgia.

It may be put forward that a young dramatist who has so much imaginative power as Mrs. Georgia is capable of inventing, without control from the other side, the situations created in our sittings and the crude dialogues of which they form a part. I admit that such an idea crossed my mind; but it was soon dispelled when watching the facility with which she wrote from right to left. The rapidity and ease with which she accomplished this mirror-writing gave no time for constructive thought. Moreover, it would have been impossible for her to invent the accurate reminiscences of Iola.

I cannot account for Dr. Hudson's trick in trying to prevent me sitting for a picture of Hypatia, nor for his persuading Iola to lend her name to the deception. Probably he wished to make his message the most important feature of the account he knew I was about

to write. Of this I am sure: that he desired his readers to know that he was able to communicate with the earth plane, and thus eliminate from their minds the errors he had infused into his otherwise admirable books. Let us leave it at that. I was grateful to him for giving me the opportunity of becoming his mouthpiece, and of learning first-hand the fact of his continued existence. I do not profess to understand fully all that he impelled the psychic to write, nor do I claim that he made no mistakes. All knowledge is built upon error. Astronomy rose upon the ashes of the astrology of the Middle Ages; chemistry was evolved out of alchemy. We know little, even the wisest of our day. Who can tell when a Darwin may arise to construct a definite belief out of the records of our struggles in the dark labyrinth of modern psychical research?

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LETTER FROM MRS. GEORGIA TO ADMIRAL  
USBORNE MOORE.

Rochester, N.Y.,

September 16, 1910.

MY DEAR ADMIRAL,

I have much pleasure in giving you a brief account of myself, and answering your questions.

I am not a spiritualist in the accepted sense of the word; neither had I, at the time of meeting you, ever inclined my faith in that direction. I believe that the knowledge of spiritualistic facts and phenomena does not in any way conflict with the religion I was born and bred in.

My father, Colonel H——, passed away in April, 1902 ; his death was sudden and unexpected, as he was in robust health until he suffered a stroke of paralysis. Our grief was the greater as we were so utterly unprepared for it.

My thoughts were directed towards spiritualism by a dream. I plainly heard my father's voice saying to me : "If you take the receiver off the telephone I will talk to you." The vibrant quality in his voice woke me, and I instantly went to the 'phone, fully expecting to find the dream-promise fulfilled. Needless to say, there was no message, and my disappointment was keen. The dream, however, decided me to seek out the only avenue I knew—the spiritualist medium.

Unbelieving, yet hopeful, I attended a lecture. The speaker, who was a professional psychic, made his way towards me and said : "You have the gift of writing." (I was dabbling in literary pursuits, and thought little of this.) "Come to me and I will develop this gift."

The following day I sought out another medium, who told me the same thing ; and that night I sat with a friend, who had been brought up in the belief of the spiritualists, in a darkened room. We sat with our faces toward the north, and chanted in unison : "We want our guides, the highest and the best."

In less than an hour my hands trembled and I could not control myself ; in a few moments I was in hysterics, and sobbing violently. My friend, Miss W——, put a pencil in my hand and soothed me by saying, "It's all right." I was, however, in a panic of fear ; and when the pencil moved *without my directing it* I screamed, and refused to sit any longer in the dark.

The lights were then lit. Though I was still very nervous and hysterical, Miss. W—— insisted that I should hold the pencil and not further disturb the conditions. I yielded to her wishes, and found, when the pencil was in my hand, that it began slowly to move and wrote some

sentences in the usual direct manner; then, changing, wrote from right to left in what we thought was a foreign language. A few weeks later, when I was putting on my hat before the mirror, I saw writing in the glass: the name "Jennie Reutlinger" (a name no one in this house had ever heard of). Looking round, I saw it was the reflection of one of the papers I had written. Taking up the sheets, I held them to the glass, and discovered that what I had thought was foreign writing was a long, personal history of a stranger in English, written backwards. I had kept up the writing each night, expecting that it would return to the "direct" style and that we should get some personal message. Curious to say, all my early script had not a private sentence in it, but referred to people of whom we had no knowledge whatever; but as the forces grew stronger, the messages became personal, and gave my mother and myself much comfort.

A strange feature of this psychic writing is that I feel great reluctance to write for outsiders. Until I wrote for you, I had steadfastly refused to do much of it for anyone but my dear mother, who derived great happiness from these messages. Had it not been for her influence I should never have continued the script, as I always felt a strange personal dread when occupying myself in this way; an uncanny and weird sensation like one feels when walking in a strange and unknown place. I have never been able to shake this off.

About the fall of 1908, Mr. A. W. Moore, of this city, asked me as a favour if I would consent to write for an English friend of his who was coming to America to investigate spiritualism. Naturally Mr. Moore wanted to show his countryman some phenomena out of the regular channels. I therefore agreed to do what I could when the stranger should arrive.

I had never heard of you, and attached very little importance to the above conversation until, in my nightly

messages for my mother, there came references to "The man of the Sea." I was at this time writing a drama for the S—— brothers, and on the days when I was too indolent to go on with it, there would come a threat in the evening automatic script, "Unless you work on your play we will humiliate you before the Englishman." My script was always signed "Leader of the Band."

On the afternoon in December, 1908, when you first called, you sent up a letter from Mr. A. W. Moore. In it you were introduced as Mr. Moore. I had an engagement, but, owing to a strong impression early in the afternoon, broke it. I could not explain why, even to myself, for I had planned it with pleasurable anticipation; as matters turned out it left me free to receive you; and, as I told you at the time, I feel sure that some outside influence was at work to prevent me being absent when you came to the house; all goes to show "there is a destiny which shapes our ends, rough-hew them as we will." I was as much astonished as you were when the first of our messages was written.

I had no knowledge of the various persons who wrote to you through my hand, nor of those referred to in the script. I had, indeed, heard of Sir W—— C——; but I had never heard of his inventions, nor that he was married. Of Professor L——, Dr. Funk, Dr. Hodgson, and Mr. Myers I had not heard at all. I was aware that Mr. James had a chair of some sort at Harvard University, but of nothing else about him; nor did I know anything of Professor James Hyslop, except his name, before February, 1909.

Of Dr. Thomson Jay Hudson, who controlled me during my sittings with you, I knew this only: That some years before I had read, in a desultory manner, a book called *The Law of Psychic Phenomena*, written by a man called Hudson; the Christian names I did not know. I recalled the book vaguely as one I had taken up in a course of

general reading; it was the only one I had ever read along this line of thought. I never heard of the *Widow's Mite*.

Until we met I had not heard of the Society for Psychical Research. As to Mr. W. T. Stead, I had read some of his political articles in the *American* (a so-called yellow journal of this country). I do not remember the subject he wrote on; and I have no recollection of his crusade against social evils.

Up to the time we met, I had not seen nor heard of any mediums in Toledo, Detroit, or Chicago. As a young girl (fourteen years old), in 1889, I once visited Detroit, Michigan, with my parents. We stopped at the Russell Hotel, which was the best at that time in the city.

You ask if I had any unusual experiences as a child. When I was seven or eight I saw the face of Christ, so plainly that I never forgot the impression; but my parents thought this vision was nothing but pure imagination. The first evening on which I wrote automatically I thought I saw the outline of a woman who was a seamstress in our family, and who died just before my father was taken ill. I was never interested in ghost stories.

I never learned "mirror writing"; in fact, never saw such a thing in my life before reading "Jennie Reutlinger" in my glass.

I am entirely unconscious of the purport of what is written by my hand, and a strange feature is that I can *never recall what it has written*. Yet, if a prophecy made in the course of a script ever comes to pass, I instantly recall that I had been told "in advance."

Intuitively I have strong impressions; if I obey my first thoughts I am usually correct; but if I hesitate and think hard over a venture I am usually on the wrong track.

I have never had such good results as I had when sitting with you, and it is my belief that you were the

attracting force, and that my success was due to your guides.

I cannot explain how the writing is done. I only know it is done independently of my volition. It seems to me probable that everyone has this power latent.

I now firmly believe in the life after death, and in the eternal life of spirit force. I think each person has it within them to attract their own relatives and friends.

I am, cordially yours,

—— GEORGIA.

Vice-Admiral W. Usborne Moore,  
8 Western Parade, Southsea, England.



## CHAPTER VI.

### MANIFESTATIONS AT TOLEDO, OHIO

*The Psychic Riddle*—I hear some of the same voices as those described by Dr. Funk—Electrical conditions in the United States and Canada in winter—The reason of the success of investigators around the Great Lakes—The Jonsons at Toledo—Opinions of a detective officer of known ability—The first sitting—Materialised hands—A trumpet séance—First materialisation séance—A spirit addresses me by my full name—Jonson sits outside the cabinet—Medium and spirits in sight together—Cleopatra appears—John Nicholson—An abortive séance—Interesting communication by Grayfeather, a N.A. Indian—Second materialisation séance—Forty forms appear—Identification—Idiosyncrasies of each spirit form—Sitting with Mrs. Jonson alone—Hypatia—Materialisation séance alone with both Jonsons—Iola fulfils a promise—Viola rises out of the floor—Kitty—Sitting with Mr. and Mrs. Jonson in the cabinet—The illuminated robe—Kitty renounces her father—McBlin the engineer—The farewell séance—Abdullah—Tim O'Brien—Discussion as to the possibility of fraud—Members of the Council of the English Society for Psychological Research find out that there are such phenomena as telekinesis and materialisation—Mrs. Alexander—Etherealisations—Whitesnow—Differences in accent of American and English spirits—A new psychic in Toledo, Miss Ada Besinnet—The whistling—Violent movements of the table—Professor Hyslop's opinion—Author's opinion—Mind-reading no explanation.

READERS of *The Psychic Riddle*, by Dr. I. K. Funk (1907), may be interested in knowing that, through the great kindness of friends in Rochester, N.Y., I was able to sit with the psychic mentioned in that book under the same conditions as those described by its author. Since my friend Dr. Funk had his sittings, this lady had been at death's door. She was now in her seventy-eighth year, so perhaps I may be correct in

thinking that—as tests—my sittings were as useful as his, though the first was a failure and the other two were cut short by Dr. Hossack, the medium's control, on account of the weakness of her heart.

Much discussion has arisen over this psychic. She is very deaf. How any sane person who has heard "Red Jacket" or the "Laughing Spirit" can imagine that the voices emanate from this frail old lady passes my comprehension. Red Jacket talks as loudly as, and more fluently than, John King, the principal control of Cecil Husk.

Before I attempt to describe the manifestations at Toledo, Ohio, I must remind my readers that the atmospheric conditions in the northern part of the United States are different from those in this country or any part of Europe. For about sixty days in the year, when the thermometer is down to about zero and the air very clear, it is possible, anywhere between Rochester and Denver, by sliding along the carpet, to light a gas jet with a finger; I have not yet met any American, man or woman, who has not done this or seen it done. In this region children play practical jokes on their parents by sliding up to them and kissing them on the cheek, when a spark passes, causing the sensation of a pinprick. We are ignorant of the causes of many phenomena, but we do know that the vibrations required to give the best results in psychical research are closely allied to those of the electrical group. It is to this highly-charged condition of the atmosphere in winter that the success of investigators is chiefly due; of this there is no doubt whatever. We must remember, too, that the original inhabitants of this vast territory were very near to Nature, and were pure spiritualists; the earth is strewn

with their bones, and their spirits hover about the land that was once their earthly home. We meet them at every séance, and it is reasonable to suppose that they exert some influence and assist the manifestations.

In a suburb of the city of Toledo, Ohio (632 Orchard Street), there is a two-storied house owned by Mr. Ben Jonson, a painter and paperhanger. The séance room is a large apartment on the upper floor, and is approached by a narrow staircase from the back sitting-room on the ground floor. The cabinet is about seven yards from the top of the staircase, in one corner of the room. The top of the staircase has no door. I do not know the reason of this omission; but I have been told by those who frequent Jonson's séances that one of the band of spirits who habitually frequent the cabinet occasionally gathers sufficient power to glide down the stairs and bring up a lady's muff or some other material article from the front sitting-room—a feat that could not be achieved in the form through a locked door. It is, however, practically impossible for confederates to come this way, for they would have to pass the sitters to enter the cabinet. As we shall see later on, confederates, and plenty of them, are the only explanation that the most rabid sceptic can put forward for what goes on in this room.

Mr. and Mrs. Jonson offer every facility for the sitters to search the séance room, the cabinet, and the rooms underneath. They are dependent upon each other for the necessary psychic power, and a successful materialisation séance cannot take place unless both husband and wife are in good health. Mrs. Jonson sits in the cabinet occasionally without her husband,

for one or two visitors. During these séances etherealizations often take place, and voices are heard through a trumpet. Vibrations are maintained during the materialisation séances by a rather inferior musical-box of the disc type ; at Mrs. Jonson's cabinet séances, by a small musical-box of the barrel kind.

Mr. J. B. Jonson is a powerful-looking man of fifty-five years of age, five feet eleven inches in height, well educated, and of sober habits ; he has a hearty laugh and a genial manner. He wears boots at the séances, and sometimes a light coat or dressing-gown that enables him to be clearly seen ; this, however, if meant as a precaution, is unnecessary, as the amount of light is always sufficient to admit of his being visible to all the circle during the first part of a séance, when he sits outside the cabinet. His wife is a stout, comely woman, rather younger. She walks about the room, generally in a white blouse, and is always in view. The light is regulated from within the cabinet, and is sufficient to allow a person with average sight to read a watch with a white face ; at times it is possible for a sitter with keen sight to read large print.

Before undertaking the investigation of the Jonsons, I conferred with my friend Mr. Homer Taylor Yaryan, who was chief of the secret police under the Grant Government. Those who are old enough to remember the scandal of the whisky frauds, traced by the secret police up to the very gates of the White House, will not fail to recognise the ability which contrived to defeat a well-planned robbery of Federal funds. Mr. Yaryan is a detective of great skill, and the last man in America to allow himself to be bamboozled. The Jonsons have given séances in his house, one of which

(I possess a copy of the record) was as successful as those I am about to describe. He has watched these mediums carefully for years, and assured me that they were genuine. After sitting with them several times, always in the afternoon, I am certain he is right.

The first séance I had with the Jonsons was on January 4, 1909. There were three other sitters—a Mr. and Mrs. Z. and a relative of theirs—who kindly allowed me to join their private circle. Mr. Z. and I carefully examined the cabinet, and found nothing in it to arouse suspicion. The atmospheric conditions were bad; it was raining. The light was regulated from the cabinet, and was sufficient for us to see one another's features at a distance of six feet, and to read a watch with a white face. The lower part of the curtains of the cabinet were drawn back to the side, and a cloth was secured across the lower half of the cabinet. In front of this, on three chairs, sat, from left to right, Mr. Z., the relative (whom I will here call Mrs. M.), and Jonson, holding hands. When they had settled themselves, a sheet was tied over them up to their necks, so that their faces only were in view. Opposite to the three persons thus sitting on chairs, outside the cabinet, and at a distance of three feet from them, were three chairs occupied by Mrs. Z., myself, and Mrs. Jonson. Thus, Mrs. Z. was sitting directly opposite to Mr. Z., I was sitting opposite to Mrs. M., and Mrs. Jonson was facing her husband.

First a pair of hands of delicate shape appeared over the heads of Mr. Z. and Mrs. M.; then, at various times, single hands appeared, one small and delicate, the other larger, and no less delicate; the

latter had a ring on one of the fingers. A hand manifested twenty times or more, several times over Mr. Z., and at least four times stroking the right side of his face (that is, the furthest possible point from the medium, whose right hand was held by Mrs. M.).

I rose from my chair, and took both Jonson's hands in my right hand; stretching out my left hand, I was touched by a visible spirit hand that showed over the head of Mrs. M. Two notes were thrown out of the cabinet, one from a spirit guide of Mrs. Z. and one from a spirit child of Mrs. M. The two hands appeared simultaneously four or five times. A graphophone, the mouth of which showed beyond the right side of the cabinet, played several times; the starting-lever could not have been reached by the disengaged hand of the medium.

I threw my handkerchief into the cabinet, between Mr. Z. and Mrs. M. In a few seconds it was thrown out to me, with hard knots in three of the corners. This also happened to Mrs. Z. Mrs. Jonson was sitting by my side all the time, and had no part in the performance; Jonson was in partial trance.

About an hour after we had sat down, this part of the séance came to an end; the lights were lit, and the windows opened for ten minutes to let in some air to revive Jonson, who was somewhat distressed. We then formed a circle in the middle of the room, with a trumpet in the centre. Jonson became fully controlled by "Grayfeather," an Indian, who spoke in a different voice from that of the medium. Vibrations were maintained by a small musical-box under the control of Mrs. Jonson. During the sitting this box was carried round over the heads of all the sitters,

playing meanwhile a definite tune. We sat now in darkness; we did not touch hands.

Whispers were heard talking through the trumpet to the different sitters. One spirit came to me, but I was not sure of the identity. After a conversation had been going on for a minute or minute and a-half with a sitter, the trumpet would be dropped on the floor; by the sound, I should judge it fell several times four or five feet. One spirit known as "Kitty" spoke in the direct voice, without the assistance of the trumpet.

The last manifestation was that of a spirit who had been in life a locomotive engineer, and who was drowned in Lake Superior. He spoke clearly through the trumpet, and announced his arrival and departure by making noises through it indicative of the first starting of an engine: Puff, puff—puff, puff, puff—and so on. When he left, the spirit imitated, not only the starting, but the sounds of an engine gathering speed and eventually disappearing in the distance. It was very effective.

Considering the atmospheric conditions, and that there was one perfect stranger in the circle (myself), I thought the display of spirit power on this evening was very successful.

I will now proceed to describe other séances at which I attended when the Jonsons were the mediums. They were all held in the room described above.

January 6, 1909. Atmospheric conditions very good. The temperature of the air was about 10°, and it was dry and clear; time, 2 to 4 p.m. The sitters were the same as on the previous occasion,

with another relative of Mr. Z. added (whom I will here call Mrs. J.), making a circle of three ladies and two men, all experienced investigators.

Mr. Z. and I examined the cabinet; then we took our seats about four feet in front of it. The room was darkened for four or five minutes, during which time a spirit form within the cabinet called out: "How are you, Uncle Z., Ande Z., Ande M., Ande J., and Uncle William Usborne Moore?" (The mediums knew my name was Moore, and may possibly have known it was William; but they certainly had no means of finding out my second Christian name. In the hotel book I had signed W. Moore. I may here remark that W. Moore is a very common name in the United States, something like John Smith in this country.)

Jonson sat in a chair, one foot outside and in front of the left end of the cabinet. He was immediately controlled by "Grayfeather," the Indian. There was a shade over the small oil-lamp behind us; this was drawn up a little, and the séance commenced, the light in the room being sufficient for anyone with good sight to read the time by a white-faced watch.

(57) Within two minutes the figure of a woman, below medium height, dressed in a white robe with girdle round the waist, sprang up from the floor very close to the medium, holding out her hands in my direction. I got up and went up close to the medium. From the build and proportions I was able to guess who this was. She tried to speak, but all I could catch was "Al" or "All"; but, unfortunately (owing to our mutual anxiety, I presume), she dematerialised into the carpet before I could clearly distinguish the features. This same materialisation and dematerialisation occurred a second time with no more success.



After a third abortive attempt she did not dematerialise into the floor, but simply faded away.

Not long after this two strong forms emerged from the opening of the cabinet on my right. I was almost touching the entranced medium with my left arm; within two feet of me, on my right, was a woman as tall as Jonson, wearing a white robe, a bright silver or steel band on her forehead, and what appeared to be bracelets and jewels on her arms. After a few words of conversation she let me understand that she was Cleopatra, once Queen of Egypt. Standing a little behind her was a smaller form who gave the name of Josephine. In appearance neither of these was human in complexion or lines, but swarthy and dimpling, Josephine's face rather red; the general effect was not unpleasing, though it never occurred to me that either face was mortal. I asked Josephine who was the spirit that first appeared, and she corroborated my first impression. It was Iola.

Grayfeather suddenly exclaimed: "I like that squaw, she very nice squaw." I said: "How flattered Cleopatra would have been, in earth life, to hear that!"

The Indian took this innocent remark in bad part, and called out angrily: "I say she nice squaw, I say it to her face, Grayfeather not got four tongues. No! no!" Cleopatra then went up to Jonson and waved her arms over him, when peace was restored.

Once Grayfeather caused Jonson to stand up close alongside of two big spirits. The three forms all close together, and in full sight of us all, were impressive. On another occasion Grayfeather (controlling Jonson) walked over to my chair, a distance of eight feet, and put his medium's left hand into my

two hands. He then proceeded to give me a little advice in a loud voice, being apparently under the impression that I had never attended a séance before. "When spirit squaw come you no say, 'Who are you?' 'What your name?' You say, 'How are you? Very glad to see you.' Next time squaw come p'raps she give you her name." While he was thus talking the cabinet curtain opened, and a man went straight across to Mr. Z., who recognised him as his deceased brother and returned to the cabinet with him.

Including some repetitions, fifteen or sixteen materialised forms emerged from the cabinet and conversed with their friends while Jonson was outside of it; six or eight came after Grayfeather had taken him inside—all these in addition to the familiar spirits, the habitués of the cabinet. One of the visitors was a nun, who had a very spirituelle countenance and wore a bright silver cross about four inches long. She came specially for Mrs. Z.; but, at the request of the latter lady, she walked well out into the light in order that I should be able to see her plainly. The effort was too much for her, and she doubled up, instead of gradually descending into the floor, which is the usual mode of disappearance. Each member of the circle was visited by at least two friends who were recognised. Two or three men came to me whom I was not able to identify properly, one making semaphore signs with his arms.

One curious incident occurred while Jonson was still in view. Grayfeather shouted out, "Go away, go back in box" (cabinet).

Q.: "What is the matter, Grayfeather?"

Grayfeather: "Me tell him, No! Go back to box

and come out there. He want to come into medium and turn me out.”

Q.: “Who is it?”

Grayfeather: “He come for Mr. Moore. He say his name John Nic-hol-son.”

I know one John Nicholson living and one who passed over some years ago. The former is a busy professional man who, I am sure, was not asleep in England at 9 p.m.; the latter was a gentle, courteous old Canon of a cathedral in the West of England, and the last person in this world or the next to try and dispossess the Indian of the organism of Jonson. The only surmise I could make was that this was the intrepid leader of the attack on Delhi, whose memory I, in common with thousands of Englishmen, have held in veneration since the days of the Mutiny. Our knowledge of his character does not exclude the idea that, if he wanted to communicate with one of his countrymen, he would not hesitate to turn anyone out of a body that appeared to him to suit his purpose. He had very often, though not recently, been in my thoughts.

After Jonson had been in the cabinet half-an-hour Grayfeather brought him out, and squatted him on the carpet tailor-fashion. While he was sitting thus a phantom slowly arose behind him, but soon faded away before it could be recognised.

January 14, 1909. With the Jonsons 2.30 to 4 p.m. This séance was a failure, but some interesting incidents occurred. Atmospheric conditions not of the best; it was thawing. Mrs. Jonson not at all well, Jonson in good form.

About half-an-hour after the light was put out

Jonson, who at first had been possessed by Grayfeather, came partly out of trance; Grayfeather left, and an English bluejacket controlled the medium. He used shocking language, I regret to say, and when asked to depart by Mrs. Jonson in a very civil way, refused, saying, "He had as much right to be there as we had." By-and-by, however, he was persuaded to get out of Jonson; Grayfeather resumed control, and took the medium inside the cabinet. From there he called to me, "the chief from across the big pond," to come and sit with him in the cabinet, saying: "I want to draw from him. I no draw from Squaw Jonson, she not well to-night." I accordingly took my chair inside, and the following dialogue took place:—

(58) Grayfeather: "I see you yesterday in another wigwam. You not get much there."

Admiral Moore: "Oh, yes, we did, Grayfeather! We had a good time; and Viola, Kitty, and Tim came to speak to us from here."

Grayfeather: "Ugh! Ugh! I see you with two other chiefs."

Q.: "Well, who were they?"

A.: "I think one Hyslop. (Wrong.) I no want mention names. Chief Yaryan there. (Correct.) You think I no see you. I see you in morning go into a wigwam—yes, big stone building—and get book, scratch paper."

Q.: "Do you mean I wrote in a book?"

A.: "Ugh! No, you read book. (Correct.) Young Squaw come to you and ask you for wampum (money). You say: 'Wo! Wo! Wo!'"

Admiral Moore: "That is a libel, Grayfeather. I made no difficulty with the young woman."

Now, what happened was this. The previous morning I had occasion to go to the public library in Toledo to return a book, and at the same time borrowed another, from which I copied an extract (scratch paper). The clerk returned me two dollars paid as deposit the day before. The young woman said later, "I must ask you for twenty-five cents." "What for?" I inquired. Answer: "We always charge twenty-five cents in addition to the deposit, in case of the book sustaining any injury." I put down the "quarter" without demur; but I *felt* mildly indignant, as I considered the two dollars deposit ought to cover all risks.

The séance with the other psychic the previous afternoon will be alluded to later in this chapter. Soon after the above conversation I was dismissed from the cabinet, and Grayfeather said, "I come out." He tried sitting outside, with me beside him, but it was no good. He left Jonson with a violent jerk (always a bad sign), and the medium came slowly to himself. Grayfeather remarked, before leaving Jonson: "I sick; no power" (beating the medium's breast with heavy thumps); "no wampum for my medium; but no good talk any more, like a squaw." On my offering the usual fee, Jonson declined taking it, saying, "We never accept anything when no forms appear."

The above incident is worthy of a few minutes' consideration. Mr. Yaryan was with me on the previous day at the house of Mrs. Alexander, a new medium; but he had no intention of going ten minutes before we started. It was quite an after-thought; he suddenly put off a business engagement to accompany me. He and I were unknown to the

medium we sat with, and that same medium is unknown to Jonson. The name of my friend Dr. Hyslop had been mentioned before the Jonson séance commenced; but, if Grayfeather knew anything at all about my thoughts of that gentleman, he would have known that, if no other investigator were available in the United States, I would not sit in his company at a séance (for reasons wholly impersonal). In all essentials the story of what happened in the public library is quite true; not only did Grayfeather, apparently, see what took place, but could read my thoughts when the quarter-dollar was demanded.

The following explanations may occur to those who read this:—

(a) The medium of the previous afternoon and the clerk at the library told the Jonsons of the various incidents.

(b) Jonson dogged me all day.

(c) Grayfeather read my sub-conscious mind.

(d) My guide was with me throughout, and told Grayfeather the facts, as a test, no other phenomena being available.

(e) Grayfeather followed me about, and was aware of every action and thought.

*Replies:—*

(a) This is so intrinsically improbable as to need no denial.

(b) Had this been so, surely I should have seen him in the room of the library! In his normal state he could not read my thoughts.

(c) If this were so, Grayfeather would have been more accurate in his statement about my companions.

(d) I cannot be sure, but I think this is the most reasonable explanation.

(e) Here, again, is a striking improbability; Grayfeather is well acquainted with the second gentleman, who did accompany me on the previous afternoon, and whom, in his talk, he misnamed Dr. Hyslop. The controls of Jonson's cabinet do follow the sitters about the country and meet them at other séances, making themselves known by speech; but we were not aware of Grayfeather's presence at the other medium's house on the previous day. Had he been present, he would not have made the mistake in the names.

My guide, Iola, saw and heard everything at the séance of the previous afternoon; she was much in evidence. She was most probably at the library with me in the morning, and, when she came to the Jonsons, told Grayfeather all about it, to assist him to give a test, not having sufficient strength herself to use the direct voice. This particular materialisation séance at Jonson's was a complete failure.

January 16, 1909. With the Jonsons. 2.15 to 4.15 p.m. Circle composed of the same sitters as on the 14th. Atmospheric conditions not good; it was snowing heavily most of the time, and there were six inches of snow on the pavements before we got to the house.

In some respects this séance was better than that of January 6, for more forms appeared; but I did not like it so much, as the light allowed by the spirits in the cabinet was much less (no doubt on account of the inferior conditions). About twenty-five separate personalities manifested; counting the repetitions, there were over forty materialisations or etherealisations. For my part, I only saw the faces of two

clearly enough for recognition. These were Viola and Edna, the nun. Viola is a very lively girl of eighteen or nineteen, with long streaming hair; she touched my hand with hers. Edna came out four or five times, and gave me opportunities to see her face, dress, and cross quite plainly; Iola brought my father and mother. On one occasion I went to the entrance of the cabinet, and saw two forms together, which I soon discovered were my parents, and the small form of Iola behind them.

Cleopatra manifested. This afternoon she was about 5 ft. 9 in. in height, and not so big as on the first occasion. She clearly said that she was the Egyptian Queen, and was glad to come to me, and that she intended to accompany me "West." Around her forehead was the same silver band or crown, and she had the same majestic mien.

One word of explanation here. I consulted with my friends in this small private circle as to their interpretation of the term "identification." "Do you mean," I asked, "that you recognise your friends every time by their features?" The reply, in effect, was: "No, we identify them by their general appearance; we cannot always see the face distinctly enough to be able to say that it is our friend. We sometimes see the features, but not every time. Each spirit form has its own individual actions of arms and hands. Some put their hands above their heads; some cross their arms; others have a particular dress. Once assumed, those idiosyncrasies are exhibited on every occasion that they appear; but the forms vary in height according to conditions." Mr. Yaryan, upon whose experience I place great value, though I never sat with him at the Jonsons, attached large importance



to this. He said: "The forms that manifest to a sitter each have a peculiar gait and movement of the limbs. If the conditions are not good, you may not see features plainly enough to identify your friend by looking on his or her face; but you know them by their distinctive movements, dress, and carriage. Is it conceivable that Jonson can produce enough confederates to imitate these features at every séance? Hundreds of people sit with him in a year. Think what an organisation this would mean, even if he were cognisant of what is going on, which he is not: he is in trance. Could he produce the appropriate dress or the appropriate action when neither he nor his wife know who are coming or where they may seat themselves? Putting on one side for the moment the precautions we take by searching the cabinet and the premises, how can we account for the unerring certainty with which the proper form, dress, and movements are manifested to each member of the circle? To me, this is one of the chief proofs of the genuineness of the Jonsons. The expense, and the difficulty of finding the histrionic capacity in the neighbourhood, forbid such an explanation of the supernormal phenomena that take place at these séances. The expense alone would prohibit such an idea; for it could be of no interest to the mediums if three-quarters of their takings were swallowed up in the payments of confederates and properties."

I am entirely in agreement with what Mr. Yaryan says. *Such deception would not pay.* If an average of the whole year is taken, the Jonsons cannot be making more than ten dollars a week; a confederate would expect at least half a dollar for a séance, and the dresses could not be obtained for any trifling sum.

I have, below, given reasons for my belief that there are no confederates.

(59) But to return to this particular séance. Jonson was outside the cabinet for at least half the time that the materialisations appeared. The gait and movement of the arms of Cleopatra were the same as on the previous occasion. "Jeanie," a Scotch girl, came out on both occasions, dressed in plaid. One of the most interesting incidents in the séance was the re-appearance, after many months, of "Martha," an old maid of the Yaryans', in proper servant's dress, apron, bib, and so forth. Mrs. Yaryan had told me about her the day before; the girl admitted that this was what enabled her to manifest. One of the prettiest sights was to see a little Indian girl called "Oviola," below medium height, skip out into the circle. Of course, I did not know her or Martha; but they were both clearly recognised by the other members of the circle. During this séance I saw several forms dematerialise, two or three outside the cabinet; one male form did it deliberately, to show me how it was accomplished, and Cleopatra dematerialised from feet upwards.

The next morning, Sunday, January 17, I went to Chicago, and returned to Toledo on January 24.

On Monday, January 25, 1909. I sat with Mrs. Jonson alone in the cabinet, 2 to 2.45 p.m. She was not well, having been up all night nursing a grandson who was dangerously ill.

(60) There was one attempt at etherealisation by my father. Viola came first to talk to "Uncle Moore." All the spirits used the trumpet, except "Crotcho" (or Crooked Stick), an Indian girl, who spoke through

Mrs. Jonson. My father and mother spoke, and Iola. My father said: "W., don't worry about that question of identity. Proofs will come when you are least thinking of them." (This was an allusion to my attempting to identify Iola, at the Bangs Sisters', a few days before, by a series of twenty-three written questions, only some of which were answered. I was not thinking of this at the time.) Iola said: "We shall get on better now that you have lost your doubts." (After seeing a certain picture precipitated at the Bangs', I had given up all doubt as to her identity.) When I asked Iola if my picture had started from Chicago, she said: "It is all right; when you get it you will be pleased. I have prepared a surprise for you." (It had been settled at Chicago that one of my pictures should be sent to me at Toledo. It arrived on the Wednesday, January 27. When I examined it, I found an inscription in one corner. There was no writing on it when I left Chicago. This is a remarkable incident. Remember, I only left Chicago on Sunday, the day previous to the sitting with Mrs. Jonson.) Iola, who spoke without trumpet, also said: "Next séance I will come first, when the power is strongest."

It was during this cabinet sitting that Hypatia first manifested to me. She has come to my friend Mr. H. C. Hodges, at Detroit, several times, and given her history, every detail of which was found to be correct. I presume that our conversation about her a fortnight before was the means of her making herself known to me.

Crotcho controlled Mrs. Jonson at the end of the sitting, and spoke for quite five minutes through her mouth. Edna, the nun, spoke to me in the direct

voice, without using the trumpet. Viola, when she came a second time, said: "Iola says that when the picture comes to you, watch the eye; it will follow you about." (This is curious. It does happen in one full-face picture precipitated in the presence of the Bangs Sisters; both eyes follow the observer all over the room. But the picture then expected to arrive at Toledo was a profile, and nothing of the sort takes place.)

Mrs. Jonson held my hands most of the time (obviously to show she was not touching the trumpet), and sometimes put my hand to her mouth while spirits were talking (to show she had no part in the production of the voices).

(61) The next time I visited the Jonsons was on January 29, 1.50 to 3.10 p.m., when I had a materialisation séance with them alone. It was an interesting experiment, and I was much surprised that it was so successful. Jonson passed into the trance state in about ten minutes. In less than five minutes later Iola rose slowly out of the floor in front of me, outside the cabinet, and passed in between the curtains, thus keeping her promise of January 25. I went to the opening with Mrs. Jonson, who invariably accompanies a sitter (to lend additional power to the manifestations), and asked the spirit, "Did you make that inscription on the picture?" A whisper came, "With the help of others." My guide then sank into the floor.

Viola appeared three times. She came close up to me, four feet outside the cabinet, twice, and I was able to see her fairly well, better than I did Iola. Towards the end of the séance, while Mrs. Jonson was trying

to discover the name of a man who had appeared at the opening of the cabinet, Viola sprang out of the floor four feet behind her, and, gliding up to her silently, passed between her and the curtain into the cabinet.

Then came an etherealisation of a man in silver robes. (The room was darkened for this, the cover of the lamp being drawn down from within the cabinet, and the curtains drawn back.) Grayfeather, who had not previously spoken much, said that this spirit had met me before on the other side of the "great pond," and that his name was Abdullah. I presume this was the Abdullah of Craddock's band. He salaamed several times, but did not speak.

The next materialisation was that of Cleopatra, who emerged from the cabinet with her accustomed crown and gestures, but only 5 ft. 3 in. or 5 ft. 4 in. in height. (I account for this by want of power, owing to my being the only sitter.) She said she would guard her picture (see Chapter VII.), and reappeared twice.

Cleopatra was followed by Hypatia, who came three times. She gave her name, and walked (or glided) up and down the room two feet outside the cabinet. Her face was that of a handsome woman, with much hair, and the movements of the figure were graceful. She could not talk much. I said: "If I go to Chicago again, will you help to precipitate your portrait?" The answer was, "With great pleasure." There was nothing in the face (nor that of Cleopatra) that suggested a mortal being. I do not know why, but Mrs. Jonson was delighted at the appearance of Hypatia.

Hypatia brought an old friend of mine on her third

appearance. I thought I knew who it was by his general appearance (possibly telepathy was at work), and asked, "Are you an English naval officer?" The head was bowed, and he twice put his hand to his forehead, indicating the disease from which he passed out. (This brother officer died insane some six years before.) I asked, "Are you happy?" The head was bowed vehemently. Both figures were clearly seen together.

My father and mother materialised. In these there was no possibility of error. My father had a nose like the Iron Duke, and I saw him in good light three feet outside the cabinet; his prominent feature was clearly distinguishable. Three men came out whom I did not know; one was said to be Mr. Marshall Fields, a wealthy merchant of Chicago; but, as I never knew him, nor heard of him before this evening, I cannot answer for his identity.

The poor little waif, "Kitty," who died some years ago in New York of cold and starvation, and who is often heard, but seldom seen, at Jonson's séances, manifested on this occasion. She was more substantial-looking than any other figure, and came out twice to me where I sat in my chair, four feet from the cabinet. Once she went round behind Mrs. Jonson, who was sitting on my right, and stood behind the chairs, patting me on the head several times. This girl has been known to Jonson's sitters for some six years; she always appears in the same dress and the same size, and invariably manifests the same characteristics. Flashlight photographs have been taken of her. I have one in my possession taken three years before, and I can affirm that it is the same child I saw on this evening. So natural and human is this

picture that I must confess I thought, when first it was lent to me in England, it was a fraud. Having seen the materialised form, I no longer have any doubt as to its genuineness. Kitty must now be, speaking in earthly terms, twenty or twenty-one years of age; but she appears as a little girl of, say, thirteen, with short frock, stockings down at heel, and no shoes. Is it possible that she is allowed to manifest constantly at the age at which she died to prove the fidelity of these mediums?

Grayfeather took the medium into the cabinet after Cleopatra had shown herself. While I was talking to Iola, Jonson stood up. I touched him with my left arm while I was facing the spirit.

The light was sufficient to read a white-faced watch, except during the appearance of Abdullah. The weather conditions were bad. Snow was falling, and melted as it fell; it was damp and miserable. I was much impressed with the evidence of spirit power shown on this afternoon. The atmospheric conditions were detestable; there was only one sitter; only three human beings in the room; and yet evidence was produced of such a kind that its genuineness was indisputable. It corroborated the evidence of the first materialisation séance, when there were five sitters, and it was not far inferior to that sitting in richness of phenomena.

(62) On January 30, 1909, 2 to 3 p.m., I sat with Mrs. Jonson in the cabinet. Jonson asked me if he might also sit. He had never seen one of his wife's séances, and would like to do so; but if I had the slightest objection to investigating under such conditions he would rather not be there. I assented

willingly. Directly we sat down he was entranced by Grayfeather, and remained in trance all the sitting, so the object of his coming was frustrated; but his presence probably gave additional strength to the manifestations.

Viola came first, and talked without the aid of the trumpet. After this a brilliantly illuminated robe or shawl rose slowly from the floor. Grayfeather made Jonson put both his hands into mine while this manifestation was in progress; Mrs. Jonson also joined her hands with ours. It was evident that neither Jonson nor his wife had anything to do with it. The robe, or shawl, was covered with flowers worked into it—roses, lilies, and, I think, lotuses and narcissi. It was over two feet from me, and I was unable to make out the design accurately. After remaining suspended in the air a minute or two it descended into the floor. I do not know what was the significance of this phenomenon. Tim, one of the habitués of the cabinet, who came to speak later, said he thought it was an effort on the part of Cleopatra to show part of a dress she had worn in earth-life.

Iola came strong, using the trumpet. We had a chat about the pictures precipitated at the Bangs Sisters, Chicago (see Chapter VII.). She said the head is represented in the pictures as it is now, but the dress is only to assist in identification. Before leaving she told me “we shall get on much better now your doubt is gone.”

Both Iola and Cleopatra assured me two or three times that the pictures would be all right. It seemed to me extremely improbable that they would arrive at their destination in England unhurt. As a matter



of fact, however, they did; the frames of two were damaged and three glasses were broken, but not one of the six pictures sustained the smallest injury. During this sitting Iola assured me that she had put an inscription on one of the pictures then on its way to England. This also was true, as I found when I arrived at Southsea two months later. There was not a sign of writing on this portrait when I left it at Chicago.

Cleopatra spoke with the assistance of the trumpet, and Hypatia without it. The latter asked me to tell Mr. Hodges that I had seen her materialise. Viola came a second time, and said: "There were two people here trying to speak at the same time. I told them it was rude."

Kitty spoke strongly and plainly. I said: "How do you like it over there, Kitty?"

A.: "I am as happy as the day is long."

Q.: "Do you go to school?"

A.: "Yes."

Q.: "Who is your teacher?"

A.: "Her name is Angelina. She is very, very pretty. We learn all that is learnt here and a lot besides."

Q.: "Have you your father and mother with you?"

A.: "I live with my mother. I don't want my father; I don't know if he is over this side. He was bad to mother. When she was doing the washing he come home and take it away from her; and he go and get drunk."

Mrs. Jonson: "Now, Kitty, you must try and forget all that and reach out to help your father."

A.: "Well, I know nothing about my father, and don't want to see him."

Kitty then went on talking like Viola, without the assistance of the trumpet, in the most natural way for some minutes; when she used a slang expression Mrs. Jonson pulled her up. Once she quite aptly used the word "exclusive," for which she was duly praised. She said: "Uncle Moore, my age when I came here was thirteen fifty (thirteen and a half); I am now over twenty; and do you know when I come here I feel just as I was, thirteen fifty? Can you explain that?"

Admiral Moore: "No, I cannot, Kitty; but why don't you pull your stockings up?"

A.: "Because I ain't got no garters."

Q.: "Don't you wear shoes?"

A.: "No, I don't want to wear shoes; but I must go now, as others want to come."

My mother spoke a little, and then came McBlin, the engineer, who announced himself by the snorts of the locomotive, admirably done through the trumpet. As soon as the engine had, so to speak, arrived, he said he was glad to see me, that he was an engineer who had been drowned in Lake Superior some years ago.

Q.: "What are you doing now?"

A.: "Oh! We have shops over there; I am doing much the same sort of work."

Q.: "But what shall I do when my time comes to pass over? I am a sailor. You have got no sea."

A.: "Have you ever been over here?" I answered "No."

McBlin: "Well, how do you know? I tell you, there is a replica (*sic*) of everything on earth." After a few more words, the engine started again, "Puff, puff..... puff, puff, puff!" The snorts became fainter and

fainter, conveying an excellent idea of increasing distance, and he was gone.

Before she finally left, Viola said: "Uncle Moore, when you come on Monday you see I startle Ande Z." I said: "You must not do anything to frighten her."

A.: "No, I won't hurt her; but I make her jump." (I hope Mrs. Z. will forgive me for not telling her of this amiable project, but the temptation was too great to see what was going to happen.)

The musical-box was suspended in the air, and moved round over our heads playing a tune.

#### THE FAREWELL SÉANCE.

Monday, February 1, 1909. 2.40 to 4.20 p.m. Atmospheric conditions good. It was freezing; dry, frozen snow underfoot. Sky very black to the westward, where it was probably snowing, but no snow at Toledo.

(63) The light was regulated as before by drawing up and down the shutter of the lamp in a corner of the room by strings which led into the cabinet. Jonson sat outside till after four materialised forms had appeared, when Grayfeather took him inside. It was given out in the course of the afternoon that this was my "Good-bye," and that the band were making exertions for me. The circle was composed of the same kind friends as attended my first materialisation séance with the Jonsons.

Nineteen separate spirits manifested. Some of them reappeared twice or three times, one four times. I estimated that over forty forms actually appeared during the séance. Including the repetitions, ten were for me. Iola came first. I saw her profile plainly; the right eye was closed. She talked a little

in whispers, saying she was "going with me." It was a good representation, the face a good likeness, and the height and dimensions of the figure were correct. She stopped at the entrance of the cabinet rather too long, and dematerialised in an unnatural manner. During this séance I saw several spirits dematerialise; some descended into the floor slowly and, so to speak, naturally; it was possible to follow their heads with the eye until the shoulders were level with the carpet. Others doubled up before they dissipated, and a few fell over on one side.

My father and mother came together, the former wearing spectacles. Behind them I could detect a third form, of the right height and size of Iola; but, as she was in the shadow of the cabinet, I was not able, on this second appearance, to see the features. Hypatia and Cleopatra both materialised, and Edna, the nun, came four times.

Viola carried out her threat of Saturday. She was the seventh form that appeared. I heard an exclamation of surprise on my left from Mrs. Z., and there was the spirit, with the long hair, standing in front of her. She had sprung up from the floor outside the cabinet. One old relative appeared to me, whom I recognised. I kissed her, as I would when she was in earth life, and she returned it; but the effort was too much for her, and she fell over on her side and vanished.

Abdullah came as an etherealisation, just as he did on a previous occasion when I sat alone.

One spirit materialised who was familiar to the other members of the circle, but not to me. This was "the chemist doctor." Mr. Z. and I interviewed him at the entrance of the cabinet. He told me he

had done his best to assist Lola to come in good form. I assured him she had come better this evening than on any previous occasion.

There were two failures in materialisation. The figure of a woman tried to build up outside the cabinet, but collapsed before it was completed; and there was one brilliant etherealisation outside that fell and dissipated after rising two feet.

The *habitué*, "Tim" O'Brien, talked for some minutes. He repeated what many other spirits have said to me at various times, that it is not possible to tell us much of the other side, or of the motives which govern the actions of spirits. I have been repeatedly assured that it is of great benefit to people in the next state to communicate with mortals; everyone who has investigated must have noticed that they seem positively grateful for the opportunity. I asked Tim: "How can it do any good to spirits to come to us?"

A.: "It does. Every good action benefits a spirit."

Q.: "But take the case of Hypatia, for instance. She has been in spirit life for fifteen hundred years, and is in a high sphere. How can it possibly do her any good to return and visit me?"

A.: "It does. You can hardly understand all these things until you come over."

As the séance closed Grayfeather was quite pathetic: "I want to speak to big chief who go back across the great pond. I hope he soon come back, and may all good spirits go with him"; and more of the same sort.

It is hardly necessary for me to say that the Jonsons have been accused of fraud, like all other professional psychics, good, bad, and indifferent. I have never

heard of any instance where a definite charge has been brought against them and proved. All I know of are the usual slanders by other competing mediums, by well-intentioned friends of the sitters, and writings private and public, by authors of the arm-chair type. These latter are quite safe; they know they will not be prosecuted for libel, as both in America and England no psychic would be able, in the hostile influences of a court, to prove that he possessed the power that constituted the whole question under consideration. His gift, such as it is, is only exhibited under favourable conditions. Any cowardly ink-slinger can assail any medium with impunity.

As Jonson sits outside his cabinet for a part of every séance, and his wife scarcely ever goes near him, the only question that can be raised by the most rabid sceptic is that of several confederates at each séance. I consider that this may be ignored, for the following reasons:—

(a) They could not enter from below or from outside the house without observation, nor could they come by the staircase without passing the members of the circle; in cases when the sitters were over nine in number, they would have to go *through* the circle.

(b) With the exception of Kitty, who appeared to me to be almost as solid as life, and has manifested nearly the same size for seven years, not one of the materialisations at Jonson's séances looked mortal. The faces were not unpleasing; but the features, expression, and colour were distinctly "uncanny." Nor were the forms, in my judgment, substantial. I came away with the fixed impression that there was, in these forms, a foundation of attenuated matter, and that any part could be caused by the spirit to solidify,

on the instant, such as face or hands; but that, if I had suddenly put out my hand, it would have gone through almost any form that came to me without my being sensible of an obstacle. In one case, as I have related, I touched a face; the temperature was normal, and the cheek as soft as velvet.

During the time I was sitting with the Jonsons I met at my hotel one of the Vice-Presidents of the Society for Psychical Research, who informed me that two members of the Council had actually become convinced, through the mediumship of Eusapia Palladino, that the phenomena of telekinesis and materialisation were true! I hope I received this solemn announcement with the respect and gravity so momentous a statement demanded.

On the morning of January 13, during my first visit to Toledo, my friend Mr. Z. made an appointment with a Mrs. Alexander, 719 Superior Street, Toledo, for two people (himself and another) to visit her at 3 p.m. He did not give his own name, nor mine. At 2.30 he kindly called for me in his brougham. Mr. Yaryan was with me when he arrived. Between us we persuaded Mr. Yaryan to put off an engagement and accompany us to this new medium. We got to the house at 2.45, and sat from 3 to 5 p.m.

(64) It must be clearly understood that Mrs. Alexander had never set eyes on two of us, and only once, for a few moments, had she seen Mr. Z. She was ignorant of our names.

Great was our astonishment, therefore, when Viola and Kitty etherealised and said in a low voice, "Uncle Yaryan." Tim also came from Jonson's cabinet, and spoke through the trumpet.

The séance was held in pitch darkness, and we were led to expect etherealizations. Including reappearances of the same persons, there were about twenty-five forms seen. The cabinet consisted of a small chamber, which opened into the room where we sat. The psychic sat outside—*i.e.*, in our room. What the use of this cabinet was I could not discover; perhaps, being a smaller room, it was easier to conserve the power.

About fifteen minutes after we sat down in our easy chairs faintly illuminated forms began to appear. They were, as a rule, phantasmal and unsatisfactory; but they spoke through the trumpet, and occasionally without it. The interest of this sitting lay in one or two incidents illustrative of the difficulty of establishing identity when the sitter and spirit are both very eager to communicate, and the supernormal knowledge displayed through a medium to whom her visitors were complete strangers.

I have already alluded to the visits of certain *habitués* of Jonson's cabinet, who greeted Mr. Yaryan by his name (an unusual one, we must admit). A woman with a baby in her arms came to Mr. Yaryan. The latter put his hand upon what seemed to him the head of the infant. He could not, at first, recall any friend or acquaintance who had died in child-birth, or under circumstances which demanded a knowledge conveying an association of a mother and her newly-born child. Later, however, he remembered a lady who died, just before her confinement, of disease in the stomach, and whom it was the privilege of Mrs. Yaryan to help materially in some neighbourly way. A man also came to him. He had a strong feeling of intuition as to the identity, but demanded



his name. No answer. Again the question was asked, "What is your name?" The phantom gasped out, "Can't give it now." Our attention was then diverted by other phantasms, and the anxiety for the name was in abeyance. Nearly half an hour elapsed, when suddenly there was a hoarse shout from the ceiling of the room, "I'm Lee." This was the name of Mr. Yaryan's deceased brother, whose form he thought he had seen. The medium also gave a description of the spirit, which tallied with his appearance in earth-life.

I have not been able to account, normally, for this incident. It was impossible that Mrs. Alexander could have known Mr. Yaryan or his brother. The anxiety of the brothers to communicate caused a positive condition at first, and prevented the spirit from answering the question. When Mr. Yaryan became passive, merely attending to other sitters' concerns, his brother gathered sufficient power to pronounce his own Christian name. Throughout this volume other instances of this paralysis on the part of the spirits are recorded, from the same cause. So often has it happened in my investigations in England and America that I now accept the following as a law: Identity is never revealed at a time when both sitter and spirit are eager to communicate. One, at any rate, must be in a passive condition.

During this séance Iola and my mother made themselves known; they came together once, and separately several times, communicating by whispers. Iola brought some narcissi; the pungent perfume was distinctly smelt in the room.

Towards the end of the séance Mrs. Alexander's familiar spirit, "Whitesnow," took control. I shall not easily forget the inimitable chuckle of this little

Indian maiden. One of the last things she said was, "I hope you not going to make this house hot for my medium."

Q.: "What do you mean, Whitesnow?"

A.: "Well, I guess you make houses hot; but we no want you heat this house."

I can only presume that this was an allusion to one of the many inventions of Mr. Yaryan, who has been the means of heating some twenty-five cities in the United States by the central system.

Both the American gentlemen remarked with emphasis upon the decided difference of accent in the utterances of the American and English spirits. I have noticed elsewhere this curious fact; it is good evidence of the genuineness of the proceedings. I do not pause to inquire which is the purer English—that spoken in Ohio and Michigan, or that spoken in the south of England. Sufficient for me that it is widely different; for the purpose I had in view it was highly significant and useful.

#### A NEW PSYCHIC IN TOLEDO, OHIO.

In Toledo, Ohio, there is a psychic, a young lady at the time of my visit nineteen years of age, in whose presence remarkable manifestations occur. Her name is Miss Ada Besinnet, and she is the adopted daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Murray Moore, then living at 2617 Glenwood Avenue. So far she had only sat in private for her friends, and was in no sense a professional medium.

Investigators may be roughly divided into two classes: first, those who believe a psychic to be guilty of conscious or unconscious fraud, until they prove her to be innocent; second, those who believe

her to be innocent, until they detect her in fraud. Supposing other things to be equal—observation, acuteness, and so forth—it is the latter class that will arrive earlier at the truth; for their mental attitude greatly assists the phenomena. When I reflect how ignorant the wisest are, how limited are our senses; how, to begin with, we do not know the significance of more than one-eighth of the sun's rays, I cannot understand the point of view of the former class. Miss Besinnet is just one of those psychics who will bring the two classes into fierce conflict. It is to be hoped that through her mediumship many outstanding problems will be solved.

I had the good fortune to sit with her twice; the first time by the kind invitation of Mr. and Mrs. Yaryan in their house, in company with seven of their relatives and friends; the second time in her own home, when the only other sitter was Mrs. Murray Moore. On both occasions the atmospheric conditions were fairly good.

(65) First sitting, January 5, 1909—8.10 to 11.50 p.m. We sat in the dark round an oblong oak table that weighs from one hundred and fifty to one hundred and sixty pounds. Directly the light was put out the psychic went into trance. The phenomena consisted of singing and whistling in accompaniment to a graphophone; playing of tambourine, triangle, and bells in accompaniment to graphophone; voices through trumpet, touchings of hands and heads of sitters, violent movements of the table, lashing the medium, and spirit lights.

I sat on the medium's right, and my left hand was either lashed to hers or resting upon it the whole evening. Placed upon the table, before the séance

began, were a long, soft piece of rope, a tambourine, a tube or trumpet, a bell and triangle. The manifestations lagged at first, and it took us the best part of an hour to find out that the control ("Dan") was dissatisfied with the arrangements. Finally, we discovered, through Mrs. Moore, that he wanted the graphophone brought close up to the table, which would effectively separate her from the psychic. This was done; other small changes among the circle took place, and the real business of the evening commenced about 9 o'clock.

Songs were given through the graphophone, and voices from above joined in the singing; then whistling of the most striking character. It appeared to come from a distance of some feet above the table, and, though I was on the alert, it did not once occur to me that the sounds issued from the mouth of my neighbour, or near it. Her hand was motionless, and occasionally her head fell upon the table, and remained there for many minutes. The whistler never stopped to take breath, but went on for long periods without a pause, pouring forth the most melodious notes with a power which, I am of opinion, no mortal can possess. Between times a tambourine was played, and the bell and triangle accompanied the music. By-and-by I found my left wrist being lashed to the right wrist of the psychic; a few minutes elapsed, and we were told by Mrs. Moore (who is impressed what action to take) that the red lamp behind me might be lit. On this being done, we found Miss Ada lashed to the back and sides of her chair, her left wrist lashed to her waist, a handkerchief bound tightly over her mouth, and her right wrist bound to my left. On the light being extinguished, singing and whistling recommenced,

accompanying the graphophone. After each song the psychic was impelled to raise my left hand and place it on the bandage over her mouth; then on to the hand lashed to her waist, apparently to prove that she could not have participated in any phase of the previous manifestation.

About three-quarters of an hour elapsed when I felt that the lashing round my wrist was being untied; I estimate that the psychic and I were freed in about ten minutes. Red light was again allowed for the members of the circle to inspect, and assure themselves that the rope had been removed. When the light was extinguished, songs, with their spirit accompaniment, recommenced, also the tambourine. I seized the latter with my disengaged right hand, and held on to it with all the strength I could muster; it was wrenched away with a sudden twist. I then took my left hand off the psychic's right, and tried to hold on to the tambourine with both hands, but without success. In both cases my antagonist pulled from my left and upwards. It was then, and is now, my conviction that the fragile girl sitting next to me at an oblong table could not exert the force of a strong man from such a direction.

There were also, during the latter part of this séance, some violent movements of the table sideways and upwards. One end, four feet from the psychic, twice rose several inches from the floor. The heads and hands of the sitters at different parts of the table were touched, and voices whispered through the tube. A firm, masculine hand was placed on my left hand several times during the evening, pressing it down on the right hand of the psychic. For some considerable time little lights

issued from the body of Miss Besinnet and, in a lesser degree, from me, dying away between six inches and a foot from where they originated; the psychic's head was also partially illuminated.

At 11.50 the séance was brought to a close by the general desire of the circle; if we had waited for the controls to close it, my impression is they would have gone on for another hour or more. The young lady came out of trance, naturally, in about five minutes, and appeared none the worse for the strain to which her organism had been subjected during the evening.

(66) The second occasion I had the good fortune to sit with Miss Besinnet was, by invitation, at Mrs. Murray Moore's house on January 29, 1909, from 8.30 to 11 p.m. The persons in the room were Mrs. Moore, Miss Besinnet, and myself. In the middle of the room there was a round oak table, weighing quite a hundredweight, and a graphophone in one corner. The usual formalities were gone through of examining windows and doors and pasting paper over the latter. On this paper I signed my name, and noticed that Professor Hyslop's signature was on a similar strip just above; he had been sitting a few days before. The instant I put the lights out the table moved swiftly towards the graphophone, a distance of five or six feet, and it opened in the middle (where a leaf would go) one foot. We moved our chairs along with it. The graphophone was between Mrs. Moore and the psychic. I sat on Miss Ada's right with my left hand on her right. This time there was no delay in the proceedings. The graphophone was started and spirit voices accompanied the songs as before; the whistling began almost immediately, and to one song

there was a tambourine accompaniment. As before, the magnificent whistling was repeated several times, and on this evening, at one time, there were two spirits whistling at the same moment. The quality of the spirit-singing was superior to that on the previous occasion. One song alone was repeated with the spirit accompaniment five times for my edification.

There were some little clouds about the room, of the consistency of cigar smoke, but no etherealizations. Tongues of spirit-light issued from the body of the psychic; they were about one-third of an inch broad at one end, and tapered away for a length of about one and a-half inches, to nothing. I was touched on the head and hand several times.

Writing in fire was attempted, but it was not so successful as usual. This curious phase is one I had never heard of before. Names are traced in the air in front of the sitter in letters of bright light; the effect is not permanent, and the beginning of a letter disappears before the end is completed. It is a phenomenon which has to be followed with very strict attention.

After we had been sitting two hours the violent physical phenomena commenced. The table was twice lifted completely off the floor and swayed backwards and forwards in the air three or four inches above the carpet. Finally, Mrs. Moore was brought by a hand three-quarters of the distance round the table, and stood with her left hand in my right hand while the table was opened and shut twice, discs were changed in the graphophone, and the instrument started and stopped by some unknown agency.

Just as the psychic was coming out of trance, Sankey's refrain, "It is well with my soul," was being

sung for the second or third time that evening. This brought in an unhappy, sobbing spirit, and the machine had to be stopped by Mrs. Moore, as she said these mournful spirits affected her charge injuriously.

I have enjoyed opportunities of discussing with Professor Hyslop the phenomena that occur while Miss Besinnet is in trance; he had sat with her, and I am glad to say we agreed on two points: (a) That she and Mrs. Murray Moore are beyond suspicion as to the honesty of the proceedings; (b) that this young lady will be the means of solving some interesting problems and throwing new light on happenings which some investigators have hitherto considered are due to conscious fraud.

Here, however, we part company. It is no doubt true that the muscles of the psychic's throat have been found to act in unison with the mysterious singing and whistling; it has also been shown (by a flash-light photograph that was once taken with Mrs. Moore's permission) that her disengaged hand has been detected holding a tambourine in the air; but the Professor assumes from this (he has said it on the platform and to me) that, while in trance, *she* does the singing and whistling, and that *she* is the prime cause of every phenomenon, either with or without the aid of extraneous intelligences. To this I give a positive denial. The sympathetic action of the muscles of a medium when physical phenomena are in progress is a known fact. It was affirmed by Italian scientists not long ago in the case of Eusapia; but I assert that Miss Besinnet, with her own physical organs, could not execute the singing or whistling without her neighbour knowing it; could not drag a



heavy table five feet ; could not levitate that table, or open and shut it, without mundane assistance ; could not talk to her neighbour through a tube without his knowing she was doing it ; could not cause lights to issue from her neighbour, nor could she wrest a tambourine out of his hands.

It is no secret that, up to this time, Professor Hyslop has not seen nor heard any reliable evidence that leads him to believe there is any such phenomenon as "materialisation." With such an equipment, how can he give an opinion on physical phenomena ?

I consider that what I heard when sitting with Miss Ada was due to extraneous intelligences. That such were present and active I have abundant evidence for myself. During this interesting sitting of January 29 I received a message from my guide which referred, with startling appropriateness, to a subject that had been in my mind for two days. It was conveyed in a remarkably delicate and tactful manner through the instrumentality of Mrs. Murray Moore, who is a sensitive ; but I make bold to say that that lady does not know what is the significance attached to it. A fortnight later I was sitting with Mrs. Georgia at Rochester, N.Y., when the same spirit unexpectedly manifested through her automatic mirror script, and referred in a neat and unmistakable manner to this séance at Toledo in such a way as to exclude from consideration the overworked theory of "mind-reading." The two ladies at Toledo and Mrs. Georgia know nothing of one another. It is unfortunate that the best evidence for spiritualism is of so private a character that it cannot be published for fear of wounding the susceptibilities of living

people. When I have said all that it is possible to say I shall not have given my most cogent reasons for the belief that is in me.

In Miss Ada Besinnet we have a medium of the highest promise. I hope her friends will not allow her to sit with anyone who has not educated himself up to the point of conviction on the subject of telekinesis and materialisation; for, if they do, I am afraid she will be misunderstood.

## CHAPTER VII.

### THE BANGS SISTERS AT CHICAGO

Reason for visiting the Bangs Sisters—Account by a Canadian gentleman—First interview with May Bangs—She reads letter inside a closed envelope—Cleopatra appears to her clairvoyante vision—First precipitated picture—Picture is found on the further side of the canvas next to the sitter—The psychics receive messages from the spirits by taps on a hard substance—Precipitated writing found inside an envelope gummed, and sealed with wax—Seal not tampered with—May Bangs does not touch the letter or slates after they are bound together—Instances of passage of matter through matter—Profile of Lola—Close resemblance to photograph in my pocket—Use my own slates, rubber bands, and ink for letters—Citrate of lithia mixed with the ink—Replies written with the same ink—Letter from a spirit purporting to be Cleopatra—Picture of Cleopatra—Various other letters and pictures—Letters under stretched frames, with ink in sight—Diminution of ink in the pot—Essence extracted from the ink—Dematerialisation of flowers—One bottle of ink used up in the precipitation of one letter—Flowers transferred into a closed envelope—Excitement and loss of self-control of May Bangs—Pictures for backwoodsmen from Oregon—Much discussion with reference to phenomena that occur in presence of the Bangs Sisters—Theory of fraud—Reasons why theory cannot be accepted—How the pictures are probably produced—Trials with Mr. William Marriott, the conjurer—Bangs not always successful.

ONE of the principal reasons for my visiting the United States was to see a phenomenon described to me in the following letter, dated October 19, 1908, by a gentleman of considerable position and influence in Canada :—

Our next experience was at Chicago, with the Bangs Sisters, of whom we had heard both good and evil reports. We were, in consequence, specially on the

alert. I will leave you to judge of what we obtained there. We were told by friends who had visited them to write our questions before going to the house, and place them, with a number of blank sheets of stamped or initialed paper, inside an envelope gummed and sealed. This we did, using paper from a Toledo hotel that was decorated with a gilt monogram. We reached Chicago early on the following morning. At nine o'clock we had found the Bangs's residence, and secured an immediate séance, before the arrival of their numerous clients. We sat with Miss May Bangs. To this day she is ignorant of our names or where we came from; nor had she any inkling of our visit or its purpose. We accompanied her, each in turn, into a comfortable little boudoir on the sunny side of the house, looking out on a bit of lawn; the only window remained open. In the centre of the room was a table, four feet square, covered with a woollen cloth. The medium sat opposite to me, about a foot or more from the table; the only object on the table was an open inkstand. I said I had brought with me some questions in a sealed envelope, and hoped to obtain replies through her mediumship. She said, "We will try." She then fetched a pair of hinged slates, the frames of which were covered with dark cloth, gave them to me, and resumed her seat, saying: "Place your letter between the slates, close them, and secure them with these stout rubber bands; lay the slates on the table, in front of you, and place both hands flat on top of them."

The medium's instructions having been carried out, we engaged in general conversation. Three times she interrupted the talk to ask, "Is this name or place correctly spelt?" (foreign names mentioned in my questions), showing that some knowledge of what I had written was reaching her. If I assented, or made

a slight correction, she would write on a pad resting on her knee; then resumed our conversation where it had dropped.

About half-an-hour was thus spent, when three distinct raps were heard and felt by me, proceeding, apparently, from the centre of the table. Miss Bangs then said: "The séance is over; you have obtained what you are to get; you may open your envelope now or later." I opened the hinged slates, found the envelope as I had placed it, untouched and still sealed, thanked the lady, and left the room, when my brother passed in for his turn.

While waiting for my brother, in the adjoining room, I slit open the end of my envelope with my penknife, and found, besides my questions, nine and a-half pages of the blank paper covered with writing in ink, as if with a steel pen, duly numbered, and written at the instance of the spirit friend to whom I had addressed four out of five questions, and signed in full. The replies were categorical, giving or confirming information of great value to me personally; referring to facts and happenings of forty years ago, which the spirit and I alone were aware of; and adding the names of individuals whom I had not named in my questions, but whom we both knew in the past, and who had participated in the events referred to by me.

The reply to the fifth and last question was in the form of greetings from spirit friends who were known to me when they were in earth life, and now come to me as so-called "guides."

When one writes rapidly a blotter is necessary at the turnover to a new page; this, apparently, was not required by the spirit writer, for the ink is the same depth of black at the foot as at the top of the pages. The handwriting of the last message (and each

signature at the bottom of it) differs from that which contained replies to my first four questions.

It is not claimed that this writing is done by spirit friends themselves, but, at their dictation, by the medium's control, who has become expert in this form of manifestation.

Can telepathy account for these replies? Can it explain the transfer of the ink from the bottle on the table to the folded blank pages within the sealed envelope between the slates under my hands? It would take a very fast writer at least an hour and a-quarter to write what the spirit performed in half-an-hour, and this is leaving out of consideration the deliberation required for penning the involved replies to my questions. I regret that they are of such a personal nature that I cannot even send you extracts.

My brother's replies covered about thirteen pages; among them were three signed notes from three different spirit friends who had come to him in my house here, or at Detroit, and at the Jonsons', in Toledo.

On the way up from New York I had heard a great deal of evil about the Bangs Sisters; and I had also seen five of the pictures done, as their owners told me, in their presence, within three feet of them, by invisible agency, and through the mediumship of these women, whose only participation in the production was that they held the canvases. I wished to make a thorough test of both letters and pictures. Many people in London were much interested in the Canadian gentleman's account. It had been the theme of discussion, and I was determined not to return to England without making the best attempt I could to solve the mystery.

I arrived at Chicago on the afternoon of Sunday,

January 17, 1909, and called upon the Bangs Sisters by appointment at 6 p.m., ostensibly for the purpose of arranging sittings for the week. I persuaded May Bangs, however, to sit with me that evening for a letter. In anticipation of her consent, I had brought one in my pocket. She showed me into a small room some 12 ft. by 8 ft., and produced two slates, between which I placed my letter. We sat at a small oak table, which measured 3 ft. 8 in. by 2 ft. 4 in., covered with a green cloth that did not extend anywhere beyond the top. May Bangs pinched one end of the two slates together while I secured them with four rubber bands, two one way and two the other. My letter was written to my guide, Iola, and inside the envelope I had enclosed four blank sheets of Secor Hotel (Toledo) paper for the expected reply. This paper was all marked with a private mark; the envelope was closed with a two-cent postage stamp.

Upon the slates, now in my hands, she put a small pot of ink, and over that a piece of "bristol-board" very slightly larger than the slates. She then said (as if impressed with some doubt): "Have you addressed this spirit, to whom you are writing, by a definite name?" "No," I replied. "Then please write the name on a piece of paper and put it on top of the slates." This I did without her being able to see what I was writing; the paper was doubled and placed my side of the pot of ink under the bristol-board. She now began to see clairvoyantly, and described the form of a young lady whom I recognised as Iola, bringing two old people whom I gathered from her talk to be my father and mother. She also saw two young men (probably my brothers in spirit life).

She now began, sentence by sentence, to give me the exact questions in my letter. Presently she said: "Is this the name?" and handed me, from the pad she held, a piece of paper upon which was written quite plainly the Christian and surname of Iola when in earth life, the same name I had written on the piece of paper now on the slates close under my hand. She also said: "Your paper with the name has gone in between the slates."

All this time May Bangs was sitting one foot away from the table on the opposite side to me, with a writing-pad and pencil in her hands, which were two feet from the slates. The gas was burning brightly.

Three-quarters of an hour had passed from the time of our sitting down, when three taps on the slates announced that the reply was finished. I took off the bristol-board and found my piece of paper gone. When I opened the slates I found the paper *inside* by the letter. The latter was slit open from the top, and four pages of reply were found inside. I examined it, and found that it was the same paper I had put in at the Toledo hotel with my private mark on it.

The letter of reply contained private messages which I am unable to make public. It was signed correctly, and answered nearly all my questions.

During the sitting May Bangs saw the form of some Eastern queen surrounded by attendants. It was obviously Cleopatra, who came to redeem her promise given the day before at Toledo.

January 18, 1909, 11 to 12.30. Atmospheric conditions good. A slight thaw underfoot, but the air dry.



(67) I asked for a picture to be precipitated of my guide "as she is now in spirit life." Inside my waistcoat I had a pocket, used for dollar bills, into which I put two full-faced photographs (*cartes-de-visite*) of Iola. One was taken in 1857, the other in 1867. Two thin canvases stretched on wooden frames and covered with thin paper were placed face to face and held up in the window. The blind was drawn to the top of the canvases, and curtains were hung up in my presence on either side. The window has a southern aspect, and the light coming through the two semi-transparent canvases is sufficient for the purposes of taking notes and seeing everything that goes on. The small oak table was lengthways in the window; the bottom of the canvases rests upon it. May Bangs sat on my right side, facing me, and pinching together with her right hand one side of the canvases; Lizzie Bangs on my left side, facing me, and pinching together the other side of the canvases with her left hand. I faced the middle of the canvases, my nose being between two feet and two feet six inches from them. We had to wait some time. After a few minutes the canvas assumed various hues, rosy, blue, and brown; it would become dark and light independently of the sun being clouded or not.

Dim outlines of faces occasionally appeared in different parts of the canvas. When we had been sitting about twenty-five minutes May Bangs got up from her seat and said: "Hold on to this, please; I want to get something for my sister's cold." I then took her place, pinching the canvases together with my right hand. In five minutes or so she returned with a small bottle for her sister to sniff, and we

resumed our original seats. We had been sitting forty minutes when the right and left edges of the canvas began to darken, and the face and bust suddenly appeared. It was finished in thirty-five minutes—*i.e.*, one hour and fifteen minutes from the time we first sat down. On separating the two canvases, it was found that the picture was on the further side of the one nearest to me, and the material was quite damp; the other canvas, which had been pressing against it all the time, was unsoiled. The stuff comes off on the finger, a smutty, oily substance. This must be remembered, as it negatives the supposition that chalks or pastels only are used.

The actual picture, therefore, took thirty-five minutes to precipitate. It is richer in tone now than it was when put on a sofa after the sitting, but in other respects just the same. The likeness to the *cartes-de-visite* in my dollar-pocket is not remarkable, but there are points about it which show that the invisible workers had access to these photographs.

We now wanted to find out which one of the other photographs in my possession it was the wish of my guide I should bring on the 20th, the day appointed for my next picture. Without the psychics seeing them, I laid out five under the cover of a card, face downwards. May Bangs said: "Not the little one" (there was one taken at a very early age). "The one nearest to me is a profile picture." (Correct.) "She rather objects to the old-fashioned style of the hair, but selects that as she sees you like it best." (Correct.)

During the sitting we communicated occasionally with the spirits by raps. I understood that the invisibles used the Morse code.

(68) January 19, 1909. 10 to 12 (noon). Atmospheric conditions good. I took to the Bangs Sisters a letter containing two sheets (four pages) of questions. In the envelope I put in four blank sheets of hotel paper marked with a private mark. The envelope which contained these six sheets was gummed and sealed with my signet-ring. I had written twenty-three questions to my guide. I was received by May Bangs in the same small room, and, as before, the room was flooded with light. I put the letter between her two slates, which are covered with woollen at the edges so as to exclude the faintest ray of light. She took hold of the double slate ends with one hand while I put four rubber bands round the slates, as I had done two days previously. The slates were then put on the table, the same little vessel of ink was placed on top, and over all the bristol-board before mentioned. From this moment May Bangs had nothing to do with the slates; they were in my own possession under my hands. The psychic and I sat opposite to one another, she leaning back in her chair, writing on a pad of paper.

After we had been sitting, talking, for a quarter of an hour, May Bangs began telling me what my questions were, and answering some of them. Presently she said: "Tear off the corner of one of your visiting-cards, so that you can identify it again; put it on the slates, and we will see what happens to it." About fifteen minutes later she said: "Why do you write to your relative in such a formal style? Write a postscript on a piece of paper, naming your wife in the same familiar way as you would if writing to this spirit in life." This I did without her seeing what I had written, and put the piece of paper, doubled up, also

on the slates. She then went on as before, repeating my questions within the sealed envelope. At 11.10 the psychic said: "Your card has gone into the letter." When an hour and three-quarters had elapsed from the time we began the sitting, three knocks on the table announced that the writing was finished.

I now opened the slates. Inside I found my packet intact, with seal untouched. On the outside of the envelope was written: "The little slip" (my postscript) "has been arranged to your hat in the other room." This was signed by an initial—the Christian name of my guide. I slit open the envelope at the top, and found inside it (a) my questions, contained in four pages; (b) eight pages of reply from the spirit, in ink, as if written with a steel pen; (c) my visiting-card. I then went into the drawing-room, where I had left my hat, found that it had been moved, and that inside the lining was my postscript.

Before I left, May Bangs read out to me the questions in my letter, which she had written on her pad as she saw them in the "astral light." They were all correct in sense, though not in actual phrasing; and the curious thing was that she read them out in precisely the proper consecutive order—(1), (2), up to (23). With some reluctance, she later eventually surrendered the pages of the pad to me; it is one of the most curious documents in my possession.

The following is the letter of reply to my questions:—

MY DEAR ——,

I am with you once again and, as ever, delighted to manifest my presence in ever so slight a manner. Now.....you are trying me again—trying my memory

of earthly things, places, and persons and how I do wish I could tear asunder the little barrier preventing me from giving free and full expression, but do you know.....in all these matters my memory is perfectly clear when I stand free and unhampered in the spiritual atmosphere but somehow when I return into earth's atmosphere, so many things become hazy and incomplete; in other words, it is not designed that mortals shall know it all. If it were so research would be of the past, and spiritual matters of earth be at a standstill. These little indifficiencies (*sic*) lead the mind to further inquiry, and little by little the returns bringing reassurance is given.

I am not familiar with all the laws governing spirit return in outward demonstration. I am constantly learning and in time know I shall bring the beautiful truth into your own home. I am trying and shall continue to try for the desirable conditions, for I feel coming to you, and.....alone I would find that condition of thought that heretofore has been missing, and thereby give free and full evidence of identity you so much desire. The law of evolution is carrying us onward and upward in spiritual truth just as fast as mortal mind is capable of accepting and understanding in its true light; and if at times we fail to give you all that your mind requires do not doubt, but know, that time will reward you. It surely will, and right here I want to say to you that our beautiful "Cleopatra," who was such a wonderful intelligence here on earth, and in her many years of life and study in the higher advanced spheres in spirit life, is more capable in guiding you in these scientific problems than those who have been in spirit life in times of the past century, and to help you to solve and furnish the missing link for the world of science. This has never been given, because science in the material

world has not yet reached an understanding of the elements and laws even of their own atmosphere. They acknowledge the existence of Electricity, its results and effect under certain conditions reached through long study and experimenting, but they cannot produce it independent in substance. It is the propelling power of all life, all action, and the time will come when your people of science will understand it better, and so there are other elements in the very atmosphere about you that spirits must understand and utilise to bring about these results. It is because of your ignorance of these elements and lack of knowledge of the average spirits, myself included, coming in contact with these laws that form the barrier of expression.

As before stated, in my own domain, all that you seek to know of me this morning is as clear as the noonday sun, but my great anxiety to have powers to give it, as also your anxiety to receive, for the time bars me in expression.

There are many subjects of your letter I would like to take in full explanation fully, but I fear I cannot in this one meeting, so I shall only refer to them briefly, for all come under the same law.

That I am with you in every move you make, travelling from your own location to that of your home in England, you need not doubt. I do not take record of the intervening space of action but rush on straight, glide through space, as it were, in the twinkling of an eye. I do not know all that transpires in your daily life as to material things, but make recognition of them on the whole, and particularly of your success and happiness for this is ever uppermost in mind.

.....I will go to.....and prepare her mind, so that she will overcome that timidity of spiritual matters,

for I am so desirous coming to her as I have to you, and believe, yes know, with her willingness and your combined efforts some wonderful demonstration may be received in the home proving this great truth.

I have been impressing the psychic how to answer some of your inquiries, for I cannot refer to all in writing. I now feel the forces waning, and must soon close.

The little impressions forming on one of the photographs is my effort, and I hope to conclude my efforts with some manifestation conclusive and interesting to you....\..Adieu. (Signed by the earth name of Iola.)

The handwriting is the same as that in the previous letter, and has no resemblance to that of Iola when she was in earth life. All the handwriting of replies to letters through the mediumship of the Bangs Sisters has the same characteristics, as if written or precipitated by one amanuensis. It seems probable that the spirit dictates to a "writing guide," whose idiosyncrasies creep in. There are Americanisms in the above letter which certainly did not emanate from my guide. I consider that the general tone of the letter is much in advance of the mind of the psychic in the room. The pages were numbered by the writer, and the sequence of the writing was as follows: Page 5 was found at the back of page 4, page 6 at the back of page 3, page 7 at the back of page 2.

(69) On the following morning, January 20, 1909; atmospheric conditions good. Went to the Bangs Sisters for a profile portrait of Iola, as arranged on 18th. Everything was ready at 10.50, and we sat till 11.30. I had in my dollar-pocket a *carte-de-visite*

of Iola, taken in the year 1874. The mediums had never seen this or any other photograph in my possession. Fifteen minutes after we sat in the window the face and bust appeared; the profile was looking to the right, precisely the same aspect as it has now, framed, hanging in my room. Remember, I was looking through the back of the picture, and it was forming on the further side of that one of the two canvases nearer to me; consequently, had it gone on as it was and been finished, it would now (when framed) be profile left. When the portrait was nearly finished the two canvases were lowered towards me on to the table (the mediums being impressed, apparently, to do this). A telegraphic message came by taps to May Bangs, who said: "She wants this picture for your wife specially, as well as for you. She thinks that your wife would prefer to see her in the pose to which she is accustomed." Up went the canvases again to the window, and I found that the whole picture was changed round, so that the profile looked to the left instead of to the right. In a few minutes the portrait was completed, May Bangs remarking: "She says she cannot put in the hand."

From the time the face and bust first appeared to the time the canvases were separated and the finished picture put on a sofa in the next room, twenty-five minutes elapsed. Neither of the psychics had ever seen the *carte-de-visite* in my pocket. How did they know normally that there ought to be any hand in the picture? As a matter of fact, in this photo there is a hand (the left) supporting the cheek on its left side. This was omitted in the coloured picture.

When the portrait was finished, it bore a very close resemblance to the photograph. It was looking in the





IOLA, 20 JAN., 1909.



same direction—to the right. As to likeness, it is impossible for anyone who compares the photograph with the picture to deny that they are one and the same individual. At the same time the picture is by no means a slavish copy of the photograph. Its pose is more upright, the face spirituelle, and the dress not exactly the same. There is a firmness, a decision, and an appearance of calm and contented happiness in the face which is absent in the *carte-de-visite*. It is a work of art. I can only say this of one other picture in my collection. They are all interesting, and each has its peculiar test value; but some of the dresses are stiff, and there are many anatomical deficiencies. This one, however, is without a flaw, and there is just sufficient difference between it and the photograph to show distinctly to the most casual observer that one is not a professional copy of the other.

By this time the Bangs Sisters and I were, more or less, on the terms of fellow students, and they offered to give me any test I desired. It was arranged that in future I should bring my own slates, rubber bands, and ink.

It was on this evening that Dr. Hudson took the message from me that he carried to Rochester and wrote through Mrs. Georgia a week later (see Chapter V.).

January 21, 1909. Atmospheric conditions good. With May Bangs from 10.45 to 12.30.

I took with me two slates a little larger than those of the Bangs Sisters. The edges were covered with woollen stuff, as were theirs (to exclude the faintest ray of light). I also took six india-rubber bands, a five-cent bottle of ink mixed with citrate of lithia, and

a letter to an old friend, Sir A. G., who had been in spirit life some years.

I have already referred to a discussion which took place in London before my departure regarding the desirability of finding out if the ink used in the reply letters was the same as that in the vessel on top of the slates; it was obvious that, if this could be satisfactorily established, we should have got more than half-way to proving the supernormal character of the writing. On that occasion Sir William Crookes happened to be present, and suggested that I should mix lithium with the ink; spectroscopic investigation would enable him to say if the two inks were, or were not, identical. Needless to remark, I adopted his kind advice, and, before starting for America, I bought a small quantity of citrate of lithia from Messrs. Cruse and Co., Dispensing Chemists, 63 Palmerston Road, Southsea. A five-cent bottle of ink was bought at "The Fair," in Chicago; about one-third of it was poured out, the whole of the citrate was poured into the bottle, and well shaken up. From this mixture a little cup was filled by myself and put on the slates; the bottle was then corked and put into my coat pocket.

The letter that I wrote to Sir A. G. was as follows:—

DEAR SIR A——,

I had the pleasure of hearing of you at Detroit on the 9th, when we had a chat about the *Maine* disaster. The ideas you then expressed did not coincide with your opinion while in earth life. Will you kindly identify yourself as well as possible to me, and tell me what you now know as to the loss of the *Maine*?

Yours very sincerely,

W. USBORNE MOORE.

Sir A. G. held the position of English Consul-General in Cuba during the Spanish-American War. We had held conversations in London, after he retired, on the catastrophe; and his opinion was that it was due to some want of precaution on board the ship, not to the outside explosion of a mine. At Detroit he had expressed the opposite view (see Chapter VIII.). The reply was as follows:—

I am glad to come to you to-day, and thank you for the privilege you grant in this grand phenomena, demonstrative that life is indeed eternal. There are many subjects I would love to converse with you, giving my knowledge as gained from the higher side of life; but I see you have placed before me, in your letter of to-day, the subject the *Maine* disaster. Well, my good friend, I did come to you in a recent communication differing very much indeed in ideas of this disaster from my opinion when in earth form. When I reached life, and learned of the true life and greater possibilities, this was one of the main subjects that interested me. My sympathies and indignation was touched deeply over the matter when in the physical form, and so little of the real foundation of the disaster could be reached that I carried the desire of proving definitely the secret with me into my new life. I have since looked very closely into the entire object and *modus operandi*, and solved the mystery; this I imparted to you in my recent conversation. Thus my change of opinion since entering the higher life; but, my good friend, I have also learned that all the circumstances of earth life are for a purpose. Looking from a material standpoint, many incidents, conditions, etc., would seem very unnecessary to the rounding out of a perfect life here; yet, if all was perfectly smooth, uniform and harmonious,

there would be no inquiry, that disposition or inclination to greater knowledge. And without the wrong you would not be able to judge the right. So all the mistakes, disappointments, and failures in life are a necessary lesson that we shall all understand sometime when we start as equal in the higher realms of eternal life. Mine has been a wonderful experience since passing through the great change and I find to-day that summing up all the problems solved, I have, as yet only just begun.

Life is indeed wonderful and the more we learn of its laws, purposes and possibilities the greater our experiences here and hereafter the more fully we realise that which time and eternity holds for us.

I am glad to have met you in this way, my good friend; and I shall hope to have the privilege of coming frequently in thought exchange. I shall be glad to give you further information on any subject you choose to the best of my present knowledge and experience, gathered in my new life.

Yours as of Earth,

A. G.

There is a resemblance between the handwriting of this letter and the other two.

(70) Directly we went into the room I asked May Bangs to sit on the opposite side of the table to that where she usually sat. "Change the table round," she asked. "No," I replied, "I want your drawer my side. You take out of the drawer what you want and put it on a chair or table beside you." She said, "Very well, I will do so." She simply asked to see the letter, and she held my slates while I put round them four rubber bands, two one way, two the other. I then poured my own ink into the little vessel, which holds about a teaspoon and threequarters. The card

was put over all. We held the card and slates together for about five minutes; she then leant back in her seat and occasionally wrote on her pad, talking all the time. She told me the contents of my letter to Sir A. G.

The reply took one and a half hours to write; probably my changing the conditions in the room had some effect in delaying the writing. There was a note from Iola on the back of my short letter to Sir A. G., which referred to some chaff that occurred during the sitting with reference to certain erroneous spelling in a previous letter. On the outside of the envelope were the words "From Sir A. G.," in handwriting different to the above note and also to the writing of the reply letter. The signature of the latter bore some resemblance to that of my friend in earth life, but not sufficiently so as to be quite sure that it was his.

At 4 p.m. this letter was posted to Sir William Crookes.

(71) On the same evening, January 21, 1909. I sat with May Bangs from 7.15 to 8.50 for a reply to a letter I had written in the afternoon to Cleopatra. The atmospheric conditions were bad. It was raining, and the air was heavy and close. This letter also occupied an hour and a half. The psychic sat in her usual place. As before, I used my own ink mixed with lithium, my own slates and bands. The conversation of May Bangs showed some knowledge of the contents of my letter, but not of all.

My letter contained a request that Cleopatra would cause her portrait to be precipitated at 10.30 on the following morning, and began in this way: "Will

you precipitate your portrait on the canvas to-morrow at 10.30, and will you add such words or signs as will be recognised by an experienced student of Egyptian history?"

The following are extracts from the reply:—

My good friend of Earth. You have been told that I have come into your life for particular purposes, and it is true. A long, long time have I been on the spirit side of life. Ages it is as you calculate time, and during that period I have passed into realms far remote from earth. All that was near and dear to me of your sphere have long, long since joined me, and also advanced through numberless spheres. Truth is ever uppermost in the soul's ambition, and the time has come when mortals shall come further into the light. There are many mysteries that only spirits of long time, experience, and study can impart to those of your sphere with any degree of understanding and practical application. So it is that I have come into your life to aid in this very desirable work and I have chosen you as my subject through whom to work. I know of your earnest honest desire to fathom for yourself and the world this great momentous question. And I am bringing to you these different phenomena in evidence of my presence in introduction of my identity. I am very desirous .....you my portrait through this influence and the good artist that is also high and proficient in his art knowledge that you may know me better. And so from that chain of harmony and receptivity that will ensure the highest spiritual good. In brief, I desire to come to you through your own psychic power and receptivity that is gradually unfolding as you continue in your research.

I promise to come to you in likeness, dress, and all



the characteristic emblems true to my native land of earth here that I am sure will be recognised by experienced students in Egyptian history.....As you open the way, for the present all these wonderful experiences are for you alone. They will bring the truth and light in such a way that shall demonstrate to others, and make.....thought.

Yes, people of different spheres live together in spirit life. This truth I will explain to you again when better conditions and space affords opportunity. It is always most wise to anyone (?) in the morning hour for spirit phenomena, when the life current is at high tide, as it were.

.....As you gain spiritual knowledge here so do you prepare yourself spiritually for a higher understanding in the life to come. Your chances for advancement are good in the life to come.

My good friend, I have not come to you at best this evening. I shall therefore ask another opportunity at your pleasure and convenience. In guidance,  
CLEOPATRA.

Of course I am not in a position to assert that the Cleopatra of history wrote this letter. I cannot possibly tell whether it was a personation or not; I have no means of doing so. The immediate interest in the letter does not, in this case, lie in the identity of the writer, but in the nature of the ink with which it was written. The writing is not dissimilar to that in the reply from Sir A. G. It seems highly probable that all the letters are written, or precipitated, by the same spirit, a "writing guide" of the psychic, whom the individuals on the other side use as we do a typist. The letter was mailed to Sir William Crookes the following morning, January 22.

(72) January 22, 1909. Atmospheric conditions were bad; it was raining outside, and the air was heavy and close. Sat with the Bangs Sisters for a picture of Cleopatra. As before, two canvases were produced, covered with blank drawing paper, laid face to face, and held up against the window, the bottom of the canvases, in this case, resting on the sill of the window, as they were much larger in size than those used for the two portraits of Iola already obtained. I sat between the psychics, as on previous occasions, my eyes looking straight into the centre of the canvases from a distance of two feet to two feet six inches. We took our places at 10.55. About 11.5 the form began to appear, and it was roughly finished in ten minutes. We were then directed, by taps on a slate, to put the canvases on the table and sit around it. We moved the table to the centre of the room, placed the canvases flat upon it, covered them over with the felt table-cloth, and sat around as directed. At 11.30 we were informed that the picture could be raised; the canvases were now separated and the picture put on a sofa in a neighbouring drawing-room.

In all precipitations through the mediumship of the Bangs Sisters the picture is found to be on the further side of the canvas which is next to the sitter. The stuff of which the picture is composed is damp, and rubs off at the slightest touch, like soot. Notwithstanding this, the paper on the canvas furthest from the sitter is unsoiled. The picture, while in progress, can be seen clearly through the back of the canvas; but of course it presents the reverse aspect to that when it is framed—left arm for the right, and so forth.

The portrait of Cleopatra is practically the same

now as it was when it was lifted from the table. Afterwards, but not while I was looking at it, the colours deepened a little, flowers were added to the embroidery of the dress, a ring was put on the finger of the left hand, and the picture acquired a general appearance of greater richness and finish. It was hanging in the lecture-room of the London Spiritualistic Alliance for four months, and it is therefore unnecessary to describe it. It cannot be called a work of high art; the dress is stiff, and the anatomical features are deficient; but it is undoubtedly a representation of an Egyptian queen, and, considering the way in which it was done, a fine example of spirit power.

(73) January 22, 1909. 7.30 to 9 p.m. Sat at the Bangs Sisters' house for reply to a letter to Iola. Conditions bad. Raining at intervals outside. I tried sitting with the slates in my hands in the room next to the small séance room. Both Lizzie and May Bangs were in the latter. About 8.30, as this seemed to be a failure, no taps being heard to denote the finishing of the letter, I went into the séance room and sat with May Bangs alone. A few minutes after we were seated we were told by the percussive signals to look at the slates. We accordingly fixed our attention on the middle of the white card which, I have before explained, covers both slates and ink. After waiting about a quarter of an hour a bouquet of pink carnations and sweet-smelling narcissi fell from above with considerable force on to the card. This was in full gas-light. May Bangs started as if she had been shot; there was not a doubt as to her momentary fright.

Soon after this phenomenon occurred I opened the slates and the letter. There was no reply; the blank sheets which I had, as usual, enclosed with my letter remained blank; there was not a word on them.

(74) January 23, 1909. I wanted a smaller copy of the profile picture which had been precipitated on January 20. The original picture was placed vertically on the table, and the new canvases behind it. This form commenced profile to left, and changed round during the process of precipitation. The dress was the colour of pale lavender.

On January 24, I left Chicago for Toledo, leaving directions with the Bangs Sisters for the despatch of the last (small) picture to me, and the others to England.

(75) I arrived at Rochester on February 6. On February 14, I received a letter from Sir William Crookes, dated 7 Kensington Park Gardens, February 4, 1909:—

DEAR ADMIRAL MOORE,—I received your interesting letter a few days ago, and at once tested the ink for lithium, with the following result:—

A word was cut from sheet 4 of Sir A. G.'s letter, and it was burnt in the spectroscope. Abundant evidence of lithium was obtained.

A blot of ink at the foot of the same sheet also contained much lithium.

A piece of blank paper from the same sheet contained no lithium.

A word from Sister ..... 's letter at the back of yours contained plenty of lithium.

A piece of the picture of the hotel, in printing ink,

was cut from the heading of the paper. It contained no lithium.

The envelope addressed by you to yourself, having on it also the words "Communication from A. G.," had the word "from" cut out, and also the word "Admiral," in Admiral Moore's own writing, cut out. These were tested in the spectroscope, with the result that the word "from" contained much lithium, while the word "Admiral" contained none at all.

I have this morning received the letter signed "Cleopatra"; the ink here also contains much lithium.

These results you may rely on as absolutely correct. Is it possible that some hint of adding lithium to ink has slipped out? - May I suggest an experiment which may be useful? Go to the medium whence these letters were obtained, taking your own ink and other things apparently as before; but be very careful to have an ink that has no lithium in it. Get a letter as before, and let me test it for lithium. If the medium herself has been using ink which has lithium in it, she will use it again, and will be found out; but if she is genuine, there will be no lithium in the ink in which the letter is written.

When I reached home Sir William told me that some people imagined there was lithium in nearly everything. After he had finished his examination of the letters, he tested a piece of cigarette ash for lithium. It was found to contain it; but the lithium in the ink was certainly a thousand times as much as that in the ash.

The suggestion of again testing the medium, coming from so eminent an authority, was not to be ignored. I could not say for certain that before the second (the Cleopatra) letter was obtained I had not used the word

“lithium.” The psychic and I had got by that time on the terms of fellow students, and she was as much interested as I was in this test. This much I knew: that if, perchance, I had let the word escape me, it would have conveyed nothing to her, and she could not have known where to get the citrate, nor, indeed, what to ask for. But, naturally, my mere assertion of this would not have satisfied Sir William.

Having plenty of time, I returned to Chicago (600 miles), and visited May Bangs on the morning of February 27, 1909, with every sign of wanting another test letter, taking my own materials, together with a small bottle of common ink. The sealed letter this time was written to a mutual friend of Sir William's and mine, and the usual four blank sheets of hotel paper were enclosed. The ink used in the reply has been found by Sir William to contain no trace of lithium.

I am greatly indebted to Sir William Crookes for so kindly interesting himself in my investigations; his tests have enabled me to feel sure of my ground.

In the evening of Saturday, February 27, I sat for a reply from Iola, and obtained it in forty minutes. The contents were chiefly about a full-length picture of herself, to be done on Monday, March 1, and a portrait of Hypatia which she requested me to sit for (see Chapter V.). It was decided that both should be precipitated on the same day.

(76) On Monday, March 1, 1909, I went to the Bangs Sisters' house, and found that they had sent to the town for two panel canvases, and there was considerable delay. At last they arrived, covered with

paper that was wet, and I exposed them in the sun for about twenty-five minutes to dry. We sat for the full-length picture of Iola at 11.40. At 11.46 the figure appeared on the further side of the canvas next to me. It was roughly finished by 11.51, and placed on a chair at the side of the room, still developing. At 12.10 we were told to cover it over and leave it, and return at 3 p.m. The mediums were not disengaged till 3.30, when we sat opposite the picture again for twenty minutes. Some changes had occurred in the interval, improving the picture much. When I left at 12.10 I had expressed the opinion that the figure—then with bare arms—was too girlish, and I had also wished for a locket and chain to be put on the neck. I left a locket, similar to the one worn by Iola in earth life, close to the picture. On my return the arms were covered with sleeves, and the chain and locket were round the neck; the dress also had been finished with embroidery, etc., and other improvements had taken place.

At 7.30 p.m. I returned to the house, and found the picture had undergone further improvements, especially in the sky and background. I *mentally* desired that the locket should be made larger, and that the monogram should be impressed upon it. Now occurred a very remarkable instance of invisible power. Nobody was present when I inspected the locket on this occasion; the mediums were not at home; I removed the locket at the foot of the picture, and took it away with me. My next visit was at 10.20 the following morning, March 2, 1909. I then found that *the monogram had been imprinted on the locket*, not exactly a copy of the raised letters on the real locket in my possession, but the three correct letters were there;

one line was omitted, and the locket itself, as I had requested, was enlarged. Shadows had been added, improving the picture.

The likeness is not very good. The interest in this picture does not lie in its fidelity as a portrait, but in the various alterations that were made after it was taken away from the window, and especially in the monogram precipitated at my *mental* request when nobody was present.

(77) I have said above that the picture of Hypatia was precipitated on the same day as the full-length portrait of Iola—*i.e.*, March 1, 1909—and I have referred to circumstances in connection with its execution at the end of Chapter V. We sat at 4 p.m. The picture came very quickly after we were seated, and the form was complete by 4h. 5m. We were told to take the canvases into the neighbouring room, and place them in the full-lighted window. On their being placed in this window, it was observed that the figure had turned round, so that the right hand was on the books, instead of the left. The books and globe became more distinct, and the lower part of the dress developed its full colour.

At 4h. 8m. we were told to take the picture down, and it was put on the floor against the wall of the room. The blank canvas was taken away; the background now came out, and the picture was gradually completed as I watched it. It is practically the same to-day as it was at 4h. 20m. on that afternoon, though there is now an appearance of greater richness and finish.

The following incidents with referencé to the phenomenon of the appearance of this picture must be noted:—



(a) While it was in process of development in the small séance-room a light, pattering noise was heard on the canvases, like fine sand thrown upon paper or glass.

(b) The colour did not come evenly, as in the other pictures; there was a large, dark patch on the lower part of the dress during the exposure in the small séance-room, causing me to think that the canvas or paper was spoilt.

(c) On removing the canvases to the next room, and putting them (pinched together) in the fully-lighted window, the dirty patch developed into the deep-blue folds of the dress.

If the object of the unseen operators was to convince the sitter that the "prepared-picture" theory was false, they could not have adopted a better means of effecting their object.

(78) On March 2, I wrote a letter in my hotel to Mr. F. W. H. Myers, reminding him of his promise made at Rochester to endeavour to reply to a letter from me at the Bangs Sisters', at Chicago, and asking him to identify himself as far as he could for the benefit of his friends in England. The following was the reply found in the closed letter between the slates:—

My Good Friend and Co-worker.

I greet you this evening and am very pleased to come to you. It is very kind of you to give opportunity of all this grand phenomena proving continued life after so-called death. It is indeed unfortunate that spirit is somewhat limited in power of expression especially so when called upon to relate or recall some special event or circumstances occurring when in the earth form; this my good friend is due to the fact

that the spirit is over-anxious to manifest in a way the mind suggests, the knowledge of which is perfectly clear to the spirit when in its free atmosphere—but when returning to manifest to mortals the atmosphere and all the conditions pertaining or surrounding to this life is so dense and clouded, that for the time being memory of these matters are renewed only as you make reference to them; thus again the Science of Spirit communicating with mortals is so intricate that it is quite difficult to master this alone, without entering into other branches; or is it designed by the Great overwhelming power, that Intelligence men call God, that mortals should be able to penetrate all pertaining to this or higher life? Were it so, the people of Earth would become very dissatisfied with life, and more often tap (?) the time of their stay short, or, in other words, undo the set laws of Nature. Conviction is individual. Science in the material world can never reach a point of understanding to explain these things; it is utterly useless, but each member can receive and become satisfied to his or her own understanding: this is all. However the law of evolution is carrying you onward and upward until you all feel a close correspondence in your own soul to the Great One's Soul, and little things like these manifestations do and will confound the mighty. Give my very best wishes to our great brother and co-worker, Sir ——, also Sir —— ——. I am with them heart and hand in this great cause and though they have been able to reach the point where they can *determine* this question for the world greater achievements are being made right away, until in a very short time sufficient evidence will be given that may be able to give to the world a clear solution that shall occasion mortals to accept it in great *majority* as a truth, *absolutely fixed truths*.

I urge you to continue in your research my friends, I find since entering this great world of worlds that I knew but little, nay nothing, in comparison with that which is to be known. I am still deeply interested in research and shall give you matters of interest from time to time, for our sensitives are growing more sensitive each day and this is the element required to give freedom of expression that brings evidence of identity.

Yours ever in the cause of all truth and light,

F. W. H. MYERS.

We commenced to sit at 7.3 p.m., and at 8h. 5m. the letter was finished. Lizzie Bangs joined us at 7.55 by request. On both sides of the outside of the envelope was a message from Iola about her portrait and other matters. The writing inside the envelope occupied six pages of hotel paper. It is in the same writing as other letters that I received through the mediumship of the Bangs Sisters. I have not the faintest idea whether it was dictated by Mr. Myers or not. There is nothing evidential in it. I did not know Mr. Myers; but he came to me, unasked, through Mrs. Georgia, at Rochester, and this led me to request him to correspond through the Bangs. It may have been dictated by some personating spirit, for they are legion. I have thought it best to record it, if only to show how much can be done in an hour. The style is not that of Myers, certainly; but, in my opinion, the sentiments are above the modest conceptions of the normal Lizzie Bangs. Moreover, if we are to assume the possibility of the letter being juggled out of the room (which I do not), the time for writing the reply would have to be reduced to less than forty minutes. Neither on this nor any other

occasion was I able to detect any sign of the envelopes having been tampered with.

I obtained replies to four other letters at the Bangs Sisters' house, and the Hudson communication referred to in Chapter V. It would be tiresome and uninteresting to record them all; they dealt with private matters. But I propose later to mention some curious happenings connected with two of them which struck me at the time as first-rate evidence of spirit power (see Nos. 80 and 81).

I have referred to three test-letters — two with lithium ink, on my first visit to Chicago, and one with ordinary ink, on my second visit. In the first of these letters there was a postscript from my guide Iola, alluding to some chaff that had taken place during that particular sitting. I had spoken to May Bangs (the only other person in the room) about some misspelt words in a previous letter which was also written by my guide or at her dictation, and the alleged writer vigorously defended herself. The doors of the room were always closed.

Again, when we sat for the last of the three letters, that on February 27, 1909, May Bangs asked me to cut off a small piece of wood, point it, and put it between the slates where the letter reposed; she thought the invisible writer would make use of it for his script. When the letter was finished, I was told not to open it. It was addressed across the flap to "Sir William Crookes, F.R.S." When it was opened by him in London, he found my piece of pointed wood *inside the letter*. It had been dipped in ink, and one word at the beginning had actually been written with this blunt instrument. The letter itself was feeble.

The concomitant evidence of the fact that no mortal

had anything to do with the replies to my letters is strong. Several times references were made to conversations that took place across the table while the writings were in progress.

The following incidents will suffice to close the subject:—

(79) On Wednesday, March 3, from 11.15 a.m. to 12.15 p.m., I sat with May Bangs for a reply from Hypatia. During the sitting I told the medium that some gentlemen in England had discussed with me the possibility of discovering if the ink on the slates was the identical ink used in the replies, by measuring the diminution of ink in the pot. My opinion was that we could not determine the question in this way, and May Bangs agreed with me. We were not using slates on this occasion, but had put the sealed letter under a stretched canvas; this was covered over by a cloth tucked in all round, and the ink was on top, not covered up. Immediately after May Bangs spoke (her hands were quite three feet from the ink, and we were sitting in full light), the ink fell in the pot. When the reply was finished, I found a communication from my guide outside the envelope referring to a matter, not the ink, which the psychic and I had been discussing a few minutes before. When I took away my letter, I was directed (through taps on the slates) to bring some flowers in the afternoon.

I must mention here that, after I began bringing my own materials, the slates used for communications by taps from the unseen were the Bangs' own slates. It is very necessary to make this clear, for the casual reader might suppose that the psychic and I held the slates which contained the sealed letter.

(80) At 4 p.m. of the same day I returned with

another sealed letter, a tea-rosebud, and two pink carnations; these flowers I put into a glass vase nine inches high, nearly full of water. May Bangs and I sat for the reply to my letter at 5.10. It was broad daylight. My letter was under a stretched canvas, which was covered over with a red cloth tucked in all round. On top of it I placed my own little open tin pot full of common ink, bought in Van Buren Street two hours before, *and the corked ink-bottle.*

The rosebud opened soon after we sat down. At 5.30 the flowers began to jump about spasmodically in the vase, and worked themselves halfway round the rim. At 5.35 the tea-rose and one carnation were pulled down by invisible power towards the letter. Constant commotion was going on with the flowers in the water; ultimately the rose nearly wriggled itself out of the glass vase.

At 5.40 I said: "I never heard of any phenomenon of this kind being done if the eyes of the observers were concentrated on the object." The Bangs' slates were held between us, and the message rapped out, "Look out of the window." We both turned our heads simultaneously towards the window; instantly the vase upset away from the letter, the water was thrown upon the carpet, where it soon dried up, and the flowers disappeared.

At 5.42, as the light in the room was fading, I asked May Bangs to light the gas behind her; the window blind was still kept up.

At 5.48 my little pot of ink was nearly empty. I filled it up, by request, from the parent ink-bottle.

At 5.52 the ink bubbled away again. The pot being empty, I filled it up a third time. We were then told by impression, or by taps on the slate, to

examine the parent bottle. I put some of the liquid in it on a piece of paper, and found that the essence had been extracted from it and that it was very watery.

At 5.56 the ink in the small pot was bubbling and getting lower and lower; at 6.0 it was dry. I filled it up for the fourth time.

At 6.5 taps announced that the letter was finished. On the outside of the envelope was written: "The remaining pink I claim to take with me, Iola." I slit open the letter at the top, and found inside the envelope (a) my letter; (b) reply of six pages, in which there was an allusion to the flower phenomenon described above; (c) the tea-rose, one carnation, and some leaves. Not a sign could I find in the room of the second carnation. I poured the ink from the little pot back into the ink-bottle, and again examined the contents of the bottle; there was nothing but dirty water. All the essence of the ink had been extracted, and an entire five-cent bottle of ink had been consumed in one sitting.

On the evening of March 5, 1909, I took a tea-rose, a carnation, and a letter to the Bangs' house. I wanted the flowers to be taken away by Iola as my parting present, for the next day I was leaving for England. If the invisibles could accomplish what they had done the previous evening, they would certainly be able to dematerialise these flowers. I was not disappointed; but the phenomenon was, in a measure, spoilt by the nervousness of May Bangs. I had frequently observed her lightheadedness in the evening on previous occasions; she was probably overworked. All psychics have their limitations, and possibly I ought to have known that such a delicate

phenomenon should not have been started after a hard day's work. The flowers were placed in water in the same glass vase as was used before, and the vase put in the same position on the table, the letter being under a stretched canvas as before.

At 7.42 we sat for a reply to the letter, and with the hope that the flowers might be dematerialised.

(81) At 8.0 the flowers began to shiver and jump a little, the water bubbling in the glass. The gas-jet was lowered and shaded from the vase, but there was enough light to see each other quite distinctly and all objects in the room. From the first the psychic fixed her eyes on the vase. I begged of her to become less concentrated, as I feared a failure. By-and-by the rose lifted itself out of the glass, and May Bangs, apparently unable to control herself, reached forward and, with her hand, dashed it back into the glass with an excited gesture. I thought the experiment had failed; but no, the two flowers still showed signs of animation, and kept on waggling to and fro, and apparently becoming smaller. I seized the glass vase with my left hand for some minutes. A message came by impression through May Bangs: "Put the vase on your side of the shelf of the table." At 8.15 I placed it almost touching my right leg under the table, on the shelf, well out of sight and reach of the psychic. At 8.20 May Bangs opened a door and shouted for her sister Lizzie to come into the room to assist by her power. At 8.28 a message came to turn up the light, which was done by May Bangs. I lifted the vase; the water was there, *but the flowers had disappeared.*

At 8.31 the usual taps announced that the reply to the letter was finished. The little pot (this time



underneath the frame) was examined, and all the ink in it had dried up.

This was the only manifestation which occurred in partial light during my intercourse with the two sisters. All the others took place in full light.

The nervousness and want of self-control of May Bangs on this occasion, when a fine manifestation was partially spoilt, may be accounted for by an incident that took place late in the afternoon, and which must have taxed the mediumistic powers of the two sisters to the utmost. Two farmers from Oregon had come to the house between four and five o'clock. One brought a photograph with him into the room in his pocket, and asked that a portrait of his deceased wife might be precipitated. The other accompanied him to the sitting, as a friend, intending to ask for a precipitated portrait of his deceased wife if that of his companion should prove to be a success; he left his photograph in his overcoat pocket, in the hall. Two canvases were produced, and the sitting commenced. In a short time the face and bust of a woman appeared. They were those of an apparently refined person, with delicate dress and etherealised countenance. The man watched it with undisguised impatience, and, when it was nearly finished, exclaimed: "That's not my wife; if I take that picture home, my daughters will say that is not their mother!" Immediately the picture faded away. Two more canvases were set up, and *another* face and bust in due time appeared. After watching their development for some ten minutes, the man said to his friend (who, remember, had not disclosed his intention of asking for a precipitation): "Bill, that's not my wife; that's your wife!" "I could have told you that some time

ago," was the reply. The development went on till this portrait was finished to the complete satisfaction of the husband, and the picture was laid on one side on a chair. "Now," said the psychics to the first man, who had been disappointed, "we will try again to obtain for you a precipitation of your wife as she was in earth life." Canvases were set up as before (this time not in the window, for it had become dark), and presently a face and bust of his wife developed, precisely as in the photograph which he had brought into the room. It was now about 6.40 or 6.50, and I came to the house. May Bangs opened the door for me, and begged me to come into the séance-room to see what had happened. On going in, I was confronted by the picture of what appeared to me to be a man—a friar. Fortunately, I said nothing to betray my belief in the sex of the person whose portrait was before me. I had a short conversation with the two men. Both were highly pleased at their success in obtaining good portraits of their wives just as they were in earth life. They accepted the pictures, and went away delighted.

In recent times no psychics have been so long and so constantly under fire of criticism as the Bangs Sisters. I record the fact, but entirely without surprise. The manifestations which appear through their mediumship are of such a startling nature as to render it in the highest degree improbable that anyone, however experienced he may be as an investigator, can credit the accounts of what takes place, unless he has actually seen the various phenomena that occur. Many have been the efforts to show that what happens in their presence is the effect of pure conjuring on

their own part. All have failed. It was for some years supposed by critics that pictures were prepared beforehand, and concealed by a chemical process, the envelope, so to speak, disappearing on exposure to light. It is now quite certain that such a process does not exist; no painting of the substance of the Bangs' pictures can be covered over so as to be invisible. The only possible means of fraud is to substitute a ready-made picture for the second canvas (that furthest from the sitter), and then bring it by degrees slowly to approach the first canvas (that next to the sitter). Even if this were done, we have not got very far, for the finished portrait eventually is found on the further side of the canvas which is next to the sitter. To achieve this it would be necessary to turn both canvases together right round. How, in the name of common sense, could this be done without the sitter, who is between the two mediums, detecting the swindle?

But there are two considerations which clinch the matter: (a) Where a big picture is concerned, such as "Cleopatra," which measures forty inches by thirty inches, the only possible means of making the alleged substitution is through the window—and the window is never opened. I have been left alone in the room for an hour at a time, and have examined it; it is a burglar-proof sash window, the two halves lifting up and down in the usual way. Moreover, it would be impossible for the sitter to be ignorant of the opening of the window, especially in winter, for it is only two feet nine inches from him; it would also be impossible for him to be blind to the shadow that the alleged substituted picture would throw upon the other canvas or canvases. (b) Under these supposed fraudulent

conditions, how could the likeness be obtained? The second picture of Iola produced is a faithful, though etherealised, portrait of her at about the age she passed over. It is true the photograph which most resembles this picture was in my dollar-pocket, inside my waist-coat; but the psychics could not, and did not, see it normally.

I am confident that no fraud was practised on me by these sisters. This being so, I pass on to this important question: What part do the psychics take in the process of precipitation? As mediums they assuredly have their allotted share.

I believe they (or one of them) are mirrors. They are clairvoyantes, *and do see the photograph in my pocket*; and it is through them that the invisible artists are able to get the likeness. The spirit is present, no doubt, but the artist is much assisted by the photo.

Mr. William Marriott, the conjurer, has made a study of these Bangs pictures, and has cut strips from the corner of one of my portraits of Iola. He finds that the material basis is tempera, and this is worked upon with pastel, chalk, paint, and airbrush. If these are not the identical materials, they are, at any rate, the nearest counterpart to those which were used by the invisibles at Chicago.

We had two important experiments in December, 1909, to ascertain if he could copy the Bangs manifestations without his methods (admittedly conjuring) being detected. Both were clever and amusing attempts, but unsuccessful. He proved this, however: that a *rough* picture can be made in the space of one hour and a-half from the time of possessing himself of the photograph, and that a very good finished portrait in freehand can be accomplished in two working days.

The theory of fraud set up to account for the replies to letters in sealed envelopes is that the letter is got out from between the slates or from under the stretched frame; passed out of the closed room under a door; opened; answered normally by Lizzie Bangs or some other confederate, and returned the same way. The ink is likewise conveyed from the room. I say that, under the circumstances in which I sat with May Bangs, such a feat of conjuring was impossible. In eight cases out of twelve she had no opportunity of touching the letters or the ink. Any attempt to tamper with slates, stretched canvas, or ink would have resulted in the spilling of the ink; sometimes I used five rubber bands; on three occasions the ink was in sight, and only one foot or fifteen inches from me. In all cases the slates or stretched canvas were nearer to me than to the psychic. For the moment, however, let us suppose that this was the *modus operandi*. We have yet to account for allusions in the letters to conversations at the table during the séance, and to the knowledge possessed by May Bangs (the only other person in the room) of the contents of my letter. In at least six cases she told me the chief points (sometimes everything) of my own script while we were sitting at the table.

The Bangs are not always successful. As far as I could judge, the phenomena generally occurred when the sitter was positive, like myself—a person wholly devoid of any receptive mediumistic faculty. Their time is fully occupied; I was only one of many visitors. They offered every facility for examination of the premises, and I roamed through their rooms alone for at least a quarter of an hour, on the average, every day that I was in Chicago.

## CHAPTER VIII.

### ETHEREALISATIONS AND THE DIRECT VOICE

The knowledge of immortality for one dollar—Mrs. Wriedt—Method of her séances—A brother officer identifies himself—Iola speaks, and refers to a Jonson séance—Josephine—Mr. Henry Clay Hodges accompanies me to a séance—The late British Consul-General for Cuba manifests—Obvious difference between American and English spirits—Over-anxiety to communicate prevents manifestation—Sir W. W. identifies himself—Dr. Sharp, Mrs. Wriedt's control, speaks clearly at every séance—Commander Scott Willcox manifests—My guide tells me what I was doing the previous day—This happens several times—The pale lavender dress—A child grown up in spirit life—The spirit of Captain Calver, R.N.—The spirit of Captain Andrew Balfour, R.N.—Iola and my brother-in-law—Mr. Kaiser—Dr. Kurgan speaks—Tim, from Jonson's cabinet—People of different degrees of spiritual advancement can live together in the spheres—Buildings formed by concentration of the vibrations—Dr. Thomson Jay Hudson manifests—Hester and William Hudson—The psychic and Dr. Jenkins speak at the same time—A spirit purporting to be Sir Isaac Newton—Dr. Richard Hodgson manifests—Good test of identity—Madam Julienne de Leamont—President Lincoln seen behind me.

DURING my investigations into the phenomena of spiritism I have never met with anyone whose mediumship has brought me so close to the next state of consciousness as Mrs. Wriedt, of Detroit, Michigan. I dislike introducing the subject of money into dissertations on communication with the unseen; but psychics must live, and there is just as much reason why they should be paid as parsons, lawyers, artists, doctors, or naval and military officers. Theirs is an

exhausting occupation, and generally unfits them for any other. It is due to Mrs. Wriedt and to the Jonsons to say that they reduce their charges to a minimum. In each case the fee is one dollar if the séance is successful; if unsuccessful, these psychics refuse to receive anything at all.

Mrs. Wriedt lives in a detached wooden villa of her own design, 414 Baldwin Avenue, in a suburb of Detroit, nearly three miles from the City Hall. She is much sought after, and always busy; on an average, she receives four or five people a day. To ensure seeing her it is therefore necessary to make an appointment beforehand. She does not fall into trance, and often joins in the conversation going on between the sitter and her spirit visitor; she speaks sometimes at the same instant as her control or the other spirits. I have been much puzzled to know what she has to do with the manifestations; all I am really sure about is that her presence is essential.

The phenomena that occur are etherealizations and the direct voice through the trumpet; the former are more rare than the latter. It is possible to hear the voices through the trumpet in broad daylight or gaslight; but the operation is slow and unsatisfactory, and the investigator will find it best to sit in total darkness. The psychic is willing to sit anywhere in the room, the spot being chosen by the investigator, on either side of him, touching him, or opposite to him. I found it best to have her opposite to me, and distant three to four feet away. A trumpet is placed upright on the floor, between psychic and visitor. I will proceed to describe my sittings.

January 6, 1909, 5.10 p.m. Tried first in gaslight,

putting the small end of the trumpet to my ear. There were undoubtedly voices in the tube, but I could only catch the names "William Roger Drake" and "Mary Ella." Cars were passing the house at intervals of three minutes, and it was impossible to obtain a perfectly quiet time; unfortunately, I had called just when the workmen were leaving the city for their homes. Mrs. Wriedt was impressed with the following messages from a spirit called "Mary":—"Thomas is here," and "Joan of Arc is one of our guides."

The names "Drake," "Mary," and "Thomas" were quite familiar to me, as those of friends who had passed over many years ago. I do not know any "Ella," and Drake's Christian names are wrong. Mary and Thomas are brother and sister. This sitting was a failure; but, at the invitation of the psychic, I returned at 8.15 p.m. to join a party who were booked for that time.

(82) The circle consisted of a Mr. and Mrs. Smith, a relative of theirs—a Mr. Andrews—the psychic, and myself. The trumpet was placed in the middle of the circle. We sang a little, and a voice from the trumpet joined in; this was the chief control, Dr. Sharp. A spirit then came to Mr. Andrews, speaking in low tones through the trumpet; she was related also to Mr. and Mrs. Smith, and was fully identified. Then came to me an old brother officer, Captain W. W. P., who identified himself satisfactorily, and spoke of the last materialisation séance at which I had seen him; this was at Pinner, near Harrow. The curious thing about this communication was that the spirit said it was in Buckinghamshire we had met, whereas it was in a village two or three miles outside the limit of



that county. I reminded him of a certain action of his that had enabled me to satisfy myself of his identity on that occasion. He said: "Yes, that was my adieu." (Correct; he disappeared directly afterwards.)

After this the former spirit held a long conversation with her friends. I heard them plying her with various questions; among others, what they had been doing that afternoon. They assured me later that all their questions had been answered correctly. The next spirit to manifest was Iola, who gave her Christian names, and also the name of a relative to us both, who had passed over fifty-five years before, as a child. She also gave my name, and referred to a séance of a few days before at the Jonsons', at Toledo, saying: "Did you see mother?"

Q.: "You could not speak?"

A.: "No. But I held out my hands." (Correct.)  
"Josephine spoke." (Correct.)

Forms were seen clairvoyantly trying to build up, but none succeeded.

It was a convincing séance, though in the dark, and I was satisfied that Mrs. Wriedt was a medium of remarkable power. The atmospheric conditions were of the best—freezing, dry, and clear. I understood that Mr. and Mrs. Smith had sat with this psychic before, but not for some time; Mr. Andrews had not met her before.

(83) January 8, 1909. 11.10 to 12.10. With Mrs. Wriedt alone, in the dark. Conditions excellent; freezing, dry, and clear. About fifteen minutes after the light was extinguished I saw a faintly-lighted cloud hovering about between the psychic and myself; this

gradually developed into the full face of a man. I did not recognise it, but discovered later from "Dr. Sharp," the control, that the name was "George." The appearance of the etherealisation was similar to that we are accustomed to see in Sir Herbert Tree's play when the ghost of Cæsar appears to Brutus. The next two phantoms were those of relatives, one of whom passed over eighteen years ago, the other six years; the fourth was the mysterious "Josephine," who had come to me at a Jonson séance at Toledo. I asked her why she attached herself to me, and she answered through the trumpet, while still in sight: "To help you, in loving kindness."

This was the only time I had seen a form speaking with trumpet, and it reminded me of old mediæval pictures. The spirit said Iola was with her. I thanked her for assisting Iola, when she said: "It is she who assists me." I learnt later that she was a spirit "healer."

The etherealisations came to an end, and for the rest of the séance the spirits spoke through the trumpet in the dark. After the disappearance of Josephine, Iola spoke for some time, first giving her two Christian names correctly.

She answered several questions, and described minutely and accurately what she had seen me doing at a certain time on the previous day. One reply struck me as most curious. I had asked her where she lived in her childhood, and she replied "Torrington" (faintly).

Q.: "What was the name of the square?"

A.: "Torrington."

(Now, the fact is she lived in the next square to Torrington Square, in London. This is like the

W. W. P. case. He did not materialise in Buckinghamshire, but a few miles off, in Middlesex. This often happens in spirit communication, but the reason of it is difficult to fathom. Surely it would be more natural for Iola to remember the name of her own square than that of the neighbouring one. I need hardly remind the reader that Mrs. Wriedt knew nothing whatever, normally, of me or my family or friends; she had never been to England, and the idea of her being able to distinguish between two squares in London or two counties may be regarded as preposterous.)

The above-mentioned "George" talked with me for a short time, and Dr. Sharp, the control, spoke for some minutes. His voice was as loud as that of a mortal, and he appeared sometimes to dispense with the assistance of the trumpet. He answered several questions, principally about my guide. I may say here that none of the voices can be identified as those of the friends who purport to be present; but the only voice which resembled that of the psychic was Josephine's. The operation is like communicating with a relative or friend through a long-distance telephone.

January 9, 1909, 1.40 to 2.40 p.m.

(84) I was accompanied by the veteran spiritualist Mr. Henry Clay Hodges, editor of *The Stellar Ray*, also *Two Thousand Years of Celestial Life* (by "Clytina") and *Science and Key of Life* (by Alvidas). Atmospheric conditions were not so good as on the previous day; it was snowing. After talking between ourselves for about twenty minutes, Dr. Sharp came and gave us some interesting information; and, among

other things, denied the possibility of reincarnation. Then a man spoke through the trumpet in pure English, gave a name, and said he was, in earth life, a surgeon at Brighton ; he declared that he knew me, but I have no recollection of him. Next came a Mr. W. O. Shipman, a friend of Mr. Hodges, who identified himself, speaking in Yankee intonation and dialect ; then my guide, with English accent, with whom I had a long chat. I asked her the names of one of my daughters, who was born on the anniversary of her death ; the answer was correct.

Q.: "What was I doing this morning?"

A.: "Writing notes of your investigation." (Correct.) "Then you thought it was a bad day, and you would not go out; so you wrote letters." (Correct.) "Who was the man you were talking to?"

I said it was Mr. Hodges (whom I had fetched from his office). An introduction then took place.

Q.: "I understand from Dr. Sharp that you are in the sixth sphere?"

A.: "Yes. Sixth sphere, seventh realm."

Q.: "How is my wife?"

A.: "She has received your letter from the east."

(I found afterwards that there had been some anxiety about the delay in the arrival of my first letter from New York, which had not reached home until a few days before this sitting.)

Then came "Clytina," who spoke very clearly, but in rather a stilted way, to Mr. Hodges in pure English. It seemed to me that her formal pronunciation was due to her wish to make sure that she was understood. She told me of two English friends who wished her to make them known to me ; at present I have not been able to place them. Next came Sir A. G., our Consul-

General for Cuba at the time of the Spanish-American War, who spoke of the *Maine* disaster. He had altered the view of that catastrophe which he held while in life, and went into long particulars about mines and wires that I could not follow properly, as I am not acquainted with Havana Harbour. He went on to say: "There were five in my family." (Correct.) "Do you remember the last time we met?" I replied: "Yes; I dined with you at ——." "Yes; we sat and smoked and talked. You admired a worked cushion we had." (Mark this trifling detail! I had a faint recollection of the incident, and, on writing to England, found out from one of the people present that it was true.)

This latter detail is one of those insignificant bits of information which the superficial critic holds in contempt. "Is this, then, all that spirits can talk about?" he exclaims. To me, this item, which I could not recall without assistance, was more valuable than if my friend had described the various appointments he filled in life with distinction, because the latter details are common property, and could have been culled from a book of reference.

After Sir A. G. had departed, two friends of Mr. Hodges spoke through the trumpet—Mr. Dan Revell and Senator James McMillan. Both identified themselves to his satisfaction, and the latter held quite a long conversation with him. Mr. Revell was one of the circle of seven who took in the messages from "Clytina" some years ago.

It is necessary to state here that there is a great difference between the language of the average American and Englishman; it shows itself in the idioms used, in pronunciation, accent, and specially

in intonation. Even among intellectual Americans true English is not usually spoken west of New York. I do not remember, for instance, ever having heard the word "Yes," though I have often heard as substitutes "Eyah," "Yah," "Yup," and "Yap." Now, during this séance, the Brighton surgeon, Sir A. G., "Clytina," and Iola spoke pure English; the friends of Mr. Hodges spoke Yankee, as was natural. My companion was much struck with this feature in the séance, and, after Iola had been talking for some time, involuntarily exclaimed, "No American lady ever spoke like that!" Neither the psychic nor her control speak good English. The voices, as I have said, were not the voices of my friends, but the nationality of each speaker was apparent.

Mr. Hodges had not met the psychic, Mrs. Wriedt, for years. The positive condition induced by over-anxiety to communicate was never more apparent in my investigations than in Mrs. Wriedt's séances. At first, with some communicators, the name would run off into a confused, blurred sound, and it was not till after several attempts that it could be made out properly.

January 10, 1909, 11.10 a.m. to 12.10. p.m.

(85) I asked Mrs. Wriedt if it mattered where she sat. She said, "Not in the least"; so I requested her to sit close to me on my left. The room, as usual, was pitch-dark; the only time I tried to hear voices in the light was on my first visit. The trumpet was about two feet in front of us.

After we had been sitting talking together for ten minutes, various patches of cloud appeared, and wreaths of stuff of the consistency of cigar-smoke;

once a luminous patch. The psychic said she saw an old lady facing us, but the illumination was not bright enough for me to identify it. This soon faded away, and I could see nothing but the door and walls, which I was able to make out through my temporarily clairvoyant vision. After a lapse of ten minutes a hoarse voice called through the trumpet, "Sir Walter," as I thought. After many questions, and some vexation expressed by the spirit, I found out that my visitor was a friend—Sir W. W.—who had passed over in 1905. After a time he began to speak more clearly, and said "he had died in Africa, where he went to do his duty." (Correct.) He had felt unwell before leaving England.

Q.: "Yes; you went to Bath and Aix-les-Bains."

A.: "When I was at Bath I remember crossing the bridge and thinking, 'I wonder if I shall ever see this place again?' But I little thought that I should go so soon."

Q.: "How is Lady W.?"

A.: "She is very well."

Q.: "Your daughter was stopping with me not long since."

A.: "Yes, I know; she takes an interest in the subject you are studying." (As far as I know, this is incorrect.)

Q.: "I have met your son Z. recently."

A.: "Yes, he is a fine young man. Do you remember my writing to you from Africa?"

Q.: "No, you did not write to me—perhaps to F.?"

A.: "Ah! Very likely it was to him."

Q.: "Can you see what F. is doing?"

A.: "Oh yes; he is doing well."

Q.: "Do you remember going with me to Husk?"

A.: "Yes, quite well."

Q.: "You did not care about him, but he is a medium?"

A.: "Yes, he is; but I did not like his personality."

Q.: "Do you remember what you said about him going to the railway station?"

A.: "Humbug." (Correct.)

I could not get, clearly, the place where this spirit died. The word was blurred; I heard the word "Government," I thought, and "Sir G." If I took this in correctly, it is a first-rate identification, for he passed over in a government building at that time occupied by a Sir D. G. He was evidently in a befogged condition. He admitted that he had opposed me on the subject of spiritism, but had now found out his error; he also declared that he wished his wife could reach a knowledge of such things, but he knew she would not until she "came over."

I cannot deny that it is possible a personating spirit may have been at work here. It is very improbable, for the identification was good, and the spirit did not assent to every suggestion, as a false spirit generally does; several times came "No, no, not that." In any case, fraud on the part of the medium was an absolute impossibility, for she could not, by any chance, have known the name of Sir W. W., my connection with him, the Bath bridge, his journey to Africa, where he died, or his repugnance to the subject while on the earth plane.

Sir W. W. was followed by Iola, who described to me minutely and correctly how I had been occupied in the hotel the previous evening. Among other things she said: "You had a little glass."



Q.: "What do you mean?"

A.: "A little beverage; ha! ha! ha!"

This was an allusion, I suppose, to some whisky-and-water I had taken before going to bed.

Dr. Sharp followed. He said he was born in Glasgow, and died in Evansville, Indiana; the doctrine of reincarnation was not true; people in different spheres could live together. He chatted for some time, and, saying "Good-bye," threw the trumpet with great force on the floor.

The atmospheric conditions were bad. It was raining, and there was fog and a heavy atmosphere.

February 3, 1909. 7.35 to 9.5. p.m. Atmospheric conditions very good.

(86) Dr. Sharp came first for a short conversation. Then Josephine, who, it may be remembered, I first met at the Jonsons', in Toledo. She repeated that she came as a guide to help me.

Q.: "Are you helping Iola?"

A.: "Iola is more likely to be able to help me."

This was afterwards explained by Sharp, who said Iola was able to get closer to me, and then Josephine's assistance came in.

Sir W. W. was quite strong; he laughed and talked louder than is usual through the trumpet. He repeated that his wife loathed the subject of spiritualism, and could not understand how I could tolerate such nonsense.

Q.: "How about F.?" (a mutual friend).

A.: "Oh!" (laughter in the trumpet) "he jeered at it."

Q.: "Yes; but I remember you and him jeering at me together."

A.: "Oh! yes; but I knew no better then. I am doing all I can to learn."

Iola followed, very strong, and talked for some minutes. She referred to having been with me at the house of "the light-haired young man," and said "she got mixed there." (The light-haired young man was Mr. Kaiser, another trumpet medium in Detroit. His séances are described below. I quite understood her allusion to "getting mixed," and it furnished an excellent proof that she had been really present.) She again, at my request, described accurately what I had been doing the evening before. Here followed some private details, in the recital of which she gave the correct names of my wife and her brother:

Q.: "Do you remember a séance at Toledo?"

A.: "At the young girl's—yes. I put my hand on you; I touched her."

Q.: "And the singing?"

A.: "Yes, yes!"

Q.: "Do you remember R. Square?"

A.: "Yes, and our romps in the house."

(The young girl mentioned above is Miss Ada Besinnet, with whom I had sat a few days before and received a remarkable test from Iola. The "romps in the house" refers to some Christmas fun fifty years ago.) A new voice in the trumpet, "Scott, Scott"; then a blurred word.

Q.: "What name?"

A.: "Scott W." (giving initial only; finally, "Scott Willcox." This was a man who died ten years ago in Southsea.) A curious incident now happened. Mrs. Wriedt was impressed, suddenly, to tell me to ask him how he came here this evening. I did so, and his reply was: "Mr. Henry Usborne invited me."

(I do not know that I have in my notes any incident during my time in America more convincing than this. Mr. Henry Usborne is a brother-in-law of mine, who passed over in 1890. Mind-reading will not account for it, for it never entered my head that this spirit would be hunting up my acquaintances to bring them to a séance. The two men did not know one another in earth life; moreover, the psychic was entirely ignorant of my relatives, and the last thing she would guess at would be that my second Christian name—which she had seen in January—would be the surname of a near relative.) I then went on:—

Q.: “You did not think much of this subject when in earth life?”

A.: “No! and I could not understand how you could take it up.”

Q.: “What are you doing?”

A.: “I am helping poor ignorant people to understand conditions when they come to this side.”

As he went away I said, “Good-bye, Scott Willcox.” He returned, “My name is Willcox.” “I said so.” “Oh! I thought you said ‘Scott McDonell.’” “No.” “Oh, I made a mistake. Good-bye.”

Dr. Sharp, who generally winds up a séance, so to speak, now gave a little address in a loud voice, not always, I think, through the trumpet. Among other statements was this: “My dear brother Moore, we have everything here — the most beautiful flowers and music; and I would specially mention—we have the animal kingdom.” In answer to my questions, he declared that marriage was a “spiritual act,” and that the spirit was generated at its consummation. It had no previous existence. The stars (planets?) influence the destiny of the spirit.

February 4, 1909. 9.5 to 10.30 a.m. Atmospheric conditions very good.

(87) First there were some etherealizations, the stuff which formed them apparently issuing from me, above my head. Several times the psychic said, "I see so and so over your head"; this preceded the appearance of an etherealization in front of me. My father and mother came singly and together, but not distinctly. A sergeant in the army tried to manifest three times. He said I was a friend of his Colonel, but was unable to give the name; the Colonel had passed over, but he (the speaker) passed out first.

A minister in black coat and tie etherealized and gave his name as Stead. I presume it was Mr. W. T. Stead's father, who made himself known at Rochester.

Then phantoms came and went for about half-an-hour, perhaps a little more; then speaking through the trumpet began. I requested Mrs. W. to speak sometimes while the spirits were talking (in order to prove that the voice in the trumpet was not hers). This she did, not only on this occasion but others, and I was satisfied. The name of "Catherine" was given by the medium as a person who was present, but she did not manifest; this is the name of a sister of mine who died in early childhood. "Josephine" again made herself known; then a man called A. R., who told me he had arrived first in the third sphere, but his friends helped him to reach the sixth. He did not appear to be in any "realm." About the question, as to whether people in different spheres could live together he was rather confused. I referred what he said afterwards to Iola, who laughed in the trumpet and said, "What does *he* know of the higher vibrations?"

Then came Iola and my brother-in-law together. The former spoke through the trumpet at the same time as the latter was saying into my right ear, "William, how are you, old chap?" My answer was: "I cannot talk to two people at once." "All right," he said, "I only wanted to show this as a test"; and for a time I was able to devote my attention wholly to the trumpet. Iola again told me accurately of what I had been occupied about on the previous evening. Among other details she said she had seen me writing my notes, and was pleased to see how well I had understood what she had said "here" (meaning at Mrs. Wriedt's). She and Mrs. Wriedt had a conversation, and four times she called the psychic by name in very distinct enunciation.

My brother-in-law also conversed with the psychic about the colours of dresses in the realms. "What colour does Miss Iola wear in her position?" "Pale lavender," was his reply. "What is your colour, Mr. Henry?" Answer: "Light red."

(The last picture painted in the presence of the Bangs at my first visit to Chicago was one of Iola dressed in a frock of pale lavender. I had this picture at my hotel in Detroit, but, of course, the psychic had never seen it, and nobody except the Bangs and myself had any interest in it at all. I considered this reply by the spirit remarkable and convincing.)

I questioned Iola about the pictures precipitated in the presence of the Bangs Sisters.

Q.: "Were you present while your portrait was precipitated?"

A.: "I was there all the time, and the artists were doing the picture from me. There are three artists,

one for drawing, one for colours, and one for magnetism.”

Q.: “Did you mark the profile portrait which has gone home?”

A.: “Yes. I inscribed it to G.”

(This picture had no inscription that I could see when I left it at Chicago with the Bangs Sisters. When I arrived home I found the above statement to be correct.)

Iola also said: “What made the picture a success was your being present. Had you laid your gold watch upon the table, I could have extracted the essence and put a gold pin in my hair or dress. If you had taken roses with you to the séance room, I could have put in roses. Spirits love the flowers.”

February 6, 1909. Atmospheric conditions good.

(88) Before any speaking in the trumpet began, the psychic saw the names of “Andrew,” “George,” “Catherine,” and “Millais” (or “Millay”).

The first name given through the trumpet was “Catherine.” As I have before explained, I supposed this was a sister of mine who died in early childhood. She made this fact quite clear on the present occasion, and said that she had grown up in spirit life.

The second spirit to speak was a man called Calver, who identified himself well. In earth life he was a captain in the Navy. He gave correctly the town where he was living when he died, and said very distinctly: “We were both in the surveying service of the Military.” If “Navy” be substituted for “Military,” his statement is accurate, and I looked upon this as a good test.

Before Calver spoke the psychic said, “I see a

man with a reddish head." While I was talking to the spirit he said: "Yes, Redhill was where I lived, not Redhead." (He lived, after his retirement, at Redhill, near Reigate, in Surrey. What association there was in the medium's mind between Redhill and a reddish head I do not know; but I suggest that she caught a word clairaudiently which led to the mistake.)

The next spirit who spoke to me was a man who had died at Southsea two years before, called Andrew Balfour, a retired captain in the Navy. He had been my first lieutenant twenty years before, when I commanded a ship in China, and we saw a great deal of one another for the four years preceding his death, when I practically managed his financial affairs, as he was physically unable to move about. He reminded me of a trifling incident that occurred in Chicago in January, which showed that he was acquainted with my doings in that city, and announced jocularly: "I must apologise for coming without an invitation. Ha! ha! ha!" This remark indicated that he was aware of what had taken place when Scott Willcox introduced himself on February 3.

Iola and my brother-in-law now came together, and both spoke through the trumpet. This was probably done for a test, but it was confusing; I asked the latter to quit, which he did, and I had a chat with Iola alone about matters of no interest to the reader. Such as it was, it assisted to complete the identity of the spirit.

In the course of this séance a lady announced herself who had passed over twenty years. She said she was happy, and I thought it no harm to allude to a subject of some delicacy which had much troubled

her in her last hours, and which hastened, if it did not actually cause, her death. I said, "Do you ever think now of James Montgomery?" The answer was, "Not now, but I do wish I had never met him"; then came a long, deep-drawn sigh in the trumpet, which made me feel very sorry I had touched the sore place in her memory.

Dr. Sharp now announced himself. He referred to my scepticism about my deceased acquaintance A. R., and said: "He has worked hard and made remarkable progress since he came over. He is in the sixth sphere, but in no realm at all. He told you the sixth, and he was right. There is a very wide difference between sixth sphere no realm and sixth sphere seventh realm [this in allusion to my expressed doubt that he could have reached a position equal to that of Iola]. We do not talk about 'realms' until getting to the sixth sphere. There are thirteen realms in the sixth sphere. Spheres are, as it were, conditions of place; realms are conditions of spiritual advancement."

While Sharp was talking, Henry (my brother-in-law) was speaking to me, first on my left side, then on my right side; and sometimes I could hear him talking to Sharp.

This was my last interview, on this visit, with my friends through the mediumship of Mrs. Wriedt. She was sitting about two feet on my right. At the end of the séance she put both of her hands into my right hand; and while I was talking to her I was struck on the head, left arm, and left breast by the trumpet, which was then thrown into the corner of the room behind her, where it fell to pieces.

I have, in these pages, related all that it is possible



publicly to record about my interviews with my relatives and friends through Mrs. Wriedt. The psychic was never in trance, and I cannot recall one single circumstance which led me to form any suspicion as to her integrity, though I was on the alert throughout. In that quiet room at Detroit I have heard, through the trumpet, the sounds of expression of nearly every human emotion except anger. Laughter, sighs, and utterances of disappointment were common. I have heard three voices talking at once, one in each ear and one through the trumpet; sometimes two in the trumpet. Dr. Sharp, being the most efficient speaker, would occasionally give a message for one of my visitors; and, if it were not accurately rendered, I could hear him being corrected: "No, no! I did not say that! I said....." Then Sharp would correct himself to me, and say: "I made a mistake; what he wanted me to tell you was so-and-so." The regrets of the spirits at not being able to make themselves heard or understood were pathetic: "Oh, dear! why cannot I make him hear?" or, "No, no; I did not mean that!"—these and similar exclamations were common. Taking it altogether, I have never been present at such realistic séances; in fact, I often forgot that I was conversing with those whom we ignorantly speak of as "the dead."

#### MR. A. W. KAISER.

There is another trumpet medium (besides Mrs. Wriedt), who has been five years in Detroit—A. W. Kaiser, then living at 125 Alfred Street. He was thirty-three years of age. No etherealizations occur in his presence, but the direct voice is nearly as good as

at Mrs. Wriedt's. I propose now to relate all I have in my notes respecting phenomena that occurred when I sat with him in 1909. He received his clients in a bedroom, and sat in the dark some three feet from them; the trumpet is generally standing on the floor between, or a little on one side of a line joining the two people. Five minutes or so are occupied, on sitting down, with music evolved out of an ordinary musical-box.

January 9, 4 to 4.50 p.m. Atmospheric conditions not good; snowing.

The first spirit to come was my brother-in-law, who called himself "Harry," as he did occasionally at Mrs. Wriedt's. He said, "Iola is here with me." Then came a Dr. Kurgan. He said he did not know me, but knew Mr. Hodges. He had lived in Detroit, and passed out not long ago in California; it was his wish that I should tell Mr. Hodges.

(I told Mr. Hodges, and he said the story was true. There would not be much in this if it were not that I had satisfied myself that the voice was not the voice of the psychic.)

Next came Iola, but she gave very little information; and then my mother, who stopped only to say a few words. After her departure a spirit called "Tim," one of the habitués of Jonson's cabinet, announced himself, and spoke for a few seconds. He said he had seen me at a dark séance at Jonson's. (This is correct; it was on January 4.)

Q.: "Who was that tall woman at Jonson's whom we called 'Cleopatra'?"

A.: "A great spirit from a high sphere."

Tim was followed by Dr. Jenkins, the psychic's

control. He has a strong, clear voice, not resembling that of Mr. Kaiser. I had a little talk with him:—

Q.: “Please tell me, Dr. Jenkins, what it means when I am told that a spirit is in the sixth sphere and the seventh realm.”

A.: “The spheres are divided up into realms, seven in number.”

Q.: “Cases are numerous of a man and his wife being in very different conditions of spiritual development here on the earth-plane, though much attached to each other. If they are in different spheres, or realms, in spirit life, would they be able to live together?”

A.: “Certainly. This will make no difference to their sharing a home.”

Q.: “Take the case of a man who has married twice.”

A.: “One wife will be attracted to the man more than the other.”

Q.: “What about the other one?”

A.: “She will find happiness in another.”

Q.: “Why should not the three live together?”

A.: “Two form the union.”

Q.: “Have you houses on your side?”

A.: “Yes. They are formed by thought, and are of different degrees of beauty, according to the development of the spirits who inhabit them. We have beautiful flowers and forests. Everything is far more beautiful than in your world. Good-bye. We have done all we can for you.”

January 11, 1909, 9 to 9.30 a.m.

Music for five minutes. Then Josephine spoke through the trumpet. She promised to help Iola to

manifest at the Jonsons'. I questioned her as to her nationality; she said she was not an American, but had lived in the States some time before she passed over.

Iola now spoke, but, in our conversation, there was nothing of public interest. I asked her how many were then living in my home; and she said, "Three, I think." (This was correct.)

Dr. Jenkins came last, as is usual with him. He explained, in answer to my queries, that beings live together in the spirit world in the same way as they do on the earth-plane, enjoying harmony and peace. Two people may be in different spheres, and yet live together. The reception-rooms, and all large halls, are round; the materials of the buildings are formed by concentration of the vibrations.

Q.: "Have you counterparts of everything in this world?"

A.: "Yes; we have beautiful forests, and streams, and music such as is not understood at all on earth. Animals? Yes; but when they leave the body they cease to be savage and cruel. Our forests are full of animals. No spirit dies."

February 2, 1909. Atmospheric conditions very good; freezing.

(89) The evidential feature in this séance was the coming of Thomson Jay Hudson. I was not thinking about him particularly at the moment, and the announcement of his presence gave me great surprise. I thanked him for taking the message for Mrs. Georgia from Chicago in January, and we talked about the Bangs Sisters' pictures, and our future meetings at Rochester. He spoke clearly, and remained about

ten minutes. Apropos of the names given in Mrs. Georgia's script, and to enable me to find out something about him in Detroit, I asked him if he had a sister in spirit life called "Hester" and a brother called "William." He replied, "Yes." "How could I find out in a normal manner? Would Mr. Hodges know?" He replied, "He most certainly would." (I found, however, that Mr. Hodges knew nothing of Dr. Hudson's relatives, and very little of Hudson himself. It must be remembered that Hudson, though he lived and died in Detroit, held an antagonistic view to that of spiritualists.)

During this conversation I found that Hudson emphatically agreed with me that it was pure folly to endeavour to make converts to spiritism. The proper course was to let others know of what you had seen and heard in the course of your investigations, and there leave it.

The other visitors were my guide (Iola), my brother-in-law, my mother, and Dr. Jenkins, the controlling spirit. I asked my brother-in-law if, when he was talking to me about our relatives, it necessarily followed that our conversation was understood by other spirits around him. He replied: "No! It is possible to isolate ourselves."

Towards the end of the séance I suggested to the psychic that it would be satisfactory if I could hear him speak at the same time as Jenkins; also that I should like the latter to speak from a position on the other side of me to that from which he spoke first. Both these requests were complied with.

It is the duty of every investigator to consider carefully, after every séance he attends, all possibilities of fraud. I can truthfully say this has been

my universal practice. In considering the above record, imperfect as it is for some obvious reasons, I naturally took the chief feature, the most apparently convincing fact of the interview—the manifestation of Thomson Jay Hudson. I had not mentioned his name to either Mrs. Wriedt or Mr. Kaiser, though I knew he was attending me, because of his promise made at Rochester and his success in carrying a message from Chicago to Mrs. Georgia. Normally, it was impossible for the psychics to know of this contract. He was not once in evidence at the house of Mrs. Wriedt, who lived in the same city with him for years; yet he manifests in the house of a young man who did not come to the city until three years after his death. As will be seen presently, he made his personality quite well known, and eventually proved at Rochester that we had talked together at Detroit.

During this séance Jenkins said: “The more you study this subject [spiritism] in the earth life, the more ready are you to progress when you pass over—to advance in spiritual life.”

February 3, 1909. 10 to 11 a.m. Atmospheric conditions very good.

(90) Music for a few minutes, and then we waited a short time. It was quite fifteen minutes before I heard the trumpet moved, and then my guide spoke. She was followed by my father. These communications were not evidential. Dr. Hudson followed; he promised to try and carry my message the following day to Mrs. Georgia at Rochester. He said her play would be a great success, and will be much appreciated by the public. (Events proved that this was only partially true. In the following month a well-known

manager in New York bought her play—her first; but, so far, I have not heard of it being put on the stage.) I inquired how it came about that Iola, who had been in spirit life over thirty-four years, was not able to identify herself so well as he, who had only passed over about six years.

A.: “Because I studied this subject on earth, and when I left it I took great pains to find out more about it.”

Q.: “Is it correct that you have, in spirit life, a sister called Hester and a brother called William?”

A.: “Yes.”

Q.: “Can you name anybody except Mr. Hodges who can confirm that at Detroit?”

A.: “I cannot recall just at present.”

Then came Dr. Jenkins, who spoke for some time. Among other things I asked him:—

Q.: “How is it that my guide cannot answer anything important about her identity?” (meaning at Kaiser’s séances). “When an important word comes, her voice, hitherto clear, goes off into an indistinct sound.”

A.: “You are very anxious to hear and she to give the word. This causes you both to become ‘positive,’ and the vibration is upset. Your relative is, as it were, looking through a cloud, and can only see indistinctly.”

February 4, 1910. 12 noon to 1 p.m. Atmospheric conditions very good. In company with Mr. Hodges.

(91) Voices, alleged to come from the following spirits, spoke with us: Mr. Hodges’s father, Iola, “Clytina,” Sir Isaac Newton, Dr. Richard Hodgson,

and Dr. Jenkins. In the case of Mr. Hodges's father there was nothing evidential; Iola did not add much to what she had said before, nor did "Clytina." The latter said, "Alvidas is here." As a test, this was not of great value, as the medium was well aware of Mr. Hodges's four years' sittings with Mr. Cole, during which Alvidas was the chief communicator, and surrounding entities (Diakka—idle and frivolous spirits) would probably make use of this knowledge. The important features in the sitting were the visits of spirits purporting to be Sir Isaac Newton and Dr. Richard Hodgson. The former assumed an old, feeble voice. He said to me: "Sir Isaac Newton; I am pleased to be able to come. Since I passed over I have been studying the laws of gravitation, light, and colours; and I desire to impart this knowledge to the world I have left. It could be done if the proper circle could be arranged and conditions were good, in the same way as was done when the spirit who has just been here [Clytina] communicated her messages to your friend. The forces are becoming used up, and I cannot stop long now. Good-bye."

Q.: "One moment, Sir Isaac. Can you tell me, in a few words, what is gravitation?"

A.: "Gravitation is a force generated by the rotation of the globes through ether."

Q.: "May I take it that it would be covered by the term 'electro-motive force,' and that the ether is, so to speak, the armature?"

A.: "That would cover the matter very nearly. Good-bye."

(I cannot, of course, assert that my visitor was Sir Isaac Newton; in fact, it appears, on the face of it, extremely improbable; but I can that the psychic was



incapable of inventing this novel theory of gravitation. I had heard of it from one man in England, who is now working upon this hypothesis. As far as I know, no American has initiated any theory of the kind, and only one man in this country. This man is sanguine of success, but, as yet, has not published a single line regarding the matter; with the exception of his immediate family, I question if there are ten people who are aware of the nature of his studies. Personally, I do not see how he can be correct, for scientists have informed us over and over again that the ether of space is frictionless. If it were not so, it would appear certain that the globes would soon cease to rotate.)

It was, no doubt, to the presence of Mr. Hodges that the visit of the spirit purporting to be Sir Isaac Newton was due. He has been engaged for years attempting to wrest the secrets of nature from the Greeks of past ages, through the mediumship of Mr. Cole.

After Sir Isaac left, a voice came through the trumpet, "Doctor Richard Hodgson." I said: "I am delighted to see you; I have often wished to do so." A.: "Yes, I have tried to impress you on three occasions."

Q.: "Please try and tell me something that I do not know, but which Hyslop or some other friend knows."

A.: "Not long before my death I had a conversation with Hyslop, when I told him I thought I should be the next of our Society to leave this sphere." (There were a few other questions and answers, but they were not of public interest. Dr. Hyslop tells me that he does not remember the above statement of Dr. Hodgson in the form in which it is put; but of course they had many conversations when the

future life and change to another state of consciousness were the theme of discussion.)

Dr. Jenkins, the medium's control, said that Dr. Hudson was away trying to impress a "light" (medium) in another place, to whom I had sent a message. A few hours before I had concentrated on a message to Mrs. Georgia which I hoped that Hudson would carry. He also said: "He [Hudson] is preparing some good tests for the time when you sit again at Rochester."

Mrs. Georgia and I had agreed upon a date and time for the above message. It was sent from Mrs. Wriedt's house at the time arranged (allowing for difference of longitude). Mrs. Georgia was entirely ignorant of the nature of the message, and of the city I should be in at the preconcerted date. The message was not carried as I had written it, but there is a knowledge shown in Mrs. Georgia's script of my doings, and general evidence that Hudson was with me. (See Chapter V.)

On this evening (February 4, 1909), at 5.15, Mrs. Wriedt came to my hotel, at my invitation, to see the picture of Iola in the "pale lavender dress." She told me that she had asked her control, Dr. Sharp, why he was not present at the morning's séance. He replied that he had been occupied in helping Mr. Moore's friends to go to him at twelve o'clock. She wanted to know what this answer meant. I told her that at the time mentioned I was with Kaiser. I found that the two psychics do not know one another; they live over two miles apart, and may have met in the same room, but are not on those terms which would lead to interchange of experiences with clients. I need hardly say that I did not supply either of

them with the dates and times of my visiting the other.

February 5, 1909. 9.50 to 10.45 a.m. Atmospheric conditions not very good; a thaw; clear overhead.

My visitors on this day were my brother-in-law, Iola, Dr. Hudson, Dr. Hodgson, and Dr. Jenkins.

(92) Iola told me she had seen me the previous night "reading the message." (It is a fact that I had taken up the message which I had tried to send in the morning, and read it carefully over in my room at the hotel; this was by way of emphasising the impression on Mrs. Georgia.)

Hudson was strong. He said he had carried the message, but thought the "light" had not taken it all in. He knew he had impressed her, but thought she only got part of it; then he went on to say: "I have been trying to render the conditions good for you."

Q.: "I want to find out by normal means who Hester Hudson is, and who William Hudson."

A.: "That is what I mean. It is some time since I was known here, and I have failed to impress anyone."

Q.: "Well! I have it from you that Hester was your sister and William your brother?"

A.: "Yes."

Hodgson came fairly strong.

Q.: "Can you give me a test of your identity?"

A.: "Yes; when we met at Boston, at Mrs. Piper's, I said in her presence that when I came over this side, if allowed to communicate, I would try and improve the conditions for her."

Q.: "I did not sit with you and Mrs. Piper."

A.: "No, no. I said that in Mrs. Piper's presence."

(As a matter of fact, I never sat with Mrs. Piper; but I think this statement, made on February 5, 1909, has something in it, for this reason. In page 2 of *Proceedings of the Society for Psychological Research*, June, 1909, I find that Professor William James writes: "Hodgson had often during his lifetime laughingly said that, if he ever passed over and Mrs. Piper was still officiating here below, he would control her better than she had ever yet been controlled in her trances, because he was so thoroughly familiar with the difficulties and conditions on this side.")

Dr. Jenkins made himself known last.

Q.: "Please explain about realms and spheres."

A.: "I will try. We can explain a little to you about the first seven spheres. You could not possibly understand me if I tried to explain anything about vibrations beyond that. The spheres are not separated by strictly defined lines of demarcation. Realms are conditions, and you recognise the realm a person is in by the colour he or she wears. Each sphere after the third has certain realms."

Q.: "Then, if I am told that a person is in the sixth sphere and seventh realm, and that her dress is the colour of pale lavender?"

A.: "That is quite correct. The first sphere is one of darkness—not material darkness such as you understand it, but ignorance and absence of desire to rise. When a spirit once forms a desire to rise, it begins its progress towards a higher sphere."

Q.: "Do these earthbound spirits in the first sphere impress those on earth for bad?"

A.: "They do."

Q.: "But I presume that they cannot do much physical harm?"

A.: "No."

Q.: "Is this on account of their ignorance of the higher vibrations?"

A.: "Yes."

Jenkins went on to say: "The thoughts of mortals are very powerful. Supposing you want a certain spirit to come to a séance, or to be with you, all you have to do is to think of them—concentrate on them—a few minutes before."

Q.: "The amount of success depends, I suppose, upon the rapport between you. If two people have been much attached to one another, they could establish rapport quicker than strangers?"

A.: "Yes."

(Dr. Jenkins, Kaiser told me, was a Doctor of Divinity and Methodist minister. He passed over about 1894. He was well known to Kaiser's father. He was turned out of the ministry on account of his spiritualistic views.)

This séance ends my experiences, on that visit, with Mr. Kaiser. I have not been able to record everything that passed here. Many minor messages I forgot before I could make notes; it was possible only to put together the salient points in each sitting. It will be observed that there are some contradictions and differences of opinion between Sharp and Jenkins. Private messages from Iola and some others have been omitted.

On January 10, 1909. I went with Mr. Hodges to the house of Mdme. Julienne de Leamont, 922 Cass Avenue, Detroit. The mediumship of this lady is of

a peculiar kind. She has six empty globes on a stand, one, in the centre, much larger than the other five. When conditions are favourable, these six globes become full of light simply through the psychic placing her hands upon them. On this occasion the atmospheric conditions were bad; it was raining hard; nevertheless the large globe was slightly, and one of the small globes almost fully, illuminated.

After this manifestation there were whispers through a trumpet. Dr. Kurgan spoke to Mr. Hodges. When they had finished their chat I asked the spirit: "When you spoke to me yesterday, how did you know that I was acquainted with Mr. Hodges?"

A.: "Because I saw you talking to him."

Q.: "In his office?"

A.: "Yes."

The room was dark, and there were six or more sitters. Towards the end of the séance one gentleman, who was known to be a psychic, said to me: "Sir, I see the form of President Lincoln standing behind you, holding an open book in his hand." For the last few days I had been trying to recollect a certain passage in Walt Whitman's *Ode to Lincoln*. Not a soul beside myself knew this; I had never set eyes on the speaker before that evening, and then only for five minutes in the light. I could not help attributing this to something more than mere coincidence. Two days later I found the passage I required in the public library of Toledo.

## CHAPTER IX.

### THIRD VISIT TO AMERICA

Return to United States—Objects of my visit—Mrs. Georgia ill—Mrs. French still has power, though in her eightieth year—Mrs. Rossegue—Her psychometry—Miss Ada Besinnet—Singing and whistling by spirits—Spirit lights—A heavy table lifted off the floor—The singing of Oma Yoant and Iola—Mrs. Wriedt accompanies a party to a séance with Ada Besinnet—Her clairvoyance—Very good test to Mr. Xander—Black Cloud's method of announcing his departure from the psychic—Talking through the trumpet—Automatic writings by the psychic—Professor Hyslop—He does not admit the possibility of materialisation—More séances with the Jonsons—Grayfeather again—The antics of Viola—Her disappearance from one spot, and instant reappearance in another—The striking materialisation of Catherine—Discovery of the partial solidity of spirit forms—Edna, the nun—Privilege accorded me by Viola—Mrs. Wriedt attends a Jonson séance, and her control, Dr. Sharp, comes to her—I hold the coat of a partially materialised spirit—Warned by my guide not to repeat a certain experiment—The Newtons' children appear, and give a pretty test—Dr. Sharp again manifests to Mrs. Wriedt—Grayfeather: "I want my shadow here"—Sitting alone with Mrs. Jonson in the cabinet—Materialisation, only of scientific interest—Tests with the Bangs Sisters—Picture test successful in two days—Letter test takes three days—Depletion of the mediums and of myself—Slate-writing through the mediumship of Mr. P. O. Keeler—No evidence of identity, but proof of the presence of invisible intelligences—Return to England.

ON December 10, 1910, I left Southampton to pay a third visit to the United States to study psychical phenomena. During the previous twenty months I had, of course, discussed my American experiences with many people, but chiefly with a conjurer whom I believe to be the most modern and clever of his trade,

who furnished me with over a hundred explanations on different points. There was not one of the many suggestions offered to me that met the cases of spirit action I had seen; each explanation was more wonderful than the spirit hypothesis. No doubt those who argued with me were at a great disadvantage; they were totally unacquainted with the electrical conditions in the States, with the country, and with the psychics whom I had seen. However that may be, the effect on my mind was to strengthen my belief in the genuineness of the phenomena; and I left England without a single doubt of what I had seen in 1909, but, at the same time, resolved to put all suggestions to the test whenever an opportunity occurred.

The main objects of my third visit were: (1) To interview my guide through the mediumship of Mrs. Georgia and Mrs. Wriedt; especially to try and discover what her occupation was, and what were the duties of other members of my family and friends in spirit life; (2) to see what development had been made in the mediumship of Miss Ada Besinnet, the famous young psychic at Toledo; and (3) to have some experiments with Mr. and Mrs. Jonson, not, indeed, to test their honesty, of which I was already fully assured, but to study more closely the tangibility of the forms, and particularly their methods of dematerialising, which had so much astonished me in 1909. As I thought an opportunity might occur to spend a few days at Chicago, I wrote letters ready for experiments with the Bangs Sisters, and put paper inside for reply, sealing the envelopes in such a way as to render it impossible for them to be opened in a normal manner, and in a short time, without detection. I also purchased a chemical and



some ink, which was secured in a travelling-bottle with spring; the application of the chemical to the ink would prove instantly if the ink of the replies to the letters was the same ink as I put on, or near, the slates.

On arrival at New York, I proceeded to Rochester, which I reached on December 20, 1910. I called upon Mrs. Georgia the following morning, and found her dangerously ill. The next day she was removed from her residence to a hospital. So critical was her condition that it was found necessary to perform a very serious operation upon her in one hour; and it was found that, had this operation been delayed, she must have died in a few hours.

I remained in Rochester till December 28, when Mrs. Georgia was pronounced "going on well"; and then proceeded to Toledo, Ohio. While in Rochester I had two interesting experiences. On Thursday, December 22, 1910, owing to the kindness of friends, I sat with the venerable Mrs. French, now in her eightieth year, and heard the voices of Red Jacket, Dr. Hossack, and Bro. Riley. They were feeble; but the wonder is that we got anything at all, considering the advanced age and failing health of the psychic. There were five people in the semi-circle, and it was fifty minutes before any phenomena occurred. In *The Psychic Riddle* Dr. Funk has given such a full description of what happens in the presence of Mrs. French that it is superfluous to add any further testimony here.

(93) On Christmas Eve I visited a psychometrist, Mrs. H. E. Rossegue, to whom I was a perfect stranger; she had only been three days in the city. I wear a locket on my watch-chain, and I took this off

and gave it to the lady. Very soon she said: "This has not always belonged to you. The spirit of a lady came with you into the house. I get her character." Then followed a faithful description of my wife, which could not have been more accurate if she had known her twenty years. This was followed by a fairly accurate account of some events in my own life. Then she returned to the subject of the locket: "The former owner of this is not in spirit life; she is far away from you, far away; she is not very strong; she is feeling she must come back to you....." More about myself followed.

Q.: "What is inside the locket?"

A.: "I hear, 'It was mine, but it is not I.'"

The rest of the reading was of little interest to my readers. (The locket was for over thirty years the property of my wife. After she had given it to me, we had a portrait of Iola put into it. The spirit said to be in the room was that of my wife, who was asleep in England. "It [the locket] was mine, but it [the picture] is not I." The time when this was said was 6.30 p.m., New York time, which would be about 11.30 p.m., English time.)

My next séance was at Toledo, with Miss Ada Besinnet, on Friday, December 30, 8 p.m. She now lives with her adopted parents, Mr. and Mrs. Murray Moore, at "The Colman," 1923 Vermont Avenue. The other sitters were Mrs. Murray Moore and Mr. and Mrs. Z. The familiar spirits who were in evidence were "Maud" (a sister of Mrs. Moore), Oma Yoant (an old school-friend of Miss Ada), Pietro de Muria (the whistler), "Leonore," Black Cloud (Indian), and "Dan," who is the psychic's principal guide. I

soon found that Miss Ada had been much developed during the two years that had elapsed since I last sat with her. I sat on her right, and controlled her right hand. Directly the light was put out the table moved two feet, and opened in the middle (where a leaf can be put in). When we were fairly settled, a voice came directly in front of me, "Iola is here." A song was started on the graphophone by Mrs. Moore, who attended to the instrument; and a spirit, said to be Oma Yoant, joined in with a loud, rich voice, filling the room with sound. This voice appeared to me to be about three feet distant across the table, and on a level with my head.

Then followed various songs from the graphophone, accompanied by spirit-singing and the magnificent whistling of Pietro, which appeared to me to be even louder and richer than it was two years before. The Z.'s had brought with them many new "records," and the spirit-singers and Pietro seemed to be just as much at home with them as with their old familiar songs.

A little hand, half the size of my own, stroked mine and my knees softly. I held it once above the table, and tried to keep it, but it wrenched itself away from me upward (there was no dissolving).

An Indian spirit called "Silvermoon" gave a fine war-whoop from the ceiling.

Mrs. Z.'s ring was taken off her finger, and put, as far as it would go, on my little finger. Mrs. Z. told me that considerable force had to be used by the spirit, as her ring was very tight. In a few minutes it was taken from me again, and returned to Mrs. Z.

There was much talking through the trumpet and singing in the direct voice independently of the

trumpet; when this took place, the latter was laid on the arms of one of the sitters. None of the singing emanated near the psychic.

My left hand was pressed down on the medium's right hand several times by a feminine hand, said to be that of the spirit "Leonore."

During the conversation the table was frequently shaken, as if to simulate convulsions of laughter; these demonstrations were always very apt, invariably happening when some comical remark had been made. Several spirit lights were seen.

The graphophone was often stopped when a record was put in which the spirits did not like. On one occasion, when Mrs. Moore went out of the room to fetch a record that we asked for, the instrument was started and stopped several times by the spirits.

A tambourine was wrung out of my hand, as it had been two years before.

Towards the end of the séance the psychic spoke in trance, and described an old relative of mine who passed out in 1904. This "speaking in trance" and "automatic writing" are new developments of Miss Ada.

After two and a-quarter hours the séance came to a close, the young psychic coming out of trance in three minutes without distress, apparently normal, and able to join in general conversation.

I propose to continue the account of my observations of Miss Ada Besinnet without regard to consecutive dates in the narrative of my education, and then to give accounts of my sittings with the Jonsons and the tests of the Bangs Sisters. The most mysterious and convincing of all my experiences, those which brought

me into closest touch with the next state, are related in the next chapter, entitled "The Voices." There is no phenomenon so rare and so effective as that of the "direct voice," whereby an investigator is brought, so to speak, into the very antechamber of celestial life. The phenomena exhibited in the presence of Mrs. Wriedt, both in quantity and quality, exceed in value any other experiences I have in my notes. Not one half are recorded, for private reasons; but such as I have been able to make public will form an appropriate *finis* to the narrative of facts I have witnessed in my search for the truths of immortality.

(94) Saturday, December 31, 1910. With Miss Besinnet. Sitters—Mrs. Murray Moore, Mr. and Mrs. Z., their nieces, and myself. On this occasion the circle round the table was complete. The atmospheric conditions were very good. I controlled the psychic's right hand.

Mrs. Moore, as before, attended to the graphophone. She was often interfered with by the spirits, who stopped the instrument whenever they did not like the tune or song being played.

When the lights were first put out the table was moved a foot, and opened where a leaf should go if required. Then the spirit singing and whistling, in accompaniment to the graphophone, went on for about an hour. The singing of Oma Yoant was specially fine; it appeared to come from about a foot above the centre of the table. The same magnificent whistling took place.

Mrs. Z.'s ring was taken from her hand to that of one of her nieces, and then brought to me, where, as on the previous evening, it was put on my little finger.

It remained there ten or fifteen minutes, and was then returned by "Leonore" to Mrs. Z. Little hands stroked my hand and my knee several times, and once a hand touched my shoulder.

Presently I felt a little hand playing with my locket. Controlling Miss Ada's right hand with my left, I reached down my right hand under the table and felt a small hand, less than half the size of my own, apparently trying to remove the locket. I asked: "Shall I assist you to unclasp it?" Answer, one knock on the table (indicating "No"). After the locket had been fingered about fifteen minutes, the motion ceased; I put my right hand down again, and found it gone; it was handed round to each member of the circle, and then returned to me open. A number of spirit lights appeared round it the moment before I was allowed to hold it. I asked:—

"Who has been doing this? Is it Leonore?"

A.: One knock on the table.

Q.: "Is it Iola?"

A.: Three knocks (indicating "Yes"); then a whisper through the trumpet: "I tried to show you my face in the locket." Before this I saw, dimly, the form of a woman bending over me with her hands on my shoulders, or trying to do so.

Miss Ada's control, "Black Cloud," bashed my left hand with his; many times a gentle feminine hand pressed my hand down on the right hand of the medium. "Silvermoon" gave a loud war-whoop from the ceiling.

When the séance was nearly at an end, the table, which weighs over a hundredweight, was lifted clean off the floor two or three inches for a second.

February 2, 1911. With Miss Ada Besinnet and Mrs. Moore alone, 7.30 to 9 p.m.

On this evening there was a great display of spirit lights ; Iola tried to show her face by these. I dare-say there were, at different times, one hundred, about the size of a quarter dollar ; not one emanated from the medium. One song was sung three times by Oma Yoant, and also by Iola. We had other songs and whistling, with and without the graphophone. Three new spirit singers made themselves known. "Leonore" spoke several times through the trumpet.

The psychic was brought out of trance, very suddenly, by "Black Cloud," her Indian control, and taken into the drawing-room, where she was made to lie down on the sofa, "Black Cloud" muttering all the while through her lips. As she passed round the table, among the chairs in the pitch-dark séance-room, she never stumbled, nor came into collision with any furniture.

(95) Friday, February 3, 1911. With Miss Ada Besinnet, 8 to 10.30 p.m. The party consisted of Mr. and Mrs. Newton, Mrs. Wriedt, and three friends, besides Mrs. M. Moore and myself. The fact of Mrs. Wriedt being present added very much to the power. When the seats were being arranged, I suggested that a Mr. Xander should sit next to the medium, which he did, and talked to a spirit nearly the whole evening. His experiences during that séance quite dispersed any doubts he may have had before ; he is a man of strong character, and it was a fine instance of the comforting and elevating power of spiritism.

I sat next to Mrs. Wriedt. On my right was a man

who obtained some convincing and consoling test. The Newtons' two children in spirit life passed flowers and other articles backwards and forwards between their father and mother. Iola made herself known to me and to Mrs. Wriedt.

But the best evidence of spirit power to the party as a whole came to Mr. Xander, through Mrs. Wriedt. He said to a spirit: "Please take this ring to Mrs. Wriedt, and ask her if she can tell me where it came from." Before receiving it in her hand, Mrs. Wriedt said: "I see a watch; the works are all out of it, and it appears to fuse while I look at it, as if it were in the melting-pot. I see the face of an old man [describing him], who once owned the watch." She received the ring in her hand, and passed it to me. After I returned it, the spirit carried it back to Mr. Xander, who said: "This is one of the most remarkable things which has ever happened to me. The watch seen by Mrs. Wriedt belonged to my father, whom she described correctly. After it came into my possession, I had the works removed, and the cover beaten up and made into this ring."

There were, on this evening, many songs on the graphophone, accompanied by spirit-singing; Oma Yoant, as usual, showing the greatest power.

Finally, I heard the voice of Black Cloud: "Me..... go"; Miss Ada came out of trance easily, and without any ill effects being apparent from the exercise of her gift.

February 10, 1911. Alone with Miss Ada and Mrs. Moore, 7.30 to 9.5.

I informed the controls in open voice that we did not want much spirit-singing, but would like the



manifestations this evening to take the form of talking and mental phenomena. We began with songs through the graphophone, one Indian song—a favourite with me—being accompanied by Oma Yoant in her loud voice, and, in gentler tones, by Iola afterwards. When my favourite passages came round, Iola sang straight into my face. After this first singing was over, she talked to me through the trumpet, telling me how hard she was trying to do what I wanted (referring to Jonson's séances). Pietro, the whistler, joined in only when *Cavalleria Rusticana* was played by the graphophone.

There were some thirty good spirit-lights.

Three letters written automatically by the psychic were given into my hands:—

(1) My name is spelled Yoant.

(2) I have come to you so many many times but you do not seem to see me or hear me and it is so difficult. I love to come to the home and the loved ones.

I do so wish you had some good medium at home where I could come to you as I can here.

There are so many difficulties to overcome when we come back here. There are so many things that we want to tell you and we know what we want to say when we are ready to come back but when we get here everything seems to disappear and we cannot say what we want to.

I must go now, I will be with you to guide you safely home.....Iola.

(3) [Writing very bad.] Me think me go now medium very tired; me like you, like you come. Good night, goodbye. B. C. [Black Cloud].

What will be the fate of this gifted young psychic,

Ada Besinnet? Her health is far from good. She is tenderly cared for by Mrs. Murray Moore, and, so far, there is no cause for anxiety; but the phenomena which occur in her presence are of such a remarkable character that the average ignorant and unprepared American finds himself unable to accept them. His undeveloped mind rebels against what is, to him, a totally new proposition. Not a year ago she was treated with insult and active hostility by a party composed of what a Yankee would call "ladies and gentlemen."

My friend Professor Hyslop has completed his long examination of Miss Ada, and has satisfied himself of the genuineness of all that goes on; but, as he has not yet educated himself to the point of understanding the phenomena of materialisation, his report is not a correct representation of all her gifts. The little hands, the extraordinary whistling of Pietro, the singing of Oma Yoant (loud, clear, and appearing in the middle of the table), and the stopping, starting, and changing records of the graphophone, can have no significance to a man who does not admit the word "materialisation" into his category of terms. Like his predecessor, Richard Hodgson, he has very much to learn; and his views on physical phenomena are so well known that I do not believe any medium of the first class whose gifts lie in that direction will sit for him. I should doubt if Mrs. Wriedt would consent to have him in her séance-room. It is a matter of unconcern to these powerful psychics in Toledo and Detroit whether either the American or London Societies for Psychical Research believe in them or not. We had many conversations on this subject, and I agreed with all of them that it was waste of energy and time to

submit to the ridiculous tests of pseudo-scientists who have not mastered the fundamental principles of psychic force.

I trust that Miss Ada will continue to develop her gifts, and admit sitters who come with good introductions, and those only. Open-minded scepticism should be no bar, but all hostile persons should be refused; the "sweet young girl," as Iola calls her, should not be subjected to the strain of a struggle with evil or antagonistic suggestions. Curious it is that, while the great secret of the knowledge of immortal life is to be found around the great lakes of North America, where the natural electrical conditions are so favourable to all forms of psychical manifestation, the people are, on this subject, the most ignorant, intolerant, and bigoted on the face of the civilised earth. With nine men out of ten, to mention the occult is to provoke a sneer; in this respect it is worse there now than it was in England sixty years ago. The motive of life is the chase of the almighty dollar; materialism is rampant, and, as far as I could see, there is no reason to hope for any improvement for very many years to come.

It is most improbable that the phenomena it was my good fortune to get through Miss Besinnet were so powerful as have been obtained, from time to time, by Mr. and Mrs. Z., and other people around who have sat very often. A passing tourist would not fare so well as old friends; but, perhaps, enough has been said to give my readers a general idea of what they would experience if they went to Toledo themselves. One phenomenon I did not see—the flashes of illumination like sheet-lightning; it is rare, but was seen by Dr. Hyslop on one or two occasions.

I now pass on to describe a few séances I had with Mr. and Mrs. Jonson, the mediums alluded to in Chapter VI.

Tuesday, January 10, 1911. 8.20 to 10.15 p.m. With Mr. J. B. Jonson. Sitters, Mr. and Mrs. Z. and myself. Mrs. Jonson in the séance-room attending to the musical-box and receiving the spirits as they materialised. The atmospheric conditions were good, but not of the best; fine overhead, but thawing.

Though this sitting was by appointment, nothing was ready. We had to wait forty minutes for the séance-room to be warmed, and when we did go upstairs the cabinet was found full of chairs and other things that had been used during the afternoon for Mrs. Jonson's cabinet sitting.

Grayfeather, the Indian, took possession of Jonson easily and naturally, and nineteen individual spirits materialised, some reappearing two or three times. The light was sufficient to read a watch with a white face. Jonson sat outside the cabinet, in a chair, for quite half the séance.

My friends Mr. and Mrs. Z. were fortunate in seeing a number of their relatives, and I was more than satisfied. The antics of Viola, one of the habitués of Jonson's cabinet, were remarkable. She came first and showed her face to the three members of the circle, at a distance of one or two inches from theirs, allowing me to examine her long hair by taking it into my hand. She made three or four visits. On one of these she stood outside the cabinet curtains talking for a minute or so, then suddenly disappeared from that spot and reappeared instantly behind my chair with her hands on my shoulders and some of her hair over my right shoulder. The distance from one

spot to the other was six feet. As she wore a white robe and the light was fairly good, it would have been impossible not to see her move if she had been a mortal. We three agreed that there was no sign of a form from the time she disappeared outside the cabinet to the moment her hands were placed upon me. I have described similar performances of this bright, active spirit in Chapter VI.

(96) But the most extraordinary manifestation of this excellent séance was the materialisation of a sister of mine, Catherine, who passed from this life, when two and a-half years old, fifty-five years ago. She first came out of the cabinet, gave her name, and said in low tones: "We are all here, father and mother and brother Alldin."

Q.: "Is Iola here?"

A.: "Yes, we are all here."

This time her face was not very distinct; she returned into the cabinet, and, in a minute or two, reappeared much plainer. Mrs. Jonson got a very strong impression to take her out into the better light behind the chairs, and only some six feet from the lamp. I moved first, Catherine behind me, and Mrs. Jonson brought up the rear. We passed Jonson, entranced in his chair, round Mr. Z., who occupied a chair opposite to him, and stopped behind Mr. Z., where the light was good enough to read a newspaper. Mrs. Jonson then told me to turn round; I faced about and found myself looking at a woman about 5ft. 4in. in height, with extremely pretty, animated face, full of character, and rich auburn hair. We kissed each other on the mouth; her lips were warm and moist. We then proceeded back to the cabinet in reverse order. As the spirit was entering

between the curtains I brought my hand down upon her white shoulder and found—nothing! My hand met with no resistance whatever. I could not detect any family likeness.

(I discussed this incident afterwards at Detroit with Dr. Sharp, Mrs. Wriedt's guide, and Catherine herself. I asked Sharp: "Why was it that it was so easy for my sister to materialise and come out into the middle of the room, and other spirits find it so difficult?" His reply was: "You are children of the same mother; it is a fact that, when brother and sister meet in this way, it is much easier than friends or even relations of more distant affinity." I asked Catherine why my hand went through her shoulder. She said, "I am not material"; but on another occasion she said, "I was just beginning to dematerialise.")

Mr. Z. told me this was the best materialisation he had ever seen at Jonson's. Both he and Mrs. Z. saw Catherine, clearly, from where they sat, and declared that she was a very beautiful spirit.

An old relative of mine came out of the cabinet. I went back to the opening with her, and she kissed me on the left cheek. At the same moment I put my right arm round her waist and found—nothing! After an interval she came again, and for a second time I was able to satisfy myself of her non-substantiality. Hypatia and Cleopatra both put in an appearance, the latter wearing a gold bracelet on the left arm, exactly as in my precipitated picture. I put my hand on this bracelet and found—nothing! As on a former visit in 1909, she made passes over Jonson and stood beside him when he was on his feet; she was nearly the same height, say 5ft. 10in.

None of these experiments did the medium any harm.

Mrs. Z.'s guide, a nun called Edna, when she came, arose from the carpet two feet in front of me; she was wearing a smaller cross than she wore two years ago when I last saw her. After stopping two or three minutes she dematerialised, and soon afterwards rose from the carpet in the same place as before.

My father and mother came together, and a little girl in Scotch plaid, said to be a guide of an artist in Canada, came to Mr. and Mrs. Z.

I should mention that, shortly after Grayfeather took possession of Jonson, he made the latter rise and collect magnetism from Mrs. Jonson and us sitters, with his hands. This he appeared to throw into the cabinet.

Thursday, January 19, 1911. With the Jonsons. Sitters, Mr. and Mrs. Z., their two nieces, Mrs. Wriedt, and myself. The atmospheric conditions were satisfactory, but the séance was not so good as that of January 10.

(97) Grayfeather took possession of Jonson easily; he caused him to rise from his chair and throw his hands about as before, collecting magnetism from his wife and the sitters, and throwing it into the cabinet. Viola came out of the cabinet early, and flitted about, peering into our faces as she did at the last séance. With her consent I took hold of her tresses of long hair on either side of her head with both hands, drew her face gently down to mine, and kissed her. It was precisely the same as kissing any ordinary mortal. This experiment, in the interest of science, was

remarked upon with jeers by "Kitty" inside the cabinet, who called out: "Oh! oh! he's all amongst the girls!" I was told afterwards that this is a favour sometimes accorded by Viola to old friends. The light was quite good enough to see the face and form clearly down to her feet. She then retired into the cabinet. During a subsequent séance at the house of Mr. Kaiser, in Detroit, Kitty spoke to me in the dark, and, among other things, said: "Viola thought that kiss of yours real nice."

Dr. Sharp, Mrs. Wriedt's control, came according to a promise made to us at Detroit. It was easy to recognise the face and long beard as he appears in his picture in Mrs. Wriedt's drawing-room; but, otherwise, he appeared to me to be very phantasmal, evidently not a solid form. Mrs. Wriedt had a conversation with him. I heard him say, "I came to keep my promise"; but he could not stop very long.

Hypatia and Cleopatra manifested, and were both shy. I had no opportunity of testing their tangibility. Friends and relatives appeared to all the party.

The name Alldin was given. I went up to the cabinet and saw a vague figure of a man, but could not make out the face. I put out my left hand, and clutched the lapel of a tweed coat. It evaded my hand after I had held it for two or three seconds; there was no struggle, and the form vanished.

(98) The same old relative whom I saw on the 10th came again. I got the name clearly, and saw the form at the opening of the cabinet. I approached her closely; she kissed me, as she would in life, and I instantly put my right hand straight through the white garment. Until my hand had gone through



about a foot or fifteen inches, it encountered no resistance; then my fingers met a slight obstruction, somewhat hard. There was, at this moment, a stagger back of the form, and it disappeared.

After this a white form tried to rise from the carpet outside the cabinet, but failed and sank again.

Jonson came out of trance very suddenly. This was the only occasion upon which there was any sign that my experiments had disturbed him. He was quite himself in a few minutes and none the worse; but my guide (who must have been in the cabinet and seen what I was doing at the time) referred to the incident a few days later, in Detroit, and warned me that it must not be repeated.

Friday, February 3, 1911. 2.30 to 4.40 p.m. Sitting with Jonson. Conditions good. The party consisted of Mrs. Wriedt, Mr. and Mrs. Newton, a lady friend of theirs, Mr. Xander, another gentleman, and myself. The most interesting event in this séance will be described in the next chapter. It was by a mere accident that I was able to attend at all, and I consider myself fortunate in witnessing the final act of a pretty episode.

All the party got something. To me came Cleopatra, a seaman called "Carey," and Admiral T. I did not see any of the faces clearly except that of Ada Newton.

Grayfeather, talking through the lips of Jonson, was very indignant that his picture was not in the séance-room; it is in the drawing-room downstairs; "I want my shadow here." Then followed a description of what he would have done to *his* squaw if she had not obeyed him. Dr. Sharp appeared—much the

same as before, very unsubstantial; but he was able to talk a little in whispers about a matter we had been discussing in Detroit.

On both this and the last occasion Mrs. Wriedt gave much assistance, not only by bringing extra power, but in sensing names and telling us who was present and who was coming out of the cabinet. Neither Mr. nor Mrs. Jonson were very well; taking it all round, the light was much less than usual.

Saturday, February 4, 1911. Alone with the Jonsons. 2 to 3.15 p.m. Both Mr. and Mrs. Jonson unwell, and Jonson did not go into trance. Finding we could get nothing outside the cabinet, we then sat inside. The only phenomenon we got was a whisper through the trumpet, "Iola."

Tuesday, February 7, 1911. Alone with Mrs. Jonson in the cabinet. First appeared a wretched etherealisation of Iola, not the least like her. Then the voice of Viola through the trumpet; then Catherine and Alldin. They none of them had much to say except promises of help in the expected Jonson experiments.

Iola then came in for a long talk, lasting nearly, if not quite, half-an-hour. Most of it was of a private character. The voice came from above my head.

Q.: "Where did I spend yesterday afternoon?"

A.: "With Mr. and Mrs. Z. You had a very pleasant afternoon with the family." (Correct.)

Q.: "What did we talk about?"

A.: "I could not hear properly everything."

Oviola spoke for a minute or two, and called herself Mr. Z.'s papoose.

Finally, Hypatia, who said she would always come at my call, and would help in the projected experiments.

Wednesday, February 8, 1911. Alone with the Jonsons, 5.45 to 6.25 p.m. Jonson ill, with what he thought was lumbago, but what turned out to be kidney disease. He determined to sit.

The only phenomenon that took place was the materialisation of my guide. She made four or five good attempts to come well outside the cabinet into the light. I saw her plainly; her eyes were luminous, and the face bore that unearthly reddish, dimpled appearance which is so common with materialised forms. She spoke a sentence that quite settled her identity, as it referred to occurrences in another city; but, though it was a beautiful face, it was not a good simulacrum of Iola. The build and height, however, were correct. On one occasion I looked inside the cabinet and found nothing whatever, though her white form had only the instant before passed the curtains. Jonson, controlled by Grayfeather, helped her with his power on one side, and Mrs. Jonson on the other, each time she reappeared from the cabinet. The second or third time she came I took hold of her right hand, which she gave me, but, to my surprise, it was rather roughly torn from mine. At a subsequent séance at Detroit I asked Sharp to tell me how a form, apparently so feeble, acquired the strength for this. He said my hand imparted the strength to hers; but Grayfeather said he assisted her to disengage herself, and he added: "I draw from you to keep spirit [form] on her feet."

Friday, February 10, 1911. Visited the Jonsons at 2 p.m. Found Jonson very bad, quite unfit to sit. The public séance of the night before had been fairly successful. I booked the whole of the next week for séances; but he never sat again for me, as his malady increased. On Saturday, February 11, Grayfeather came to me at Detroit, fifty miles off, and told me his medium was very ill and could do no more for me. This incident is related in the next chapter.

So ended my experiences with these excellent mediums. I thank them for their confidence in me, and their readiness to meet my wishes in every particular. I should like to have continued my experiments by studying the dematerialisation of spirit forms while holding them by the hand; but it does not much matter. I proved, conclusively, that what I have conjectured for two years is true—viz., that there are all shades of substantiality in materialisation, from the phantasmal form which you can walk through (ghosts, in fact—more properly called “etherialisations”) to a form wholly solid. The habitués of Jonson’s cabinet, like Viola, and especially Kitty (who seldom appears), are able to assume the substance of mortality at will, and throw it off in a fraction of a second. Not so the visiting spirits, those who are relatives and friends of the sitters. Though visible from head to foot, they are intangible, except in one or two places, more often than not faces and hands. It is only by long practice in the same cabinet that a large degree of substantiality can be obtained. If the visiting spirits attempted more than they do, they would fail altogether, or, as Kitty often said, “not stick together,” but “go all to pieces.”

The genuineness of the Jonsons can only be doubted by those who do not know how to observe.

Materialisation of spirits is only of scientific interest ; this phenomenon brings home, as nothing else will, the power of invisible beings around us ; but the simulacrum is seldom perfect. I have seen really good materialisations of my guide twice in England and once in America. On a great number of occasions in England I have seen her, and she has identified herself, but I cannot say the faces were good copies of the original. It is the "direct voice" that takes the first place in spirit manifestation. Nothing brings the truth of spiritism so home to one as conversation with those who have passed on ; the utterances of the materialised spirits are generally very brief, and confined almost wholly to proving their identity.

#### TEST-SITTINGS WITH THE BANGS SISTERS.

(99) When I was at Detroit, Michigan, I thought a few days would not be ill spent if I ran over to Chicago and asked the Bangs Sisters to give me some test-sittings. I arrived, by appointment, at their house, 1759 Adams Street West, at 10 a.m., on January 28, 1911; the door being opened by Mrs. Bangs, the mother. As usual, neither sister was ready, and I was left to my own devices for an hour, during which time I made a careful re-examination of the séance-room, and found it precisely the same as I left in March, 1909. Mrs. Bangs was called in, and helped me to measure the room ; the table was thoroughly examined underneath, and May Bangs's drawer taken out. In this I found nothing more incriminating than five dirty pocket-handkerchiefs, a pencil or two, and a small pad.

About 11 a.m. I was able to collect the Bangs and explain the object of my visit. I said:—

“Certain medium-hunters in this country, and a first-rate conjurer in England (who is quite sincere in believing you to be conjurers like himself), have spread reports about you very much to your detriment. One of the Americans I mention has written an article in an English magazine, saying that in June, 1909, you cheated him, quoting extensively from another person, who also says you deceived him some years ago. I do not suppose that either of these persons had the courage to send you a copy of their charges. You know me, and are quite aware that I have entered this room having full confidence in the genuineness of what I saw with you in 1909. You are psychics, and must know my state of mind at the present moment. I ask you to give me a complete test for both a picture and a letter. Let me upset your usual conditions, and direct the proceedings myself. Refuse me, and I think none the worse of you, for I have tested you before; but the fact that you have refused me will be reported in my accounts of this visit to America.”

To this Lizzie Bangs replied:—

“Mr. Moore, we trust you, and will submit to your wishes; but we warn you that the very knowledge of what the man has said in the English magazine will upset conditions to such an extent that I doubt if you will be successful. The man you mention was never in this house. We know his description, and should sense hostility if anybody came in that way.....No arrangements were made for him or anyone else by Dr. Funk in 1909, as he describes; nor have we ever sat three times for one person, for a picture, in one day.” (And more of the same sort, all of which, I

believe, is quite true.) “Do what you like, and tell us what to do.”

I then proceeded to seal the two sashes of the one window in the room with five labels, each eight inches long. In the course of examination of this window, I found a peculiarity about it that I had forgotten when addressing the London Spiritualist Alliance on December 8, which effectually shatters the theories of “substitution” of a prepared picture. May Bangs then took me out to the bottom of the small garden, and up into a loft, where I found forty-one canvases in a pile. I selected two at random, followed her back to the house, where she left me in the séance-room alone, and marked my canvases “Next” and “Furthest,” adding my initials and the date. I then called for the psychics, and put the canvases perpendicularly on the table, near the window, face to face, the word “Next” being plainly visible to all. The blind was drawn down to a level with the top of the canvases, and curtains hung up at the sides; the three doors were thrown open; Lizzie Bangs took her seat on the east side of the table, and pinched the canvases together with her left hand; May Bangs sat where the sitter is usually placed, in front of the canvases; and I occupied the place on the west side of the table where May Bangs usually sits, and pinched the canvases together with my right hand. The window has a southern aspect.

We sat from 11.15 to 12.20 without much change happening to the canvases, nothing but a few waves of light colours sweeping over them. The messages, however, were encouraging from the guides. One said, “Go on sitting in this way when you come back.” The sisters went down to dinner. I remained

with the canvases, and something was brought to me to eat.

I ought to mention that May Bangs, the more volatile of the two sisters, was specially disturbed. She could not remain in her seat, but frequently rose from it and walked about the house, both in the morning and the afternoon, often exclaiming: "I feel these strange conditions cannot be right. I ought to be sitting where you are." I became exasperated with her perpetual restlessness in the afternoon, and complained to her sister. Lizzie said: "Well, if you can keep my sister in her seat, I tell you candidly, I cannot."

1.45 p.m. Assembled. The first thing that happened was a strange, creamy appearance over the inside of the "Next" canvas. It is difficult to describe. It looked something like streams and blots of light cream forming itself into faces, one of which I immediately recognised as that of Iola's father. Once a perpendicular, dark shade, four inches broad, appeared on my side of the canvas, close to its edge. This remained for twenty-five minutes, and disappeared. Once we thought the picture was beginning to form, but this appearance faded away.

Both psychics, independently, saw my guide, and described her posing for her picture. Lizzie Bangs described her clairvoyant vision when May was out of the room, and afterwards May told me what she saw, without collusion with her sister. I had arranged with my guide, in Detroit (by direct voice), how the picture was to be, and it was thus the sisters described her. Eventually the picture itself proved the correctness of the clairvoyance of both sisters. One particular only was incorrect.



Dr. Sharp (Mrs. Wriedt's control) appeared on the mottling canvas just as he appears in his portrait, smiling.

At 2.50 came the message: "You are too intent. The magnetism is used up for the day. Come tomorrow."

Q.: "Is it necessary to leave the canvases here?"

A.: "It would be better, but it would not satisfy your test."

I accordingly packed up the canvases, and took them off to my hotel, three miles off, where they were locked up.

The second day, Sunday, January 29, 1911, I arrived with my two canvases a little before 4 p.m., and we assembled for the séance at 4.15. I put the canvases up as before, and asked Lizzie Bangs to pinch them together on her side, while I did the same on mine. May Bangs sat opposite the canvases, in the visitor's chair, as on the previous occasion. The doors were thrown open, and sealings of the window examined. Soon after the canvases were set up, the "Next" began mottling on the inside, as it did the day before. This time, not only did the face of my guide's father appear for a short time, but that of my father. May Bangs, as before, left her seat several times and moved about the house. She appeared to be absolutely unable to sit still.

About 5 p.m. we were told that we were "too intent," and that we were to get up from our chairs and move about the house to "change vibrations." I did not leave the room, and never lost sight of the canvases; between 5.5 and 5.55 p.m. I smoked a cigar, sitting at first in the visitor's chair, two and

a-half feet from the canvases. Lizzie Bangs came to her seat about 5.20, and I resumed mine, both of us pinching the canvases. At about 5.45 May Bangs was sent for to take her proper seat, and I took the visitor's seat. Even then she could not keep still.

Some of the delay was owing to a blunder of mine. It had been arranged at Detroit that Iola was to put round her neck a chain with locket, and that I was to put my watch on the table close to the canvases, in order that the invisible artists might extract the gold from it. This I had done the previous day; but to-day, at 5.30, it suddenly occurred to me that I had forgotten about my watch. I then put it down on the table.

The changes in the canvas first showed by a rose-tinted light at the bottom, after the faces had appeared on the white mottling. About 5.15 p.m. a black patch appeared right in the middle of the canvas, and increased in size and darkness. This is the opposite to what usually happens in the precipitations under ordinary circumstances—the dark shade begins at the edges of the canvas. Lizzie Bangs and I watched this black shade growing till 6 p.m., when it was dark outside, and we were told to light the room up. To my dismay, the canvas appeared blank. We asked: "Shall we light the globe?" (A "wandering lead.") Answer: "Not yet."

A few minutes later the message came to "hang the globe behind the canvases." I did this myself. We were soon, all three, in our places. I was told to take up my watch with one hand, and pinch the canvases with the other. At 6.5 the picture began. The face and form were finished, as they are now, by 6.20; but there was a smudge on the neck, and the

top of the canvas was very badly rubbed. The background was unfinished. I remarked on this. The message came: "Cover the picture, put out the lights, and come back later." We covered the picture, put out the lights, and all went downstairs to tea, after I had examined my labels on the window-sashes. In an hour we returned, switched on the lights, uncovered the picture, and found the defects entirely removed; the background was evidently improved, but not finished. I was told to take away the picture, and the background would be finished in the hotel, or on the passage home; it would be "mottled." I departed with both the canvases under my arm. The next time I saw the picture was in London, on March 9, and found that the background *was* mottled.

A graphophone played while the sitting was going on. Mrs. Bangs and two dogs strayed in and out of the room. On both days everything was of the most casual description. The messages came sometimes by impression through one of the sisters, but more often by taps on a slate. I obtained good evidence that all these messages were true communications from the "other side."

As I was leaving the house, in order to coax the sisters into a genial frame of mind for the letter test which was to take place next morning, I put into their hands a pamphlet issued by the Society for Psychical Research, London, in January, 1901, describing them as cheats and impostors of the first order. I never did believe this account; and, after hearing the evidence of a certain gentleman in Chicago who knew the writer well, I am now certain the whole story is the outcome of the latter's excited imagination.

(100) My readers will forgive me for not disclosing the measurements and other particulars of the Bangs Sisters' séance-room, or the nature of the chemical I took from England to prove that the ink used in the reply letter was the same ink as I put on or near the slates. I have good reasons for not doing so, in view of the statements made in an article published in *The Annals of Psychological Science*, June to September, 1910.

On Monday, January 30, I bought two hinged school-slates and six broad india-rubber bands. The ink to be put on the table had been purchased in England; also a chemical that would speedily and effectively prove whether the ink with which the reply letter was written was my ink or not. I took with me a short letter, written in England, which contained one question; two blank sheets were enclosed for reply; all these were placed in one envelope, sealed in such a manner as to defy its being opened without detection. Thus equipped, and carrying some flowers, I attended the Bangs' house at the appointed time—11 a.m. Lizzie Bangs did not appear till 11.45, when we sat. I had moved the table close up against the centre of the west wall. I placed May Bangs on the north side of the table, with directions not to move her chair close up to it, and requested Lizzie to sit in a chair in the south-east corner of the room, and some four to five feet from me. I sat, with my back to the light, on the south side of the table, with my left shoulder against the west door. From this position I could see the hall and door into May Bangs' house, for I threw open the north door of the séance-room, and also the east door (that which leads into Lizzie Bangs' house), which is the alleged object of suspicion.

My letter was put between the slates, and Lizzie

Bangs held one corner while I stretched three rubber bands around them lengthways and three crossways; then I laid them on the table, a little my side of the centre, put a small pot in the centre of the top, filled it more than half full with my ink, and surrounded it with a black cloth, stretching to the edge of the slates. Everything was as casual as possible. Mrs. Bangs (the mother) wandered in and out of the room; occasionally a dog or two would pass through. May Bangs frequently left her chair and the room; Lizzie left her chair only, at my request, to wind up the graphophone, which played nearly the whole time. If May Bangs drew her chair up to the table, she was put back. From first to last May Bangs did not touch the slates or the little inkpot. The parent bottle of ink was in my pocket. Conversation was going on all the time. We talked principally of the S.P.R. Report that I had given to the sisters the previous night. Lizzie Bangs had, *I think*, heard of it, because she told me amusing stories of its author. May had not heard of it—she never reads anything. Certainly the author had not sent them a copy of the pamphlet, which was published in England.

Imagine the conditions: Table shifted to a part of the room to which it was a stranger; the psychic, who functions alone in the phenomenon of writing within sealed envelopes at the usual sittings for this purpose, placed with her face towards the southern light streaming into the room; both women seething with indignation at cowardly attacks published in England; the suspected door wide open; the door into the hall wide open; and Lizzie, the person who, it is alleged, hides behind the suspected door and writes the replies, in the room.

Lizzie said to me :—

“ You have no idea how this sudden and complete upset of our usual conditions affects us. We have no objection to a gradual altering of our accustomed habits ; for instance, investigators may come and take us first day as we usually sit (in the case of this phenomenon I should not be here, but doing other work) ; on the second day a slight alteration would be made, at the suggestion of the investigators ; on the third day another item would be changed ; on the fourth another—and so on, until every phase of our usual conditions was altered. But to come suddenly upon us and change all our conditions in one day is more than any sensitive can stand—the strain is too great. If you had not told me of these slanders, I assure you I would never have consented to your demands. We will never do it again for anyone.”

To this I replied :—

“ I knew I should not be able to get this test unless I gave you sound reasons for it. You are suspected of sitting, or crouching, behind that door [pointing to it], listening, and answering the letters passed out to you by your sister. I know it is untrue, and, moreover, impossible, as I examined this room in 1909, and again a few days ago ; the thing cannot be done. But we must finish this test. I cannot spend more than a day or two here. I have confidence that we shall succeed.”

It is a fact that all through this troublesome work I felt a certainty of success. Perhaps this feeling was partly due to the recollection of my work with these true psychics in 1909.

At 12.20 the sisters went down to dinner separately,

some food being brought to me in the séance-room, where I sat, controlling the slates. The spirits encouraged my smoking on every occasion, and I must have got through a good many cigars. At 1.20 we sat again in the same seats, May Bangs as restless as ever, seldom remaining in her chair for more than a few minutes. At 2.15 a message came: "You are too intent; it would be better to postpone the sitting till to-morrow." Question: "How are you getting on?" Answer: "Slow, but sure." I packed up my slates in paper, tied them up with a cord, and took them back to my hotel, where they were locked up. The little pot was emptied and washed out by me. On future days the slates were not removed from the paper, except on one occasion; and the small pot was not used; my travelling bottle of ink was unscrewed, and the cork taken out.

Second day—Tuesday, January 31. We sat under precisely the same conditions as before, from 11 to 12.5. Once May Bangs demanded to see the letter, saying, "How do I know if anything is within the slates?" The slates were then opened by myself, the sisters not touching them; and when May Bangs was satisfied by seeing the letter, I put the rubber bands on as before, and tied the slates up in paper. As usual, the graphophone was played, and the two doors were wide open. May Bangs again complained: "These conditions are all wrong; we cannot go on like this; I ought to touch the slates." I answered: "Very well, you shall, if the controls advise us to let you do so. Hold this slate [one belonging to the Bangs Sisters]; I will take the other end." We took the Bangs' slate between us. Vigorous rapping was

heard, and the sisters interpreted, "It is not necessary." With this the psychic was satisfied. At 12.5 we were told again that we were "too intent; no writing had been accomplished, but the slates were being surrounded with the necessary magnetism. We were to walk about and change vibrations." As May Bangs had important legal business in the city, and Lizzie had many letters to write, we separated till 7 p.m., I, of course, taking my slates and ink to my hotel. I found diversion in some business matter I had to attend to in town.

At 7 p.m. we sat again. I arrived a few minutes before, and questioned May Bangs as to her little outing, inquiring specially if she had derived any benefit from the fresh air. Then out came a story of incredible folly. After I had left the house, a man, evidently in distress, was let in, and implored May Bangs to give him a sitting for a letter. She refused him twice, having her business in view; but as he was turning away from the door, with obvious keen disappointment in his face, she relented. One letter answered, she functioned for another. Then it was too late to do her business in town; a second man came in, and she sat for him also. I was indignant. Both the sisters admitted the mistake, May Bangs saying: "Well, Mr. Moore, I know it was wrong; but when I saw tears in that man's eyes I couldn't help it, and that is all there is about it."

My slates, wrapped in paper, were placed in the usual position on the table, my hand upon them. In a minute or two we were told that the power of the psychic had been exhausted during the afternoon, and that it was no good sitting. No writing had yet been done, but progress had been made during the



day in surrounding the slates with the necessary force to meet the altered conditions. For the third time I walked off with my slates and ink.

Third day—Wednesday, February 1, 1911. We met in the séance-room at 11 a.m. I was told that friends were coming about noon, but we hoped the reply to my letter would be finished before that. Conditions as before; doors thrown open, graphophone playing, and both psychics present. May Bangs somewhat less restless. At 11.55, no signal having been given to open the slates, I asked: "When the visitors come, may they sit with us?" Answer: "We cannot tell till they are in the room; they are now outside." Immediately there was a ring at the front door, and Mrs. Bangs let in a gentleman and a lady. The Bangs Sisters went out to meet them, and I followed, after picking up my slates and ink. There was an interval of half-an-hour, during which time we all five talked in Lizzie Bangs' drawing-room. The lady visitor told me they had 'phoned for a sitting on the previous afternoon. Both she and her husband would gladly assist me and wait for their own business.

We all sat round the séance-table, and I again put my slates and ink on top of it in the same position as before, with one hand upon them. The chemical I had brought from England remained throughout all the sittings in the left pocket of my coat. At 12.40 Lizzie Bangs went down to dinner, and the restless May sat part of the time with the visitors and myself around the séance-table, and then went to her meal, or walked about the house. I smoked and chatted with the visitors, who, I found, were both mediumistic.

A little after 1 p.m. the party of five assembled round the table. At 1.20 May Bangs said excitedly: "If this thing does not come off now, I refuse to sit again; I feel as if I was being torn to pieces." A message came: "The visitors are to go into the front parlour; the psychics and you [that was me] into the back drawing-room, which is to be darkened. You are to take your slates and ink with you." No need to tell me that! Accordingly, the visitors departed to the front parlour, and the Bangs Sisters went with me into the neighbouring room; this room was darkened with the shutters, but there was enough light left for me to see the white paper in which the slates were tied up, in front of me, with one of my hands on them. The open bottle of ink was at my left elbow, Lizzie Bangs about two feet to my left, May in an easy chair some six or seven feet away. After five minutes Lizzie and I saw lights, from the size of half-a-dollar to that of a dollar, come and go round and behind the head of May Bangs. Later a faint ethereal form rose behind her. I was not able to see what this phantom did to the psychic, but it remained a few minutes, and at 1.45 she said she felt much better; we were told to separate and divert ourselves, but not to assemble in the séance-room for an hour.

I screwed up my ink-bottle, took my slates, and entered into conversation with the gentleman in the front parlour, who diverted my attention by relating to me a most interesting story of his conversion to spiritualism. Lizzie Bangs' attention was taken off from the test by entertaining the lady in her own drawing-room, and May Bangs wandered about here and there. At 3.5 all five assembled round the

séance-table. I laid the slates down and opened my ink, till then in my pocket. About 3.10 the message came: "We are making his chemical to work in the opposite way to what he intends." At 3.20 came the welcome order to "open the slates."

I removed the paper cover, took off the rubber bands, and opened the hinged slates. The letter had not been tampered with. I cut it open, and observed that on the second sheet (*i.e.*, the first intended for a reply) a portion in the centre of the first page looked as if it had some sort of scratchy writing on it; it looked different from what it did when I had put it in at home. I was directed to try my chemical on the blank one-third of the page on which the question was written, and I also applied it to the one-third of a page of the suspicious-looking second sheet. When the first was dry, we found the following, in very faint characters, like milk-writing, but quite unmistakable when heat was applied:—

Let this prove to you my presence here to-day.—

IOLA.

When we had made ourselves quite sure of this writing, I examined the second sheet, and found a private message of four lines, in deep black characters, the writing being similar to that generally in evidence in all the Bangs Sisters' reply letters. When I applied the chemical on it (I had already applied it under it), the test showed it was written with my ink. There was no reply to the question in my letter. The slates, ink, and chemical were under my control entirely throughout the three days of the experiment.

The last duty was to examine the houses, and to sit close to the alleged incriminating door, on the

outside, and try if I could hear conversation in the séance-room. The visitors and one of the Bangs Sisters talked in the middle of the séance-room. I found it easy to detect that they were conversing in ordinary voices, but I only made out two words in a conversation of four or five minutes' duration.

So ended a trying ordeal of five days. Both sisters were much exhausted. May Bangs could hardly stand, and Lizzie, though calm, had evidently reached the limits of endurance. I was considerably depleted, and left for the East the next morning.

It is necessary for me to deal with the following statements in the article in *The Annals of Psychical Science*, already referred to:—(1) That there is “a wide slit in a door” (p. 449). There is no slit in any door, nor was there in 1909. (2) “I afterwards discovered several tiny pinholes in the strip of wood dividing the windows” (p. 452). There is only one window. If the author means “sashes,” there is no strip of wood in sight dividing the sashes; there is, however, something else which he has failed to notice, but nothing suspicious. It is the same now as in 1909. At the present juncture it would be unwise to give away more about the room. But I must state this as my conviction: Either the author of that article has never been inside the Bangs' house, or he is incapable of making ordinary observations with accuracy. The attack on these psychics, without sending them a copy, and in an English magazine which he knew they would not see, is an act that requires no comment from me. It may be left with safety to the judgment of my readers.

On my way down to the coast from Detroit I called

at Rochester, and saw Mrs. Georgia in hospital. Lying on her back, she kindly wrote for me; the mirror-writing occupied seven pages in three interviews, and proved to be from Iola and Catherine. My guide referred to the subject of her script of two years before; and Catherine, so often alluded to in previous pages, called herself by the pet name she was known by, in my family, when in life. I am happy to say that the effort did not do any harm to the convalescent; but she has not, according to latest accounts, obtained phenomena since I left. There seems but little doubt that, as her health and buoyant spirits return, she will regain her gift of mediumship, and exercise it for the benefit of her mother and intimate friends.

(101) The last experience I had before leaving America was with Mr. P. O. Keeler, the well-known medium for slate-writing, who lives at 1362 Parkwood Street, Washington, D.C. He was, at that time, paying a visit to Brooklyn. The interview was on Friday, February 24, 1911, 3 to 4 p.m. The window near which the table was placed has a western aspect; the sun streamed in and flooded the table and room with light.

We sat opposite to one another at a small table two feet broad. After cleaning the slates together, Keeler asked me to take a pad off the table, tear off slips, and write the names of spirits on five or six of the papers; each little slip was to be folded up in any way I thought best, and the names were to be written as I would address the person in earth life. I rose from the table, turned my back to the medium, and wrote seven names—five of women, two of men; two of the pellets contained the name of one spirit, my guide, one giving her earth name and the other her spirit

name, "Iola"; only six individuals, therefore, were indicated. These pellets I laid in a heap on the centre of the table. Keeler said: "Nothing will happen for a quarter of an hour or so, as the spirits have to be summoned." After an interval of ten minutes he touched the outside of each pellet with the tip of his finger, but did not handle them nor draw them closer to his side of the table. Five minutes or more passed, and he seemed worried that nothing happened, and became restless and jerky. It must have been twenty-five minutes from the time I had put the pellets on the table when he was impressed to say: "Add the names of one or two gentlemen; they say that, among these names, there is more than the right proportion of ladies."

Following my invariable custom of not purposely deceiving a medium, I had already told Keeler that two of the pellets contained names of the same individual, my guide; I added that, as I had talked with her in the morning, I had reason to believe that she was present (which I have since heard she was).

In my lap, as I sat facing the medium, out of his view, I wrote the names of two men, and added these pellets to the others on the table; before doing this I had drawn the heap of pellets closer to me than they were to the medium. Keeler did not have his hands on the table while I wrote the two extra names.

Soon after this the medium warned me that, when the slate writing began, it would go on continuously and rapidly. He touched the new pellets with the tip of his finger, and after a few minutes was impressed to write a name on a spare slate. He said, "What is this?" I looked, and saw the name of my brother, Alldin; then, one after another, he wrote six names

on this slate. Each name he wrote I had to search for among the pellets, which I did in my lap, where it was impossible for him to see the writing. When made up again, each pellet that had been opened and re-closed was put upon a pair of slates, kept ready for the purpose between us (with a bit of slate pencil inside), and these were not fingered in any way by the medium.

In time six pellets, containing the names of six individuals, were collected on top of the pair of slates. We had sat for about forty minutes, when Keeler suddenly lifted the pair of slates with one hand at each of the two corners nearest to him, thumbs on top and fingers below, and gave me the other end to hold, which I did in like manner, pinching the two slates together. The writing began immediately, and could be heard plainly; there was no downward pressure while it was going on.

As soon as he was impressed that one slate was full, the medium put it down on his right without looking at it, picked up another, placed on it a bit of slate pencil, covered it with the original top slate upon which the pellets were lying, and gave me the other end to hold; the writing again was heard proceeding very rapidly. Precisely the same happened to this slate; a third was taken up, and so on, until five slates were covered with writing by eight individuals. The medium was then impressed to write the word "All" on a spare slate. He told me this meant that the séance was over.

The following points must be noted:—

One spirit manifested who was not named at all. It was the son of the gentleman who had made the appointment for me the previous afternoon.

One spirit manifested whose name was in a pellet on the table, but not on the slates.

One slate, full of close script, had two letters on it at right angles to one another in different hand-writings. When one of these was finished, Keeler was impressed to move the slate to a rectangular position; we seized the slates at opposite corners, my left hand being where his right had been, and so on. The letters on the slates are very close together.

One slate had a letter from my sister Catherine; in the upper left-hand corner there was a carefully-finished picture of a man's head and shoulders, and underneath it the drawing of a forget-me-not. I do not recognise the man's face.

One letter had two signatures—viz., the earth name and spirit name of my guide. In a postscript was an allusion to our meeting in the morning.

The names given in the signatures were all correct, except one. This I had written as Miss Bowman; the signature was Mary Bowman. The Christian name of the lady was not Mary. This note was on the same slate as that which contained a letter from my brother-in-law, who lived in the same house with her for some years.

All the letters were very commonplace. I attach them below. There are no proofs of identity in any of them. I am certain that my guide did not write the letter over her signature. The work was unquestionably that of invisible and intelligent beings who heard the conversation, read the names and short sentences inside the pellets, and wrote the replies.

We held the slates about nine inches above the table; Keeler's hands never moved when holding them. Throughout the whole hour the psychic only



rose from his chair once—to pull the blind down a foot, to shade our eyes from the glare of the western sun.

In all, the slate-writing contained 474 words written, and two pictures drawn, in a period not exceeding ten minutes, including the four delays necessary for taking up a new slate.

I have seen evidence of identity obtained by others in slate-writing through the mediumship of Mr. P. O. Keeler; but the only signs I got were the letters of Henry Usborne and Miss Bowman on the same slate. That is not enough to establish the point, for the lady's Christian name is incorrect, and the association of the names of the two individuals may have been accidental.

#### THE CONTENTS OF THE SLATES.

##### (1)

Good afternoon, dear Admiral. I am so very pleased that papa has come to know you so well. I hope you will be of mutual aid and companionship. I am heartily glad to greet you. I am quite familiar with this coming.

Truly,

BAILEY SLAYDEN.

##### (2)

Good afternoon. Is it not delightful to meet in this way? So many persons think me dead, and I presume they are forgetting me. I shall meet them when they come over and surprise them. I am glad I can do so well with this little piece of pencil. I feel about as I felt during my life in the physical body. Let me come again sometime when I may write

better. You have a great usefulness of life before you in this field of work.

HENRY USBORNE.

I will always help you.

MARY BOWMAN.

(3)

This is about the most remarkable experience one can have. I feel as much myself as formerly I felt. I am not changed to another person by this wonderful translation from the earth to the spirit state. Your visit here to-day will make me happier than I have ever been. I shall come again. Your book will be a great success in all ways.

Affectionately,

SEPTIMUS P. MOORE.

NOTE.—The medium was aware (and, consequently, his familiar spirits were aware) that I was collecting material for a book. At right-angles to the above, and in a very different handwriting, was the following letter:—

My Charge

Oh do not be lonely, for time cannot sever  
The charm that unites us in memory's chain,  
E'en though death the sweet voice seems to  
silence for ever

In spirit its accents will waken again.

I am pleased that you do not relegate me to the oblivion of the tomb, I have life, the immortal spark, the spirit cannot perish. I am living and happy and contented. I wish you could be here with me. Do not ever mourn me as dead.

(Signed) [The earth name of Iola.]

IOLA.

Did not we have a delightful talk this forenoon?

(Considering the close communication that I had enjoyed with my guide throughout the previous two months, this letter is nothing short of idiotic. It affords no evidence of identity whatever; but it is a clear proof of the presence of invisible beings, or being, in the room who had heard our conversation, seen the name, and written the script.)

(4)

I feel grateful to the powers that be for the beautiful privilege of meeting you and communicating in even this brief way. I cannot soon [*sic*] write a great deal but even a few words will express my existence. Endeavour to in some way establish means of communication when you get back. I should prize such a privilege there. I am at rest and I do not suffer the pains and vexations and troubles so common to mortal life. I am so glad that you came on here.

Devotedly,

CATHERINE MOORE.

(It was in the upper left-hand corner of this slate that the drawing of a head appeared, with a stalk of forget-me-nots underneath. On the left side of the head there is a shadow of the same face, which is very remarkable.)

(5)

Dear Brother

Now, is not this great that I can write on this slate with this bit of a pencil? I am not in the slate, I am on the outside of it. I write this through the law of the fourth dimension in space. Sit with the slates in your own room. I might write then for you. I am

at rest and contented here. I am often near you.  
 Brother

ALLDIN MOORE.

Underneath, in red pencil, and a different handwriting:—

I salute you.

UNCLE MAJOR.

I have no doubt that Mr. Keeler genuinely believed that evidence would be forthcoming of the identity of the spirits summoned; but it did not happen that I obtained it as others have done. This sitting was a most striking exhibition of spirit power; and that, in my opinion, is all that can be reasonably expected of this particular phase. The atmospheric conditions were perfect.

My readers must bear steadily in mind (1) that there was full light, (2) that the slates were held above the table, with no cloth or covering of any sort over them. I have read the reports of past slate-writings through Eglinton, Davey, and others. No explanation I have read will meet the case of this manifestation of spirit power through P. O. Keeler. I heartily congratulate this gifted psychic on possessing a faculty which enables those who work through him to demonstrate in a convincing manner the presence and activity of the invisible intelligences which surround us.

I left for England the following morning.

## CHAPTER X.

### THE VOICES

Mrs. Wriedt—In her prime as a psychic—Nothing happens unless there is somebody with her who can speak and hear—Her daily routine—A public séance—Her personality evinces itself only in one way—Records of my sittings in January and February, 1911—Voices of the so-called “dead” not identified—William James—Richard Burton—The suicide—Voices can be heard in full light—Darkness best—Edna—Silvermoon—My sister Catherine—Dr. John of Ontario arrives—Voices in English and German heard simultaneously—Galileo—Greek and Latin spoken—Ada Newton—Her message to her father—Dr. Graham of Toronto—His comments on the operation of nephrocolopexy at the hospital—Ada Besinnet sits with Mrs. Wriedt for the first time—Pansy—Iola manifests at every séance—She shows familiarity with my surroundings at Portsmouth—Mr. R., a deaf farmer, sits with me—Two voices again speaking at the same time—No jealousies in spirit life—Professor E. J. Stone, F.R.S.—My guide knows what I was doing in another city two days before—Dr. Sharp, the control, affirms that he was at Chicago with me—Iola: “I cannot make out why you do not see me”—Grayfeather pays me a visit at Detroit—His warning about Jonson—Testing Iola as to what she could see in my room—Mrs. Wriedt at New York—The medium, Mr. A. W. Kaiser—Has developed considerably since 1909—Dr. Jenkins, his chief control—Catherine and others helping to prepare conditions for final experiments with Jonson—Sir Isaac Newton—Personating spirits—Gravitation and anti-gravitation—High spirits impress mortals—Lombroso—Experiment with Dr. Jenkins—Anti-gravitation and the musical note—Good-bye from Jenkins—Epilogue.

In the beautiful city of Detroit, in the State of Michigan, there are nearly half a million inhabitants. Over one third of these are intelligent Roman Catholics, conscientiously opposed to the display of

psychic phenomena. In a pretty villa, built to her own design, three miles from the City Hall, lives, unmolested, Mrs. Wriedt, a so-called "trumpet medium," whose mysterious power I have described in Chapter VIII. of this volume. She has done more good, probably, than any medium in the world, in being the passive means of affording consolation to the bereaved, and in bringing hundreds to the certain knowledge of the proximity of the spirits of their relatives who have passed the change we call "death." For my part I can only say that, in her presence, I obtained evidence of the next state of consciousness so clear and so pronounced that the slightest doubt was no longer possible. I left her house in February, 1911, in the condition of mind of a man who no longer fosters "belief," but who *knows* what is his destiny when the tomb closes over him and his spirit leaves the earth plane.

Mrs. Wriedt is forty-nine years of age, a slightly built, delicate woman, much subject to bronchitis and neuritis. Last year (1910) she had what she was told by the physicians was neuritis at the base of the brain, and would have died had it not been for the benevolence of Mr. C. A. Newcomb, an investigator into psychic matters, who summoned a celebrated specialist and saved her life. Since her recovery her power has been more remarkable than before her illness; I was fortunate enough to sit with her, on this, my third, visit to the States, when she was in her prime as a psychic.

When she heard I was in the neighbourhood she wrote to me asking me to become her guest. I accepted this kind invitation, and spent twenty days in her house, where I occupied a room near the

séance-room. Incidentally I may mention that I was more comfortable in this house than I was in 1909, when I put up at the two best hotels in the city.

She keeps no servant; assisted by her husband, she does all the work of the house during intervals between her séances. In my opinion this is beneficial to her, for it completely diverts her attention from psychic matters: probably her life is wisely guided by her control, Dr. Sharp, and other good spirits. She cannot see one half the people who apply for sittings, but she does her best to give satisfaction to all; the poor are often admitted for nothing. Her usual fee for each sitter is one dollar; but, once a week, she gives a public séance, when nobody is expected to pay more than half-a-dollar. It is on these occasions that the poor are often invited to join the circle without paying any fee.

Mrs. Wriedt cannot obtain phenomena when sitting by herself. About twelve years ago she was asked, as an experiment, to sit with seven deaf mutes from Flint, Michigan. No one in the room could utter an articulate word except herself. Two of the sitters were frightened because they were touched by the trumpet; no other results were obtained. Of course, it was not to be expected that the sitters would hear anything; but the point of the story is, that the psychic did not hear a word herself. If there is but one child in the room, who can prattle and hear normally, manifestations take place.

My experiences with this wonderful medium in 1909 were insignificant compared with those on this, my third, visit to America. All my relatives that I wished to hear from spoke to me at some time or the

other, touching upon all sorts of subjects of family interest. Iola talked daily at considerable length, often standing before me, a radiant figure in white garments but features invisible, clearly enunciating her sentences in pure English. As I have said in a previous chapter, Mrs. Wriedt speaks Yankee; English was not spoken by any spirit friends of American sitters. Most of my sittings were with the psychic alone, when Iola would manifest and explain matters which happened as much as fifty years ago.

When I was a boy, a family tangle took place which puzzled me very much. Up to this time (1911) I had not even suspected the real truth. My guide, in the course of four or five interviews, solved the enigma, and brought three witnesses from spirit life who spoke at some length to prove that she was right. Dates were given and motives explained. I possessed just sufficient knowledge of what had taken place at that time to be able to assure myself—now that light was thrown upon certain incidents—that all they said was true. No one living knows anything about it except myself; but I am certain that the explanation, given with great earnestness and wealth of detail, by these visitants from the next state of consciousness, is the correct one.

If I had no other experience to record in support of the doctrines of spiritism, this story, told in clear accents and exhibiting intimate knowledge of terrene life, with all its mistakes and failures, would have been sufficient to settle my belief for ever. It might form the subject-matter of a novel with a good moral.

Before giving an account of my sittings with Mrs. Wriedt, I will endeavour to describe the routine of an average day in her house.



At 6 a.m., she and her husband rise, see to the work of the house and prepare breakfast. Breakfast about 8 or 8.30. Mrs. Wriedt clears away the table and proceeds to do the rooms. A telephone bell rings. Perhaps Mr. Wriedt is able to answer it; more likely he has gone out to do the shopping. "Is that Mrs. Wriedt?" "Yes." "Can you give me a sitting?" "I am sorry to say I am not able to see anyone for ten days." "Can you not see me for half-an-hour?" "No, madam." "What do you charge for a sitting?" "One dollar." "Waal, I guess a really good sitting is worth one dollar!" Then Mrs. Wriedt goes upstairs to her rooms. Knock at the front door. "Can I see Mrs. Wriedt?" "No, sir; I am Mrs. Wriedt, and I am full of engagements for ten days." After some attempt at persuasion this visitor departs. The rooms being finished, say by 10.30, Mrs. Wriedt assures herself that her husband is in the house, and then comes to me: "Admiral, I think now we can have a sitting, and we will have another, if you wish, this evening." We sit, say for forty-five minutes. Then Mrs. Wriedt prepares the dinner, lays the table and answers, perhaps, two or three telephone calls; sometimes these calls are requests for sittings, but not infrequently chats with friends who are in trouble, and sure of the immediate sympathy of the psychic. Dinner at twelve or soon after. At half-past one, after the table is cleared, Mrs. Wriedt attires herself for the afternoon. At a quarter to two or two o'clock a party is let in for a séance, promised days before, and remains an hour or an hour and a half. During this time two or three people are admitted into the drawing-room by Mr. Wriedt to wait their turn. Telephone calls answered by Mr. Wriedt at the rate of

about one every hour. The first sitters having departed, the second group are taken upstairs (no interval between), and another séance takes place. Mr. Wriedt comes to have a chat, and we both hear distinctly the loud voice of "Dr. Sharp," the control (forty feet off), through the locked door of the séance-room. Possibly Mrs. Wriedt is then able to give me a half-hour conversation with my friends in the next state; then she goes down and prepares the tea, her husband having reported to her the telephone calls that came through during the afternoon. Tea takes place about six or a quarter past six. At eight o'clock there is always a séance, arranged for long beforehand, which generally lasts two hours. And so the day's work ends, and the psychic gets to bed about eleven o'clock.

One night I sat in a public circle, when there were twelve persons present besides the psychic and myself. Two young people, brother and sister, sat on my left; they had been invited by Mrs. Wriedt, as they were too poor to give the ordinary fee. "Black Hawk," an Indian spirit, gave a war-whoop when phenomena were going very slowly, which frightened one lady so much that the door had to be opened and water sent for to restore her. Another lady, on hearing the prattling voice of her little child, not long since dead, fell back in her chair, weeping for joy. Her neighbour tried to pull her round by saying: "Try and compose yourself madam, or you will destroy conditions for other sitters." The sobbing then ceased. As the sitters filed out of the room, some of them paid the psychic, who never asks for her fee; the bereaved mother did not give anything. I took the liberty of asking Mrs. Wriedt how much she had received that

evening. She told me three and a half dollars. Three people had slunk out of the room without giving a cent; yet all had some friend from the "other side" who came to talk to them, and the séance lasted two hours.

The failures to obtain phenomena when Mrs. Wriedt is present are about five per cent. If she does too much during the day, "Dr. Sharp," her control, does not speak in the evening, and no spirits manifest. Her average takings during a year when she is not ill are seven dollars a day. She has, however, some kind wealthy friends who would never allow her to be in want, so richly do they value the blessings she showers around her.

I generally sat alone with Mrs. Wriedt; the strain was great. My physical system was much drawn upon, and I became ill. This was the inevitable payment for extraordinary phenomena. "Dr. Sharp" would not allow his medium to be depleted, and I, being the only sitter, had to suffer; I did not recover my full, normal health till six weeks after I had landed in England.

The usual order of proceedings was as follows: I brought bunches of narcissi or some other flowers into the room, and placed them on a small table. Having ascertained that I could hear the voices in broad light through the trumpet (though with difficulty), we decided to sit in the dark—Mrs. Wriedt on a chair opposite me, and about four feet distant, the table with flowers on my left (generally), and opposite to it a vacant chair, completing a sort of circle, in the centre of which was placed a telescopic trumpet. After a few minutes phantoms could be seen about, near us; they appeared first close to the

flowers, and returned to them from time to time for strength. I did not once identify a face, though others did; but I knew who was before me by the height, build, and speech of the spirit, for they often spoke with the trumpet while standing.

Mrs. Wriedt will sit anywhere her sitters wish, but the above plan was found to answer best.

“Dr. Sharp,” the control, who spoke sometimes through the trumpet and sometimes without, usually manifests early in the séance in a loud, clear voice; and he often comes back at the end of the séance to say “Good-bye,” or to explain some doubt which has arisen from the ambiguous utterances of one of the spirits.

After the phantom phase is over, and “Dr. Sharp” has finished talking, whispers are heard through the trumpet, and conversation takes place. When I sat alone this used to go on from forty to fifty minutes. The “Good-bye” of “Dr. Sharp” was the signal for opening the door; if he did not return, we waited five minutes after the last communication, then asked to be told by raps if the séance was over. In the case of no reply we assumed it was no use waiting longer.

My notes were made, immediately, in the back drawing-room. I only once attended a public séance, but I often used to sit in my room in the evening, reading and writing, while large séances were going on between 8 and 10 p.m., and heard distinctly the voices, not only of “Dr. Sharp,” but of other spirits. Curiously enough, no phantoms ever appeared to me in my room, and even my guide was only able to make herself known by knocks.

In the description of some of the séances now to

be related, names of eminence will appear from time to time. Every investigator knows how we are baffled in psychic work by spirits who personate; and I am not prepared to assert that those who came were the distinguished men they purported to be. I prefer to keep an open mind on the subject. I may say, however, that, considering the small number of investigators about, and the anxiety on the part of the inhabitants of the spirit world to make their existence known to the people on the earth plane, I do not see any inherent improbability of even Galileo coming to the séance-room of Mrs. Wriedt to make himself known.

Mrs. Wriedt is never in trance. She joins in the conversation with the spirits, and often gives the name and description of a spirit coming before that spirit makes itself known. Her personality evinces itself only in one way: the expressions used by the spirits. My friends spoke pure English, but occasionally their sentences were framed in a way they never used in life. For instance, my guide would reply to a question, "How is so-and-so?" by saying, "Oh! he is getting along all right!" During her life on the earth plane I do not suppose that "Iola" ever made use of such an expression. My mother has been heard to say, "So-and-so is lonesome"—a word which certainly was not in her vocabulary when in this life.

I have already reported that I was never able to identify my visitors by their voices; it is like hearing a message through a long-distance telephone.

January 1, 1911. Arrived at Detroit, and took up my quarters with the Wriedts. There was a séance

at 9 p.m. Sitters, Mr. and Mrs. Newton, Mr. H. C. Hodges, and myself. Atmospheric conditions bad.

Their two children in spirit life came to Mr. and Mrs. Newton, Mr. Hodges was visited by three spirits who talked in unmistakable Yankee, and I by "Iola," her brother, and the brother of a relative by marriage, who all spoke pure English. "Iola" referred to the séance of the previous evening with Miss Ada Besinnet.

Monday, January 2, 1911. Time, 10.50 to 11.50 a.m. First came "Dr. Sharp," loud and distinct. He cleared up the identity of one of my visitors the previous night. Then came Sir W. W., who brought Mr. W. E. Gladstone. There were many large, round, illuminated discs and some full-form phantoms. Throughout, I could never identify any spirit by its face, but I could see that there were features. I very nearly recognised the complete face of Mr. Gladstone; his was a tall form, and remained some two minutes. After he had disappeared, he spoke through the trumpet. I need not say how surprised I was at this apparition and voice. I had never spoken to Mr. Gladstone during his earth-life, and saw no reason for his coming to me, except, perhaps, the fact that one of his distant relatives is a friend of mine, and an ardent inquirer into psychic phenomena; also that I always admired him as a man and a great statesman, and had often thought of him during the recent political struggle. He stopped about twenty minutes, and talked about the present position of affairs, about Queen Victoria, King Edward, and our Sovereign King George. He said: "In my time we used to flatter ourselves that no one could

follow us, but we were mistaken. What do you think of the present Cabinet?" I replied: "In my opinion, sir, it is the most brilliant Cabinet that has ever ruled Great Britain; but I wish the Chancellor of the Exchequer would express himself with more moderation, as it would give him more influence." He said: "I do not agree; he must speak out very straight at this juncture. His speech on the Catholic danger was admirable; there must be no religious predominance. We must have Home Rule." He spoke in the highest terms of the present Government, and sent messages to Mr. W. T. Stead.

(NOTE.—Mrs. Wriedt and her husband know nothing of English politics. Mrs. Wriedt had heard a good deal of Mr. Stead.)

The medium then said: "I hear the name F——. Someone connected with F—— is coming." I replied (recognising the name as that of a near relative): "Is it the elder or the younger of the two daughters in spirit life?"

A voice: "Good morning, Uncle; I am E——" (surname blurred).

Q.: "Are you E—— S——?"

A.: "Yes....."

Q.: "Are you happy?"

A.: "Very much happier than on earth."

Q.: "Do you often see Iola?"

A.: "Auntie? Oh, yes!....."

There was a talk about her sister in spirit life, and my niece left.

(Note the evidence of identity in this case: the acknowledgment by E—— S—— that she was a daughter of F——, a niece of mine and a niece of Iola—all correct.)

Then came a man who could not give me his name, but said he had known me in some foreign place, where I dined with him; we had smoked "in the conservatory." He said: "Before you reached home I had passed out. You were ordered to go to this place. You were my guest. I died suddenly."

Q.: "Are you Richard Hodgson?"

A.: "No. It was not in America."

(I have not yet identified my visitor, but think I know who it was.)

(102) January 2, 1911. 7.15 to 8.15 p.m. With Mrs. Wriedt alone in the dark. After some relatives had come, the psychic heard the names Henry and James (Henry is a brother-in-law of mine). Then a voice came to me through the trumpet, "I am Professor James." We discussed the experiments of Professor Hyslop with Miss Ada Besinnet that were to take place in a few days. After this he said: "Do you think that Stead would like me to attend his circle? I know his son over here." I replied: "Yes; I will ask him." "Thank you. A happy New Year to you."

The psychic said, "I hear the name 'Alexander.'" I replied, "I know two Alexanders." A whisper through the tube: "I am Alexander Usborne; M.'s girl [Iola] brought me here." We had a little chat about his kindness to me as a boy, and he departed with New Year greetings.

Sir Richard Burton then manifested. I said: "You were interested in this subject when in life." Answer: "Yes, I was." Question: "It was a pity that your wife destroyed your manuscript." Answer: "A great pity; but women do queer things at times." Then followed New Year greetings.



After a few minutes the psychic said: "There is a man here who has been shot"—(pause)—"he shot himself. He appears to me to have committed suicide." A whisper through the trumpet: "George. I was with you in the *Penguin*." I at once said: "You are George ——; do you not regret your rash act?" Then came this remarkable answer: "No, I do not. I was" (emphatically) "impelled to do it" (a groan). "Admiral, she would not marry me, as I had not enough money; and there was a richer man than I in the background" (a groan).

Question: "What sphere are you in?" Answer: "The fourth." Question: "What are your duties?" Answer: "I help where I can. Admiral, help me with your thoughts. Good-bye."

(This incident took me back twenty years, to a day when an officer under my command shot himself in his cabin. An inquiry was held, and some papers found clearly proving that he had recently received a letter from a girl who had withdrawn her promise to marry him. I do not believe he is in the fourth sphere, or anywhere near it; and, if he maintains his unrepentant attitude, it will be many a long year before he gets there.)

The psychic then said: "I hear the name of C." A voice: "I am Mr. C." Question: "Are you the architect?" Answer: "Yes." Question: "I did not know you in your earth life, but I often hear of Mrs. C." Answer: "Yes, my wife is a wonderful woman—wonderful! but she is now losing her intellect." (The lady in question is nearly one hundred years of age. Mr. C. was brought by Iola, who spoke at the same time as he did, independently of the trumpet.)

The psychic : "I hear the name of 'Greenleaf.' I do not know if I have got it quite right." A voice : "Greenfield. I am Mrs. M." Question : "Which Mrs. M.—there are two." The spirit indicated her residence, and said : "I have met you." (There are two Mrs. M.'s—sisters; both are alive. I had met this lady twice. "Greenfield" is the name of my son-in-law, who is a connection of Mrs. M., and it was evidently used to attract attention. This seems to be a case of an earth spirit travelling during sleep. The time in England was about 2 a.m., January 3. A talk with Iola about family matters closed the séance.)

Thursday, January 12, 1911. Sitting with Mrs. Wriedt alone, from 2.15 to 3.40 p.m.

First I tried the trumpet in full light, putting the small end to my left ear and balancing the open end on the back of a chair, Mrs. Wriedt sitting close to me on my right. I heard the voices of "Dr. Sharp" and "Iola" quite satisfactorily. This done, we put the lights out and sat in the dark; nothing occurred for half an hour, after which two phantoms were seen close to me, but the faces were not recognisable.

The voices commenced with that of my guide, with whom I had a conversation of about twenty minutes; then a sister came who had died at two and a half years of age, and grown up in spirit life. Both alluded to a séance they had attended to meet me at the Jonson's two nights before.

Next came an old clergyman at whose school I attended between the ages of six and ten and a half years. He gave the name of Thompson, and followed this up by "John Thompson." The latter, his son, is alive. "Dr. Sharp" straightened the matter out

thus: "The man who came was a Dr. Thompson; he was a minister, a doctor of divinity, or something of that sort. You were at his school with his son John Thompson; in order to attract your attention he called out 'John Thompson,' but the latter was not manifesting, it was his father."

(103) January 13, 1911, 2.30 to 4 p.m. Sitters were my old friends Mr. and Mrs. Z., their two nieces, and myself. This was a marvellous séance.

My friends are old residents of Toledo. They had long wished to sit with Mrs. Wriedt, but one thing and another had prevented it, and it was destined for me to bring them together. I had sat with them in some other séance-rooms many times, and knew the names of their relatives in spirit life and their guides. Mrs. Wriedt had never seen them, and knew absolutely nothing about them. The three ladies are mediumistic.

In a few minutes phantoms began to appear. There were several for the Z. party, one of which was a nun, who is the guide of Mrs. Z. She gave her correct name, "Edna," was fully recognised, and talked some time. Standing in front of us, she pronounced a benediction in Latin, and then repeated it in English.

An Indian guide, called "Silvermoon," gave his customary war-whoop in the middle of the séance, then exhibited a large illuminated disc, and, after a short talk, disappeared.

Every relation of the Z.'s in spirit life that I ever heard of came and spoke through the trumpet. They correctly mentioned by name several people in earth life, as well as those in spirit life. I was introduced to all.

A spirit, name unknown, joined in a song we were singing at the time.

The only phenomena for me were an etherealisation, which bowed at the name of "father," and my sister Catherine, who said: "I am fifty-six years old as counted in earth life." (On my return home I looked in the family Bible, and found that she was born December 7, 1853.) She also said: "Iola is sitting on that chair beside you." There was a vacant chair between the flowers and myself. This display of spirit power was the more remarkable because the atmospheric conditions were not good; it was thawing.

January 14, 1911. 4.50 to 5.50 p.m. Sitting with Mrs. Wriedt alone. I had now tried the voices in the light three times, and the process was so slow that I decided to work always in the dark. In the light I was not able to distinguish clearly any other voices than those of "Dr. Sharp" and "Iola."

Four spirits manifested—a Miss Maria Havergal, a judge (whose name I could not catch, much to his irritation), Catherine, and "Iola." The last-mentioned spoke for half an hour, standing in front of me, the radiant form being visible, but not the features. After the séance I was impressed with the name of the judge.

Slight thaw, the weather improving.

The little household was increased in the night by the arrival of Dr. John, a physician from Ontario.

Sunday, January 15, 1911. 11.50 a.m. Dr. John and I sitting with Mrs. Wriedt. One beautiful phantom appeared, but was not recognised. Then

Mr. Gladstone spoke, principally in praise of Mr. Lloyd George and his "speaking out"; he also sent advice to Mr. Stead. We were then interrupted, and had to open the door; on closing it again no phenomena took place. The séance only lasted about fifteen minutes.

After dinner a party of ten sat with Mrs. Wriedt from 2 p.m. to 4.15 p.m. From 4.40 to 5.45 Dr. John and I had a good séance with her. First came "Dr. Sharp," who explained his absence in the morning by saying that he was, at that time, attending a ceremony of the elevation of Dr. John's mother to the sixth sphere. It was her earth birthday.

(104) The old lady then came in, voluble, pleased, and very excited, speaking chiefly in German, but sometimes in English. She described to her son what had happened, which relatives were present at the ceremony, and so forth. Let my readers think of some scene they have witnessed when an elderly lady has spent an exciting day, made enjoyable by the love and compliments of her relatives and friends, and wishes to describe it to some near relative who was not able to be present, and they will understand the interview between a mother in spirit life and a devoted son in earth life. It was as natural as possible to me. Sitting there in the dark, I forgot that the loud, clear voice in front of Dr. John was that of one long since dead.

The next visitor was a guide of Dr. John, Dr. L., who spoke for a short time to him, and also to me.

He was followed by a sister of Dr. John, who repeated much of what her mother had said, and held a conversation of quite ten minutes with her brother in German. Her voice was loud through the trumpet.

While this was going on, my guide was talking to me in low tones direct, without the assistance of the trumpet. Two spirits were demonstrating at once in different languages !

We now got the judge of the day before, who turned out to be Sir William Dobson, once Chief Justice of Tasmania. He was still nettled at my failure to catch his name on the former occasion. We spoke a short time of mutual friends, and he departed. With him a niece of Dr. John reported herself, speaking in English. Again two conversations were going on at the same time with two different sitters.

Galileo now announced himself plainly, and spoke loudly through the trumpet in English. He said : " I invented the telescope, and was persecuted for my beliefs." He spoke bitterly of his persecution, and declared : " They burnt me at the stake." I said : " Oh, come, not quite so bad as that." He replied : " Well, they wanted to." He mentioned Marconi, and said : " He is not making perfect one thing at one time, but is branching off into experiments." (I have no idea to what he was alluding.)

Q. : " The fact that the world is round was well known, was it not, to Plato, Pythagoras, and Hypatia ? "

A. : " Plato knew it, but was afraid to speak out. We do not know Hypatia by that name ; we call her ....." (Name blurred ; I could not catch it.)

Q. : " I mean Theon's daughter. "

A. : " Yes, I know ; Theon's daughter. "

Q. (by Dr. John) : " How did you get the idea that the earth moved round the sun ? "

(Galileo then went into a long description of a vision he had in his room, the language he heard

during the vision, and a scroll that was exhibited for him to read. In doing this he used both Greek and Latin. I was unable to follow, and I do not think Dr. John was more fortunate, for he spoke quickly and not very concisely.)

Q.: "Is Mars inhabited?"

A.: "Mars is inhabited, and will some day come into contact with the earth by means of electricity." ✓

Q.: "Do the etheric waves in wireless telegraphy pass over or through the earth, mountains, and seas?"

A.: "Over. They are met above by a layer of etheric resistance, and deflected down again." (This is the best interpretation I can give of what he said.)

Q.: "Is there a planet beyond Neptune?"

A.: "No."

Galileo was followed by Iola's father, with whom I had a talk about family matters, very convincing as to identity, but of no interest to the public.

During this sitting the atmospheric conditions were perfect; the air dry and still; thermometer  $5^{\circ}$  to  $15^{\circ}$ ; sun out nearly all day.

Monday, January 16, 1911. Half-an-hour's sitting with Mrs. Wreidt alone at 11 a.m. "Dr. Sharp" came, and said he thought we had better put it off, as I was not well enough; but eventually he allowed "Iola" to come in. My guide stood before me in phantasmal form, and gave me much information about past family history. I asked her if she remembered the fun we used to have as children in the holidays at a certain house in London. She replied: "Oh, yes; but I talked with you about that two years ago." (It is true that Mrs. Georgia's script of February, 1909, contains references to this matter.)

(105) Monday, January 16, 1911. Dr. John and I sat with Mrs. Wreidt from 4.50 to 5.50 p.m.

First came a childish voice to me: "I am Ada Newton, and I want you to tell my Poppa that brother has taken from me the ring he gave me, as he wants to give it to Poppa himself." Question: "What is the ring like, dear?" Answer: "It was a little, thin, gold-banded ring." Question: "Was there any mark on it?" Answer: "Yes; inside there was a 'one' and a 'four' and a 'k.'" Question: "Mrs. Wriedt will tell your mother, dear." Answer: "I want *you* to tell my Poppa."

Interval of quite fifteen minutes. Then "Dr. Sharp" came. He asked me if I was not feeling bad in the legs. I said "Yes." He said I was often drawn upon, but ought to recover my magnetism ten minutes after leaving the séance-room, adding: "You will be all right if you take that medicine." (Thanks to Dr. John, I had doubled my ordinary gout prescription at 9 a.m.) I said: "I believe I have what is called the 'healing gift.'" "Not much now," he replied. "Too much of your vitality is gone. Ten or twelve years ago you had that power."

Then came two spirits together—a sister of Dr. John, speaking loudly through the trumpet, and "Iola," in the direct voice. I explained to the latter how I had come to understand some of her conversation in the morning; the voice of Dr. John's sister effectively prevented anyone hearing my guide's talk with me, for the two conversations went on simultaneously for ten minutes.

Next Dr. Graham, formerly a personal friend of Dr. John, and a famous physician in Toronto; he passed over eleven years ago. He said: "Wasn't



that an excellent operation this afternoon? Did you notice how careful he was not to pull the bowels and kidney too much to the left, so as to avoid straining the connection with the bladder? I have never seen an operation better performed. What skill! Are you going down to-morrow? You should do so."

(At three o'clock Dr. John had returned from witnessing the important operation of nephrocolopexy at the hospital. He was much interested; the operation had been conducted by the man who invented it, and it was successful. He took the advice of Dr. Graham, and altered his plans, remaining another day, and attending the hospital the next morning.) The séance closed with a visit from "Iola's" mother. The atmospheric conditions were perfect.

Mrs. Wriedt and I communicated with Mrs. Newton over the 'phone about Ada's message. The real truth was explained to me by Mr. Newton on January 22, 1911. On December 29, 1910, at one of Jonson's séances, Mr. Newton gave his daughter in spirit life a small ring, which she took away with her into the cabinet. Presently she returned, and exhibited the ring on her finger. Mr. Newton gave her instructions to find the original owner of the ring in spirit life and give it to her; it once belonged to a lady very dear to him. He went on to say that he did not know of any mark inside the ring; but, if there was, he felt pretty sure it had been so much worn that it would not now be visible.

Fate willed it that I should be a witness of the sequel to this touching little incident. By an accident, I was able to attend a séance at Jonson's on February 3, in company with the Newtons. Their son materialised, and approached his father, saying, in very low tones :

“Grandma Newton sends her love.” The father held out his hand; the ring was dropped into it. He immediately handed it to me, and, when I got sufficient light to examine it, I found it exactly as described by Ada, and inside “14 K.” Ada came after her brother, but was hardly able to speak.

I was told by those who were present that the materialisation of Ada on December 29 was a most beautiful sight; she had a wreath of flowers on her head, and brought flowers in her hands. On February 3 (when I saw her) she was also very pretty. The point of this story is that the “little thin, gold-banded ring” had been worn all her life by Mr. Newton’s mother. This fact was unknown to me, to the Jonsons, and to Mrs. Wriedt. I felt gratified at being allowed by the spirit guides of the Newtons to participate in this neat test:

Tuesday, January 17, 1911. Sat with Mrs. Wriedt alone at 11 a.m. The only spirit that manifested was “Iola,” with whom I had a brief conversation; it was practically a failure.

At 4.50 p.m. we tried again. “Dr. Sharp” came, and “Iola.” We had a discussion on the impressions that have appeared during the last seven years on some of my old photographs. She declared that the power to do this was derived from one of the members of my household who is a psychic. “Dr. Sharp” advised me not to sit the following day, as I was too weak. By this time I was so depleted that I could barely stand on my legs, and I took his advice.

(106) Sunday, January 22, 1911. 2 to 4 p.m. With Mrs. Wriedt. The party consisted of Miss

Ada Besinnet (the famous young medium of Toledo), Mr. and Mrs. Murray Moore (her adopted parents), two of their Detroit friends, and myself. It is a singular fact that the Moores and their charge had never met Mrs. Wriedt, and it was reserved for me to bring them together. I sat next to Miss Ada. Her control is an Indian called "Black Cloud"—he speaks through her mouth. She was falling into trance by my side when I heard a low voice: "Me no send you to sleep. Me.....go." The young lady remained awake from this moment to the end of the sitting.

"Dr. Sharp" came twice, and about ten spirits of relatives and friends of the party satisfactorily identified themselves.

My guide came early, and had a talk with Miss Ada; then went to the other end of the circle and identified herself to Mrs. Moore. She and Miss Ada sang together a bar or two of an Indian song. Another spirit sang a few bars of "Home Again" with the young psychic. "Silvermoon" turned up again (he often functions in Miss Ada's séances), gave his warwhoop, talked a little, showed his illuminated disc, and disappeared.

To me the most interesting feature in this séance was the demonstration of an Indian girl called "Pansy." "Pansy" had been one of the familiar spirits of Maggie Gaule, and, since that psychic's lamentable death in 1910, was more or less free to move about on her own account. Her present occupation seems to be to follow Professor Hyslop in his investigations, and to make fun of him. After announcing herself, she said she came with Chief Jim (James Hyslop). She went to Mrs. Moore, and said: "I want to tell you something, but you no

tell anyone else—a secret between you and me. Now” (turning the voice to us), “you people, put your fingers in your ears while I talk to squaw.” (Of course, we did nothing of the sort, but listened attentively.) “Do you know who put ideas into your top-knot to answer Chief Jim?” (A roar of laughter from all.) “I tell secret to squaw” (indignantly). “You people no listen; put your fingers in your ears, I tell you.” Then, to Mrs. Moore: “Do you know who put those things into your top-knot to say to Chief Jim? It was Maggie Gaule.” She said several other funny things which delighted the whole party. (James Hyslop had just left Toledo, after an exhaustive examination of Miss Ada Besinnet, and had engaged in several discussions with Mrs. Moore, who often combated his arguments.) Atmospheric conditions perfect.

(107) Monday, January 23, 1911. With Mrs. Wriedt alone, 7.10 to 8.10 p.m. After twenty minutes' waiting, I had a long talk with my guide. She said: “How I wish I could write a little letter to you occasionally, and put it in the care of Miss Searle.” (I am sure Miss Searle will forgive me if I say that I could not, for a minute or two, understand what “Iola” meant.) Question: “I do not quite understand.” Answer: “Miss Searle—the little post-office.” (The nearest post-office to my house is a shop kept by a Miss Searle. I consider this as a remarkable test, as it is evidence of my guide's familiarity with the neighbourhood in which I live.)

Again: “How I wish we could take a little walk along the path from Southsea to Portsmouth.” (This is also a good test. Once, and once only, I walked

with Iola from Southsea to Portsmouth. This was in 1861, and the present fine road was not then made; there was merely a path.)

Dr. Sharp came and straightened out some of the talk, which I did not understand. Atmospheric conditions perfect.

Tuesday, January 24, 1911. With Mrs. Wriedt alone, 5 to 5.40 p.m. Catherine came for a few minutes; then Iola, who sang a few bars of a song. Question: "If I place a line of cards on the bureau in my room, can you take up one of them?" Answer: "I cannot do that, because you are not a materialisation medium." She then gave me a report of my wife's health, which I found out afterwards was correct.

I then referred to Mrs. Georgia, who was in hospital at Rochester. She said, "She is much better."

Question: "Do you think her power will return?" Answer: "Oh, certainly, as her physical strength returns." Question: "Is it worth while my going to Rochester?" Answer: "I think not. She would not have sufficient power." Question: "Do you see much of .....?" (my married daughter). Answer: "Every day." Question: "Do you know which of her children was born on your birthday?" Answer: "The second" (correct). Question: "What is her name?" A pet name was given, which was correct.

Wednesday, January 25, 1911. With Mrs. Wriedt alone from 6.30 to 6.55 p.m. Atmospheric conditions bad. Weather close and muggy. Thaw.

All I got on this occasion were some fine spirit lights about the size of fifty cent pieces, generally

level with, or below, my knees. The medium, however, saw a form and the name of a young woman which she said was "Victoria." This was my third failure with Mrs. Wriedt.

(108) Thursday, January 26, 1911. Atmospheric conditions bad. An old farmer, Mr. R., came to visit Mrs. Wriedt, and, I think, with the hope of a sitting; there was also another visitor, whom we got rid of. Finding Mr. R. was very deaf, especially in his left ear, and a very good sitter, I suggested to the psychic that he should join a séance to help me out a little with his magnetism. He was invited, and given the seat of honour next to the flowers, while I sat on his left and the psychic opposite. Time, 2.30 to 3.30 p.m. Dr. Sharp came for a few minutes, and then sent my guide, who talked for some twenty minutes, standing in front of me—a thin, small phantom. Mr. R.'s son came in and talked to his father independently of the trumpet, at the same time that Iola was talking to me—two voices at one time.

Among other things Iola said, "Your smoking will not prevent my visiting you here or at home." I said: "Are you quite sure? That thought had been in my mind to-day." Iola: "Yes, I know that; it will not hurt me."

(Observe here that I had asked no question. My guide answered a mental query I had put to myself when strolling about during the day. This is the third or fourth time that Iola has replied by voice to my thoughts of hours before.)

Soon after a voice came: "William, William."

Question: "Yes; what is your name?" Answer: "Roberts." Question: "'Robarts,' you mean."

Answer: "No." Then a voice in my left ear from my guide: "It's all right. It is 'Robarts.'" Question: "How are you, A——?" (calling him by his Christian name). Answer: "Am I intruding?" Question: "No; very glad to see you." Answer: ".....William, you have no idea how much we are all trying to help you. I thought at first you would consider me intruding." Question: "No, A——; glad to see you." Answer: "I will come again some day. Good-bye."

(The last visitor was a connection of mine by marriage, but we were practically strangers. A curious point in the interview was that he gave the name by which his family was known in the early part of last century. We had quite a conversation about his daughters in spirit life. The husband of the youngest of the daughters had just married again.)

Q.: "How is H——?"

A.: "Very well."

Q.: "Does she know of the latest changes with regard to her little boy?"

A.: "Yes, and she is very glad."

(The daughter H—— came in later.)

"So glad to see you, uncle."

Q.: "Very glad to see you, H——. Have you heard of the new arrangements about your little son?"

A.: "Yes; I like her very much indeed. There are no jealousies in the spirit world. Good-bye, uncle. I was brought by father."

(Note [1] I had not said a word about her husband marrying a second wife; [2] the knowledge of our relationship, which she gave correctly.)

An acquaintance of Mr. R.'s, who only died about a week before, came to him and talked volubly for about five minutes.

Then came Sir W. W., to whom I said: "Well, Sir W., I have had a talk with you before; you brought Mr. Gladstone the other day." Answer: "Yes, I was glad to do so; he was our Premier on earth, and is a Premier here." Question: "You and I did not agree on this subject when you were on this plane?" Answer: "No; but I am now much obliged to you, and glad of the correspondence which took place then. I wish you every success. Good-bye."

There were many good spirit lights, some the size of half-crowns. (As I anticipated, I was not drawn upon at all during this sitting; but Mr. R. went downstairs, threw himself into an arm-chair, and slept for an hour and a half. At tea I told him how much he had assisted me, and he said: "Waal, waal, I had a powerful lot taken out of me; but if I did you any good, I guess I am real glad.")

Friday, January 27, 1911. With Mrs. Wriedt alone, 9.30 a.m. to 10 a.m. Atmospheric conditions bad; thaw and a little rain. Plenty of flowers on the table.

The psychic said: "I see a short, thick-set man, with a beard; he is good-looking; he tried to etherealise." (Not recognised.)

My guide attempted to materialise near the flowers and about the room; she tried hard to show her face; after nearly fifteen minutes' waiting, she spoke for some twenty minutes about matters of no interest to my readers, but convincing to me, as all her utterances clearly showed that she was acquainted with all



my actions, and had knowledge of what was going on at my house (proved later).

Mrs. Wriedt said: "I see the name of Stone." A voice: "My name is Stone."

Question: "I only know of one 'Stone.' He was Astronomer Royal at the Cape of Good Hope."

Answer: "I am he, and I am very glad to be here this morning. I thought I would come on the strength of our old acquaintance. Mr. Gladstone told me of you; he is much interested in these phenomena."

Q.: "Is G. right in supposing there are stars [of the first magnitude] which have no parallax?"

A.: "He is."

Q.: "I have lately spoken with Sir Isaac Newton, and he said that gravitation could be opposed by the vibrations of a musical note....." (See "Kaiser" séances.)

A.: "Ha! ha! Newton would find that pretty hard to explain himself."

Q.: "Is there a planet beyond Neptune?"

A.: "Yes, but it is uninhabited."

(I mentioned Galileo, and Stone said: "Ah, he is a well-known spirit here.")

Q.: "Do you know anything of Mars?"

A.: "Mars will some day be connected with the earth by electricity. The inhabitants are small, short, and dark; they have organisms to withstand the rarefied atmosphere and intense heat. I am still working on astronomical problems. Good-bye."

(109) Tuesday, February 7, 1911. With Mrs. Wriedt alone, 1.30 to 2.30 p.m.

Only my guide and Dr. Sharp manifested. Iola

gave me an account of my wife's health, which, on my arrival in England, turned out to be correct.

Q.: "What did you see me doing on Sunday afternoon?"

A.: "You were with Mr. and Mrs. Z."

Q.: "Where did I go with Mr. Z.?"

A.: "To Mrs. J." (Correct.)

Q.: "Yes, but where else?"

A.: "To some young people—nieces, I think."

Q.: "What did we talk about when I was with Mr. and Mrs. Z.?"

A.: "As far as I could make out, about the Bangs test and the phenomena generally."

(What had happened was this: Mr. Z. called for me in his motor early in the afternoon, and we paid visits, first on his sister-in-law and elderly widowed nieces, of whom Mrs. J. was one, who all lived in the house of Mrs. J.; then upon his two young daughters, who lived in houses at a quite different part of the city. We then went to Mr. Z.'s house, where he, Mrs. Z., and I had a long conversation. It was chiefly about the extraordinary reminiscences of Iola, who had for weeks been giving me accurate information respecting happenings of nearly half a century ago. The Bangs test and the phenomena generally were, no doubt, touched upon. This incident shows that mind-reading accounts for very little, since I had the doings of Sunday afternoon at Toledo, fifty to sixty miles off, clearly in my upper consciousness, and they were not quite accurately revealed by the voice; it also shows that even a guide does not see or hear everything, but only absorbs a general knowledge of what affects her charge in daily affairs.)

Dr. Sharp came to say a few words. He was present

when the picture was precipitated at Chicago, and admired it; the Bangs Sisters, he declared, were much exhausted. He again extolled them for the good they were doing.

Tuesday, February 7, 1911. With Mrs. Wriedt alone, 7.15 to 8.25 p.m. First Dr. Sharp, who assured me that he was with me at Chicago, and that his face was imprinted on the canvas near me; also the face of Iola's father.

Then came relations and friends, who spoke of private matters. The fact that the faces of Iola's father and my father were imprinted on the canvas at Chicago was fully confirmed. My guide spoke of my father by his Christian name (a peculiar one) without any hint from me.

Atmospheric conditions good.

Wednesday, February 8, 1911. With Mrs. Wriedt alone, 9.15 to 10.5 a.m. Dr. Sharp manifested at the beginning and end of the sitting. Iola talked on private affairs for at least half-an-hour. There were many attempted etherealizations. My guide made up particularly well in form; the face was visible, but, try as I would, I was unable to distinguish the features clearly enough for identification. She often complained, in tones of real concern, "I cannot make out why you do not see me."

(110) Saturday, February 11, 1911. With Mrs. Wriedt alone, 1.15 to 2.15 p.m. Dr. Sharp came with hearty greetings. Alluding to some recent sittings at Toledo, he said: "They have drawn upon you badly, Admiral. It had to be done; the

force must be got from someone. I am going to bring an Indian to you."

Then followed some questions and answers on the subject of materialisation. (I had been with Jonson the evening before. Jonson was not well; he thought he had lumbago.)

An astonishing incident now occurred. "Grayfeather" (who is Jonson's control, and who had never visited Mrs. Wriedt before) spoke in a loud voice:—

"Chief from across the big pond, I want to say something to you. My medium not fit for anything for one or two weeks. I sorry. I do my best for you, and can do no more. I no kill my medium for anybody. You understand, chief. Joe (Mr. Jonson) he worse than he was yesterday. I impress you to come away. He not know I here; he not know you here. I find out from 'sweet angel' where you come. It is his kidneys, not lumbago, and he been bad ever since he hang that paper on wall. I do no more for you. I sorry."

Q.: "How about Mr. Jonson's heart, Grayfeather?"

A.: "He got no heart, and his kidneys all in trouble. Squaw Jonson sick too."

Mrs. Wriedt said: "I wonder if that is a correct account." I replied: "I believe it."

Grayfeather: "I never tell lie. If I say I can do nothing, I *can* do nothing."

I said: "I remember your telling me a perfectly true story two years ago, Grayfeather. Thank you for your communication. I shall write to your medium this afternoon. Tell me, Grayfeather, how was it that my guide was able to pull her hand away from mine the other afternoon?"

Grayfeather: "I help her, and I draw from your legs to keep her on her feet. I draw much from you; if I not draw from you, spirit [form] go all to pieces."

Q.: "Then it is injurious to your medium for a form to dematerialise quickly?"

A.: "They should fall very slowly. Chief, may I come to you across the big pond?"

Q.: "Very glad, Grayfeather, if you will. Thank you very much. Good-bye. I hope to come back in two years."

A.: "I not sure Joe be here then" (mournfully).  
"When he go, I go too."

(One remarkable feature in "Grayfeather's" visit was that his voice direct was very similar to his voice when he speaks through the organism of Jonson at Toledo. At the close of the sitting I wrote to Mr. Jonson, giving him a full account of "Grayfeather's" warning. I followed this up with a visit on Monday, February 13, p.m., and found him then fully disposed to take his disease seriously. We cancelled all engagements, and I have not seen him since.)

My guide came in for a long chat.

Q.: "Do you know where I was yesterday?"

A.: "Yes."

Q.: "There was one phenomenon at Jonson's?"

A.: "Yes, the trumpet; I said 'Iola.'" (Correct.)

Q.: "Where was I in the evening?"

A.: "At the sweet young girl's." (Correct, Miss Ada's séance.)

Q.: "Who wrote those notes to me?"

A.: "The medium wrote all those; automatic writing."

Sunday, February 12, 1911. With Mrs. Wriedt for half-an-hour a.m. Dr. Sharp came first. "I am sorry for the state of your legs. You have been terribly drawn upon.....You are going to Rochester."

Q.: "How do you know that, Doctor?"

A.: "Iola told me. That medium (Mrs. Georgia) is much better, and I think you may get something."

Then a talk with my guide, chiefly about impressions on old photographs.

Grayfeather came in unexpectedly. "Chief, I sorry your legs so bad." In answer to my inquiries about Jonson he said: "He go about, he smile, he make things pleasant, but he ought to be on slab; in his bed. I come, chief, to magnetise your legs."

(I was wondering if I could get back safely to Toledo. My train was to go in an hour. After the séance I felt better than I had felt for a long time, and accomplished my journey and afternoon engagements without difficulty.)

Tuesday, February 14, 1911. With Mrs. Wriedt alone, 2.15 to 3.15 p.m.

Dr. Sharp spoke loudly and well about Jonson, Dr. John, and Grayfeather's messages. He said: "We hope to do without any operation. We don't want him to die, you know. Dr. John has got your letter, and is much pleased."

Q.: "Why should a distinguished historical character such as Galileo come to me?"

A.: "No personations could come to you. If Galileo felt he could help those that come after him in the same work, he would do so. Mr. Gladstone came to you, to Col. ——, and many others....."

Before the control had finished talking Iola spoke,

and Sharp said: "I guess I had better go now." I then had a long talk with my guide.

Dr. Sharp came back and gave me some very interesting information about my son and other members of my family.

On this occasion Mrs. Wriedt had a whim to supply the flowers herself, and, at some inconvenience, she had gone out and bought a heap of narcissi and other flowers. As Iola was going away she said: "Thank you, Mrs. Wriedt, for all you have done, and for the flowers."

Wednesday, February 15, 1911. With Mrs. Wriedt, 11.30 to 12.15. Conditions not very good; thaw.

My guide alone came at this sitting. When we sat down the psychic exclaimed: "Oh, there is a wonderful light at your knees." As Iola told me she had brought Grayfeather with her, I assume this was the "treatment" going on. According to a pre-concerted understanding, I tested Iola about three *cartes-de-visite* I had placed against the bureau in my room the previous evening.

Q.: "Whose photos were those, and how were they placed?"

A.: "The one of me holding a letter was on the right; the one holding a hat was in the centre, and the crinoline one on the left." (Correct.)

Q.: "The one on the left was your sister?" (a little girl in the old-fashioned crinoline dress).

A.: "Yes, yes, I said so. With the two ponies."

(This puzzled me for a minute or two, till I remembered that on the table at which the figure stood there were two bronze statuettes of horses.)

Q.: "I cannot understand. Ponies?"

A.: "Yes, two little horses on the table."

Iola talked for thirty-five minutes about family matters. Among other things she said: "I wish you to stop Sunday in Rochester, and speak in the church."

I replied: "I am afraid I cannot do that, as I have business in New York on Monday." (A mistake, as it happened; the appointment was for Tuesday.)

Iola: "Well, I do not wish to ask you to do what is inconvenient."

(After the sitting was over I looked at my notebook, and discovered my error. The next day I expressed my regret at having refused to stop at Rochester, and told her how the mistake occurred. She said: "I knew that, but did not press my request, as I was uncertain if something new had not occurred to change your original plans.")

Thursday, February 16, 1911. With Mrs. Wriedt alone, 11.30 to noon.

My guide gave a good account of what I had been doing the previous night—"visiting, dining with friends, talking." She also gave a correct description of how the cards were arranged on the bureau on my return home. Before she spoke a man talked, who said he was the father of an Admiral F. in our navy.

Q.: "Do you wish me to tell your son?"

A.: "Oh, no; he wouldn't understand."

(I did not see the use of this visit. The name was quite correct; there is such an officer, and I know him.)

(111) Thursday, February 16, 1911. With Mrs. Wriedt, the psychic, and Mr. and Mrs. Z., 2 to 3.45 p.m.



Dr. Sharp came first. He talked well for some time, and said Grayfeather would be sent for.

Many etherealizations, but none very satisfactory to me.

About twenty minutes after we sat down Iola came, and, after throwing about a few drops of water from the flowers, some of which touched Mrs. Z. and me, made a very neat little speech, thanking the Z.'s for their kindness to me during my stay at Toledo.

Pansy again. It is quite beyond my power to give any idea of what this Indian girl said. With her “yahs” (for “yesses”) and her chuckles, and her talk about Chief Jim, whom she called a “sticking plaster,” she kept us laughing for ten minutes. Her manner was inimitable. She declared that her friend “Maggie Gaule” had manifested since her death in New York, where she had many friends.

Then came:—

Several relatives of Mr. and Mrs. Z., and two friends. Silvermoon, with his usual war-whoop and dirge; he showed a faint disc, and departed.

Edna, the nun, who etherealized and talked to the Z.'s.

Grayfeather, who implied that Jonson was no worse. “I think I see him scratch paper this morning; maybe to Dr. John. Squaw Jonson she fright about Joe. He do the best he can for himself.” Then to me: “Chief, I magnetise your legs. I go across and see your wigwam; it sits on rough bottom. House all shut up. Your wife, she go out. I see her put her bonnet on. I think three squaws inside. I see room down low, with big fireplace. Three pictures of Iola there. I go upstairs round and round and round, and find your sleep room; big bed with knockers on it; wood bed.”

Q.: "No, Grayfeather, not wood; the knobs look like gold."

A.: "That no gold, chief—that lacquer."

Q.: "Did you see Hypatia and Cleopatra?" (meaning the pictures).

A.: "No! What I care for those squaws?"

(I have three precipitated pictures of my guide in my library in the basement, and one copy; the "round and round and round" is rather expressive, as there are five flights of stairs from this room to my bedroom; the wood bed I do not understand.)

Thursday, February 16, 1911. With Mrs. Wriedt for about half-an-hour. My guide came, and talked exclusively of family matters.

Friday, February 17, 1911. With Mrs. Wriedt alone, 11 to 12.

Conversations with Iola and her father about family matters. I left for Rochester in the afternoon.

(112) It so happened that Mrs. Wriedt came to New York on a visit to friends on February 23. The lady of the house most kindly accorded me permission to have a sitting with the psychic in private on February 24. It took place in the morning, between 10.5 and 11.15. Atmospheric conditions perfect.

My guide had, by this time, become very proficient in using the direct voice, with and without the assistance of the trumpet; but I hardly expected her to show the amount of power that was exhibited on this occasion. After a short interval—say five minutes—she made herself known through the trumpet, and spoke for fifty minutes on certain important private matters. I

asked her what I had been doing the previous evening, and she gave me an exact description of how my time had been employed, beginning in this way: "At 8.20 *we* called at a house in —"; then followed a little story showing a fair general acquaintance with the inmates of the house, and evincing an accurate knowledge of their aims in life. It left me in no doubt as to her presence with me on that visit. Dr. Sharp then came for five minutes, and gave me a hearty send-off, in his usual genial manner. I sailed the next morning for England.

In closing my experiences with Mrs. Wriedt in America, I must add a few comments. I am without any receptive mediumistic gifts, and claim no more natural powers of hearing and seeing than the average man of my age. I am conscious that, during the sittings I had with this gifted psychic, I may have missed much which younger men, or those even slightly endowed with clairaudient and clairvoyant powers, would have heard and seen. Often it happened that others heard messages which I did not, and saw full forms and faces that I was unable to distinguish. It must not be supposed, therefore, that I have been able to give a wholly fair estimate of what usually takes place in her presence.

No psychic ever brought me so near to the spirit life. It is to Mrs. Wriedt that I owe the absolute knowledge of the near proximity of my friends who have passed over, and I feel greatly indebted to her for making it so easy for me to obtain that knowledge. It is a possession of priceless value; it outwears all time, and places the fortunate man who has it in a position of certainty that death has no sting and the

grave no victory ; that what is, is right ; that all things work together for good ; and that our brief span on earth, acquiring our individuality, is but the introduction to a higher life of greater possibilities of usefulness and expansion.

Mrs. Wriedt believes there are no such entities as evil spirits. Not one has ever entered her room. It took me some time to explain to her that their name is legion, and that it is owing to the vigilance of Dr. Sharp they are warned off her premises. The utterances of spirits in her presence exhibit all the human emotions except anger. Moderation, tact, and loving-kindness are the watchwords. She is indeed blessed in having been the passive instrument of consolation and rest to hundreds, and hope to thousands who have come within the influence of her psychic power. It is to be hoped that her frail life may be preserved for many years. I am most grateful also to her hearty control, Dr. Sharp, whom I look upon now as an old friend.

#### A. W. KAISER.

I have written of this psychic in Chapter VIII. He is an honest, manly young fellow. Since 1909 he has developed considerably. His phase of mediumship is the "direct voice" through the trumpet in the dark ; no etherealizations. The interviews are short.

He lives at 297 Cass Avenue, Detroit. I found he did not remember me until we were nearly through the first séance, when the communications from the spirits who spoke to me reminded him of our former meetings. He does not go into trance, and hears all that goes on, like Mrs. Wriedt.

Monday, January 23, 1911. Alone with Kaiser, from 10 to 11 a.m. Atmospheric conditions perfect.

Iola came and talked about the next meeting at the Jonsons; then a brother of mine; then Kitty, one of the habitués of Jonson's cabinet, who said she would do her best to get the conditions right for my next experiments at Toledo.

Next came a brother-in-law; then an Indian girl, guide of Kaiser, called "Leota"; she introduced herself by a little piping note, "Who! who! who!" but had little to say. Grayfeather then made himself known: "Me help you; me try to make good conditions for you to sit with my medium." He was followed by my sister Catherine, who said: "We are all here."

Q.: "The other day, at Jonson's, after kissing you, I put my hand on your shoulder, and found nothing. How was that?"

A.: "I was just beginning to dematerialise."

Finally, Mr. Kaiser's control, Dr. Jenkins, who spoke well and clearly, and moved about at my request over and on either side of me, showing that he could speak from any part of the room.

The psychic sat facing me, our knees about two and a half feet apart.

(113) Tuesday, January 24, 1911. With Kaiser, 10.23 to 11 a.m. First Iola and her brother; then Dr. Richard Hodgson, with greetings.

Q.: "Do you know what Hyslop has been doing recently?"

A.: "Yes; investigating." (Name run off into a blur.)

Q.: "Investigating what?"

A.: "At Toledo, investigating Ada."

Q.: "Do you mean Ada Besinnet?"

A.: "Yes."

(Two days before Professor Hyslop had left Toledo, after a week's sittings with Miss Ada. He has since published a report on her remarkable mediumship.) Then came Catherine, who said that she, too, was trying to help to make good conditions for my final experiments with Jonson. She was followed by Sir Isaac Newton. I repeated our conversation of February 4, 1909 (see *Light*, 1909, page 314, and Chapter VIII. of this book), which he confirmed. I said: "We are always in a difficulty about personations." He replied: "There are such things as personations, but they never come to earnest-minded investigators."

Q.: "Do you know if the 'Cleopatra' and 'Hypatia' who come to me are personators or not?"

A.: "I cannot tell unless I investigate; but, as they come to you, I cannot believe they are."

Q.: "Is there a planet beyond Neptune?"

A.: "There is; and astronomers on your side are, I believe, now looking for it."

Q.: "Galileo came to me the other day, and said there was not. Do the etheric waves in wireless telegraphy pass through or over the earth and mountains?"

A.: "As ether is everywhere, they pass through everything; the vibrations of etheric waves for wireless telegraphy are analogous to X-rays, which, as you know, can pass through solid obstacles. There are differences of opinion on our side, as on yours. Many men of science are working away here, and making experiments on the earth plane. They impress mortals."

Q.: "There is a friend of mine in England, living in Wiltshire, who has worked long on the gravitation theory you gave me last time we met."

A.: "Yes, I know; I impressed him."

Q.: "I mean Admiral F."

A.: "Yes. I have been working long here on gravitation and anti-gravitation."

Q.: "I doubt if my friend realises that he is being impressed."

A.: "Perhaps not; but that does not matter to us as long as the impression is effectual."

Then came "Blackfoot," one of Kaiser's Indian guides, and Leota, with her little pipe, "Who! who! who!" Both said they would try and help conditions for the Jonson experiments. Finally, the control, Dr. Jenkins, made himself known, and said: "We are trying to make conditions perfect for the Jonson materialisations....."

Q.: "Can you talk behind me while I hold the medium's hands?"

A.: "I will try." (This experiment failed.)

Atmospheric conditions excellent.

(114) Wednesday, January 25, 1911. With Kaiser alone, 10.20 to 11 a.m. First, three relatives manifested; then Tim O'Brien, one of Jonson's *habitués*, who came to explain that he and all were doing their best to make conditions perfect for my experiments at Toledo.

He was followed by Lombroso, the Italian scientist, who said that at present he was working in the fourth sphere. He desired to say that "He was satisfied with the expression of the truth he had given on the earth plane." (This was repeated at my request.) He

went on to say that "astrological conditions were now specially favourable for psychical development." I observed that "Eusapia Palladino did not possess psychic power equal to the mediums in this neighbourhood," to which he agreed.

Lombroso was followed by Leota, with her "Who, who!" pipe; then came Blackfoot, who was emphatic: "Me make conditions good for chief, and help him in experiments with 'Doctor' [Jenkins] and at Jonson's."

Finally, Dr. Jenkins. I asked him about personating spirits. He said: "They do not come to earnest-minded investigators. Your development here will lift you speedily in our life." He hoped to bring Sir Isaac Newton to-morrow.

Q.: "Will you endeavour to talk behind me when I have hold of both the medium's hands?"

A.: "I will try."

I drew my chair close up to Kaiser's chair, and controlled both his hands on his knees. After an interval of about ten minutes Dr. Jenkins spoke distinctly, first behind and above my left ear, then behind and above my right. He then said: "I wanted you to hear me on both sides"; the trumpet was dropped upon our joined hands, hitting my head on the way.

Atmospheric conditions good.

(115) Thursday, January 26, 1911. With Kaiser alone, 10.12 to 10.45 p.m. Atmospheric conditions bad.

Blackfoot, the Indian, grunted out greetings, and said he thought Sir Isaac Newton was coming; he had said he would.

A brother of mine, not often in evidence, came with promises of help.



Then Sir Isaac Newton. I asked him to be so good as to tell me what he had meant on a former visit about anti-gravitation. He replied: "We are investigating the forces which can be generated to oppose gravity. There are such forces. For instance, supposing you get a musical note of equal vibrations to those of gravity, you have a force sufficient to oppose gravity. If you get a musical note the vibrations of which exceed those of gravity, you have a force anti-gravitational." At my request he repeated the words "musical note" twice.

He continued: "Construct a bell and strike it. The 'sound' vibrations from that bell meet the normal sound vibrations and overcome them. I am impressing your friend on this subject."

(I wrote my notes in the next room immediately the sitting was over, and I conclude that both Kaiser and I were to some extent impressed still by the spirit we had heard talking so clearly a few minutes before. I am sure that I took in accurately the words of the message. Kaiser agreed. We thought he might mean: "There are musical vibrations which, when set in motion, enable objects near to overcome the force of gravity." But I cannot offer any explanation. I affirm that the words I have repeated were used, and there I must leave it.)

Q. (to Sir Isaac): "Am I right in supposing that psychic demonstrations are performed more easily in this neighbourhood, around the great lakes of America, than elsewhere?"

A.: "Yes; this is on account of the electrical conditions."

Then Leota piped her "Who, who!" and said she was helping to make conditions right. She was

followed by Dr. Jenkins, who said: "We shall do little this morning, as we are collecting spiritual forces to help you in your investigations in the near future. I will visit you in England; the whole spiritual world will assist you in your work, I know, and will help the beautiful spirit who attends you. Good-bye."

As I have explained above, the final experiments alluded to in these notes that I wished to carry out with Jonson were never completed, on account of his serious state of health. My guide had spoken twice of her apprehension that Jonson's condition would not permit it, and so it turned out.

There is not a doubt in my mind that Mr. Kaiser is a true psychic. He is now thirty-five years of age, and has plenty of time to develop into a medium like Mrs. Wriedt; he is well guarded by Dr. Jenkins, and I think he will do so. This medium, also, is good to the poor, and admits many without payment. I wish him every success, and a long life of usefulness in the exercise of his gift.

## EPILOGUE

WHEN I said "Good-bye" to Mrs. Wriedt in New York, on February 24, I little thought to see her again for some years. I knew that it was unlikely I should be able to leave England for many a long day, on account of the precarious state of my wife's health; in future, I should have to depend upon mental impressions by my guide for communion with the spirit world. It happened, however, that Mr.

W. T. Stead invited her to spend some time at his country home near London in May, June, and July, 1911; owing to his courtesy I was able to again enjoy the privilege of hearing "The Voices" and obtaining further evidence of spirit action through her mediumship. Mrs. Wriedt arrived at Mr. Stead's house at 1 p.m., Tuesday, May 23, and, after tea, two ladies and I induced the psychic to give us an opportunity of testing her gift in a highly magnetised room on the first floor of the house.

It was expected that the power of Mrs. Wriedt would be considerably reduced by the change of climatic conditions, if, indeed, it did not disappear altogether. She had spent two days in a fog at sea; had just been driven across London by her host; and everything around was entirely new to her. The house, it is true, was in a very quiet situation about three hundred feet above the river Thames, and the psychic influences within the house of the very best.

We entered a pitch-dark room at 5.5 p.m., and sat till 6.20. Before we had been long in our chairs "Julia" spoke through the trumpet, giving Mrs. Wriedt a hearty welcome. She was followed by Mr. William Stead, who also greeted the psychic; he conversed very plainly and sent messages to his father. "Julia" invited me to her "Bureau" meeting on the following evening.

Then came "Iola," with whom I made an appointment for eleven o'clock on the following morning. I specially wanted to get some information about my family. After she had agreed to come she spoke these enigmatical words: "There have been many changes." Before her voice was heard the psychic

said: "I see the name of——" (Iola's earth-name). She also saw the name of Stuart Knull, which, no doubt, was Sir J. Stuart Knill, the late Lord Mayor of London. I knew him when he was in life, and so did my father. The spirit assented to his name.

Very faint forms were seen near the cabinet by Mrs. Wriedt and the two ladies, who are both mediumistic. I saw one only; the psychic exhibited good clairvoyance to both of the ladies. Weather dry and hazy.

This trial was, to us, most satisfactory. It was certain that Mrs. Wriedt's gift was not in abeyance, and we arranged for three séances on the following day—(1) a private one for me at 11 a.m.; (2) a sitting for a distinguished officer, who lived some twenty miles off, at 2 p.m.; (3) Julia's Bureau-sitting in the evening.

Wednesday, May 24, 1911. I sat with Mrs. Wriedt alone, from 10.50 to 12.15.

First came Iola's mother, speaking very low; I could not understand her. To my great astonishment Grayfeather came in with his loud voice, to explain that Grandma —— had just been speaking to me about "the little papoose." "It was in her charge; in the 'Kindergarten.' It had suffered no pain, having died in its sleep. I was to tell its father."

(Twelve days previous to this sitting my youngest granddaughter, aged five months, had been suffocated, as we thought, in a fire which broke out over its cot. The evidence at the inquest went to show that its little life was ended before the fire reached it. The psychic knew nothing whatever of this catastrophe, and the ladies in the house only knew the

bare facts, which they had not spoken of to Mrs. Wriedt.)

Grayfeather's voice was loud and much the same as at Detroit. He said his medium (Jonson) was better. Dr. John had done him good. "He not go to bed till late last night." (At noon in England it is 6 a.m. Toledo.) The Indian promised to magnetise me and make it possible for me to sit three times that day, without injury.

Then came Iola, who talked for half-an-hour about private matters. She confirmed what Grayfeather had said about the baby being in the charge of the relative mentioned, and said it was taken for its own good. Physically it was a normal child, but psychically not. Had it grown up, it would have been very mediumistic; it would grow up and develop in the spirit world.

Q.: "But is not the earth experience necessary?"

A.: "No; it will be brought up here."

Iola thanked Mrs. Wriedt for the handsome frame which she had bought for her picture at Detroit. She said: "Oh, Mrs. Wriedt, you spent too much money on that frame." (This is remarkable knowledge of what she had seen at Detroit a fortnight before. The information was quite correct.)

Iola was followed by Dr. Sharp, who said he would assist the spirits at the afternoon séance, but could not manifest himself if he was to speak at "Julia's bureau" meeting in the evening.

The last spirit to manifest was Mr. W. E. Gladstone, who gave me kind promises of help. He spoke of Iola and of a mutual friend. (The voices both on this occasion and on the evening of the 23rd were low down; with this exception it was a very good séance.)

Wednesday, May 24, 1911. 2.5 to 4.15 p.m. Sitters, the two ladies of the house, Sir H—— S——, his friend, and myself. Four spirits talked volubly, but were unable to identify themselves to the complete satisfaction of Sir H——. His friend's wife, undoubtedly, came to him. Iola manifested, and told the visitors she had seen them looking at her picture. I do not quite know whether she was referring all the time to her last portrait, now exhibited in the lecture-room of the London Spiritualist Alliance, or to the pictures in my library. Both gentlemen had seen them all. Once she said to Sir H——: "Did you not see the wreath around my head?"—which would refer to the picture on exhibition.

I told one of our visitors the story of how Grayfeather tried to instruct me in January, 1909, as to how to behave at a séance; my little joke was only halfway through when there was a loud shout in front of me, "Me here!" and the Indian was in our midst. He said very little more, but subsided.

One of the ladies had a distinct talk with her husband in spirit life, much to her pleasure and to that of her daughter who was present.

The anxiety of the spirits to identify themselves to Sir H—— caused a blurr in trying to pronounce their names. I hope that he and his friend will sit with Mrs. Wriedt again.

The meeting in the evening consisted of the members of Julia's bureau and myself, presided over by Mr. W. T. Stead. There were ten people present besides the psychic. All were mediumistic except one gentleman and myself. The atmospheric conditions were excellent. We sat from 7.15 to 9.15 p.m.

One of the party sat in the cabinet and took shorthand notes; he accomplished his difficult task with skill, and it is mainly owing to him that I am able to give my detailed account.

After the religious observances usual when Julia's meetings take place, the room was made pitch dark; there were two aluminium trumpets on the floor. Mrs. Wriedt first saw a lady who had died of dropsy, and the initial "E." She was identified by me as Grandma—who had charge of my little granddaughter, and who had spoken to me at the meeting in the morning.

We then sang, and one of the spirits joined in, using one of the trumpets.

"Julia" next spoke through the trumpet and greeted the circle, concluding with "my dear Mr. Stead." The voice was rather faint. She proceeded: "I am going to help you in every detail.....Success, success! Victory is won. Mr. K——, our cup is full. I am very happy to-night. I am happy to speak to Mr. Stead. I will not detain you. Good-day, I will come again."

Then Dr. Sharp (Mrs. Wriedt's control). "Good evening, friends.....I am a Scotsman; we had better bide a wee. How do you do, Mr. Stead?.....How do you do, brother K——? Well, well; this is a happy meeting. How do you do, ladies?"

Mr. Stead: "I thought, after you were impersonated in New York the other day, that you might be impersonated here."

A.: "No one could personate in this room! Truth prevails; mediums, I will come again."

Mrs. Wriedt described an elderly gentleman whose name was John Cooper. This is the name of an old

schoolfellow of mine. When I said so, three hard knocks sounded on the table.

A lady received good evidence of the presence of her son. Then came Mr. W. T. Stead's son William, who had a long talk with his father, of a strictly evidential character. It was one of the best episodes in my collection. No reasoning adult could doubt that here were a father and son talking face to face.

During the whole of this remarkable séance raps were going on all round the room—on the table, on the walls, on the floor. Wafts of air blew round the circle in the faces of the sitters: this phenomenon I have frequently experienced at Husk's séances, but not of the same strength. Frequently two, sometimes three, voices spoke at the same moment in different parts of the circle. It was somewhat confusing.

The spirit known as "Uncle," of Mr. Husk's band, spoke and identified himself. It was said that John King was present. Ebenezer (another of Husk's band) constantly talked through the trumpet.

A Voice: "Good evening, good evening. I am Stuart Mill."

Mr. Stead: "John Stuart Mill! It is the first time you have been here?"

A.: "It is the first time I have had the opportunity of introducing myself."

Q.: "You were the member for Westminster. Do you know what they have decided over the Women's Suffrage Bill to-day?"

A.: "Yes! I am quite interested, and I want to see it win."

Q.: "You will win."

A.: "Yes; I shall do my duty, and protect the rights of women here."



Q.: "They had a meeting to-day to decide whether they would give facilities for the Women's Suffrage Bill."

A.: "They will give them. I shall see to that."

Q.: "Mr. Asquith is opposed to it."

A.: "Yes; but he is not the ruling power of the world."

Q.: "He is Prime Minister."

A.: "He has a lot to say; but I am going to try and move the Press."

Q.: "And your friend Lord Morley?"

A.: "Yes, he is staunch....." (Much lost here on account of a spirit talking at the other side of the circle.)

Q.: "You are quite sure you are going through with that Bill?"

A.: "Victory! Must win. Fight for the right, stand for the just."

Miss Frances Havergal (a cousin of my wife) here came, but, instead of speaking to me, conversed with a man two feet on my left. She was not able to say much.

(Mr. Stead objected to two spirits talking at once, as he thought it confusing for his stenographer. He said to the spirit: "You can take away one trumpet if you like.")

After a private communication from a young man in spirit life to his mother in earth life, a loud voice was heard to say: "I come, I come; me Grayfeather. How do you do, big chief on big paper?"

Mr. Stead: "I am glad to hear you speak."

A.: "Me here, big Chief Steady; me talk to you a little, and then me go. Me no care."

Q.: "Can you hit me on the head with the trumpet?"

A.: "Yah." (Mr. Stead was lightly touched with the trumpet.)

There was some talking at the opposite side of the circle with spirits, which irritated Grayfeather, who said: "Me telle shutte up; me say man in box no can write, he not hear" (meaning the stenographer in the cabinet). "Me say this, Chief Steady. You going to have much run about; not eat much. You go here, go there, talk—talk—talk."

Mr. Stead: "I am afraid I have a lot to do."

A.: "You are going to go off here, another country."

Q.: "What am I going to talk about?"

A.: "War—fight—fire!—really, yap. One time more before you shut eye [death]. You go round big place. You going to lose a chief by-and-by, and you going to be bad in your heart about it." (Here another voice mentioned the name of a great statesman.) "Me heapy glad to come."

Q.: "Do you find this as good as Detroit?"

A.: "Heapy much better. How do you do, K——?" (a professional medium who was present). To the circle: "Me telle shutte up; hear what they say to little squaw with shawl on her neck" (an elderly lady present); "your heart sick with stomach—all your trouble come from that. Me want to say you get flutter, flutter heart, and it splutters—from nerves—bad stomach cause. Well, good-bye, Chief Steady; good-bye, Chief Moore; good-bye, chief in box. Me go across pond."

(I have related this at some length, assisting myself with the stenographer's notes, because I consider it a very remarkable incident. Grayfeather, as I have frequently reminded the reader, is the control of Jonson at Toledo, Ohio, a materialising medium of

great power. He was with us only while Jonson did not require his services—*i.e.*, from 5 a.m. to 2 p.m., Toledo time. He manifested three times on this day—(1) 11 a.m.; (2) 3 p.m.; (3) 8 p.m., English time, and his voice was often raised to a shout. On two occasions at least he might have been heard at the front door of the house; yet, to him, the surroundings were utterly strange, and his only friends in the room were Mrs. Wriedt and myself. He quickly discerns the other medium in the room, Mr. K——, and gives his whole attention to the master of the house. He calls the cabinet a “box,” which is his invariable custom when using the organism of Jonson. Though coming from a city four thousand miles distant to a place where he is a perfect stranger, he is able to talk about the death of an English infant; to tell me in whose care it has been placed; to show a knowledge of the occupation of an English man of letters; to foretell the death of an English statesman; to report upon the health of his own medium, and to diagnose the condition of an English lady. He is tender, sympathetic, prescient, and dictatorial by turns. Take it all in all, this day was full of the most marvellous instances of invisible power, and shows what even the North American Indian spirit can do when placed in the most favourable surroundings. In this case the atmospheric conditions were of the best; the house quiet, and far removed from all disturbing influences; the séance-room one which was never used for any other purpose; plenty of flowers in it; and not a man or woman present who did not fully believe in the facts of spiritism.)

Mrs. Wriedt (to Mr. Stead): “Do you know the name of a man called W——?”

Mr. Stead: "Yes. G—— W——, the Member for C——."

Mrs. W.: "He is here."

Mr. Stead was hit on the knee.

Voice: "I am G—— W——."

Q.: "How are you?"

A.: "I don't know—I don't know."

Q.: "Do you know where you are now?"

A.: "I am with you. Are you Stead? What a change—what a change!"

Q.: "Can we help you at all? Do you remember the fight?"

A.: "I often wished to speak to you, but thought—I knew that many times.....[here the conversation with other spirits on the opposite side of the circle drowned the voice].....You were mistaken; I wanted you to tell me something."

Q.: "You never gave me the chance."

A.: "I am now where I know it all."

Q.: "Have you any message to send to any friends?"

A.: "They would scoff at it. A still tongue makes a wise head. I am where death does not end....."

Q.: "At the same time, you have left people behind here. There are a dozen candidates for your seat to-day."

A.: "I am not worrying over that."

Q.: "Have you no preference for one candidate over another? Who would you like to succeed you?....."

(Mr. G—— W——, a member of Parliament, died about a week before this sitting.)

Mr. W. E. Gladstone now came in, and gently reproved Mr. Stead for his precipitancy in publishing his message *in extenso*. He referred to Mr. Lloyd

George. "I did say to Admiral Moore to-day that I wanted to see him." (Correct.)

Q.: "You want to see him, himself?"

A.: "Yes, and I will explain to him why I said what I did."

Q.: "He would very much like to talk to you on the situation."

A.: "Lloyd George has done very well. He did beautifully. I am at his back, and will help him through. He is a clever young man....."

A voice: "Björnstjerne Björnson."

Mr. Stead: "Try and speak through the trumpet; we shall be delighted to hear if you have any message for Mrs. Ankers."

Mr. K——: "The astral of Ella Ankers is here, and said to Miss S....."

A Voice: "I came to interrupt, and tell Mr. Stead that she is here, and everything is going on well; and the reason that the interruptions went on was they had to use the lady at the same time as this person was using the trumpet."

A spirit now came in who gave the name of Von Bussow. He seemed to be an Italian by his speech. And I think M. Berteaux manifested (he was the Minister for War in France, and had been killed by the accidental swerving of an aeroplane a few days before).

Cardinal Newman now came in, and gave a benediction in Latin. He said: "My acolyte is here." We then sang, and a spirit joined in through the trumpet.

Hands were touching the sitters all the evening, but I received none of these manifestations.

A spirit came who whistled "Believe me, if all those

endearing young charms" through the trumpet, and afterwards sang it as a duet with his daughter, who was present.

A Voice: "I thought I would do it so that you could hear. How are you, Harry?" (the lady's husband).  
"God bless you."

A Voice: "Mr. Stead and gentlemen, it gives me much pleasure to be here in the presence of such an intelligent audience. It is a considerable time since I heard our good statesman —— speak, and it is a long time since I heard you."

Mr. Stead: "I don't know who you are, but I take it on trust."

A.: "I am Sir Henry Irving."

Q.: "Have you any message for my girl?"

A.: "I want you to understand, friends here this evening, it is well—it is well with the work you have begun; and you will end with the finest career that any man in this city—in this continent.....It is well with you, it is well with me. All will be well on this earth. These flowers on the table are white; I do not know their names, but I will call them lilies" (a few lilies and a large number of narcissi).

"The lilies in the valley will wither,  
The flowers in the forest decay;  
True love lasts for ever and ever,  
When all else fades away.

"You have formed a chain."

Mr. Stead: "Have you any word for my daughter?"

A.: "Best wishes, tell her, from Dante."

Q.: "I do not understand. Do you mean the Italian poet Dante?"

A.: "Oh! it is well."

Another Voice : " It is better for her to take the step and break the link. Remember, there is a coming day, not far away."

Iola now manifested to me. I introduced Mr. Stead to her ; they greeted one another.

Mr. Stead : " Do you know Julia ? "

A. : " I love her."

A member of the circle said : " Rupert was speaking to us through the other trumpet at the same time."

Mr. K—— : " Dr. Quain is here, and says ' that the power is getting exhausted. Close your circle.' "

In a few minutes we turned up the lights and went downstairs to supper. While the meal was going on raps and thumps were experienced all over the room ; in the table, on the floor, and on the walls. I sat at the end of the table, and the only way that I can describe the noises under my chair is that they appeared to be like the blows of a hammer shoring up the floor from underneath.

After supper we sat round and listened to clairvoyance from Mr. K——, and clairaudient messages from the same source ; the percussive noises had ceased.

So ended what was, perhaps, the most convincing of all the public experiences in my education. Mrs. Wriedt had been under Mr. Stead's roof thirty-two hours ; she had given four successful sittings, and all doubt as to the exhibition of her gift in the English climate vanished into thin air. How long it will last is another matter. Mr. Stead sat next to her the whole evening.

On the morning of Thursday, May 25, 1911, a doctor from South Africa came to Mr. Stead's house

by appointment. He had been introduced to Mr. Stead as a gentleman sorely in need of comfort, owing to the sad loss of a sister who had been killed in an accident some two months before. He was three-quarters of an hour late, which distressed him very much. He got nothing. After sitting with him for twenty minutes Mrs. Wriedt ran down to me (I had just arrived), and asked me to come up to the séance-room and help, which I was only too glad to do. We three sat for half-an-hour talking of the conditions required, passivity, and so forth, and directing the gentleman's attention to certain salient points which we considered indispensable to a person in his position if his desire to get into touch with his relative was to be achieved. So far as phenomena were concerned the sitting was a failure.

It so happened that Mr. Stead had, with great consideration, said to me on my parting with him the previous night: "To-morrow, ask anybody you like." I therefore cordially invited the disappointed sitter to return at 6.30 p.m., telling him that Mrs. Wriedt had never known two blanks in one day, and it was highly probable that he had been made to arrive late on purpose so that we could meet.

The afternoon was spent by Mrs. Wriedt and me in London. We went to the London Spiritualistic Alliance rooms, then to a well-known doctor (A. W.) in Harley Street, finally to the Royal Academy and my club. Directly she entered Dr. A. W.'s consulting-room she began correctly describing his friends and patients, together with the various diseases of the latter. Dr. W. is an investigator into psychic phenomena and a nerve specialist; his room is charged



with psychic influences, and it is a common thing for loud raps to occur when he is discussing spiritism with his friends. I was hardly prepared, however, for this involuntary séance; at last I tore the psychic away, with a promise from the doctor that he would attend the sitting at Mr. Stead's house in the evening. We got back by six o'clock, and by 7.10 all the members of the circle had arrived.

Thursday, May 25, 1911. 7.20 to 9.15 p.m. Circle of seven men and three women, including Mrs. Wriedt. Atmospheric conditions good; a dry, starlight night. The chief interest in this séance lay in the success obtained by Dr. K., the gentleman from South Africa. One of the sitters was a Bengali gentleman; at least half-an-hour was taken up by an Arabian trying to make himself known to him without success. Dr. Sharp came in and tried to straighten matters. He said that our spirit visitor was an "Arabian knight" and a guide of the Bengali sitter; but we could not make much of it. Sharp talked a good deal to Dr. A. W. He said (what he has told me before more than once) that he was born at Glasgow (Dr. A. W.'s native town).

Two friends came to Dr. W., and talked in a Scotch accent, but he could not identify them; perhaps he has done so since.

Iola manifested, and spoke to the Bengali gentleman and to Dr. W. She evidently thought the Indian guest ought to have attention as the greatest stranger. It was curious that she kept close to Dr. W. for strength and did not come near me, though she said, "I am standing in front of you." I asked her to bring a certain spirit in the morning.

An unhappy spirit came to Dr. K. After several abortive attempts she was able to give her Christian name. I have never heard a more human conversation than that which now took place.

Q. (from Dr. K.): "Are you happy?"

A.: "Yes, dear (sobs in the trumpet), now that I see you are happier than you were. I am happy to see you. Oh! Robert, what an expense I was to you, and who is now to look after your clothes? Robert, it was hard to be cut off from you so suddenly—hard—hard—to go....."

(There was evidence here of that well-known fact in psychic history of the unhappiness of spirits who know that those they love on earth are feeling their loss acutely.)

Dean Swift spoke. In answer to a question from me he said he was in the fifth sphere, second realm.

Q.: "What is your colour in the second realm?"

A.: "What you would call 'dove' colour."

He gave a very good discourse on the benefits of spiritism. Dr. Sharp now came in for the second time, and spoke loudly and clearly without the trumpet. He dwelt upon the destiny of little children who pass into spirit life and are brought up in the "kindergarten" or "celestial" sphere. I thought this was intended for me, so I asked him: "Who has got charge of our little one?" The reply was immediate, "Grandma ——," thereby corroborating information given, with great precision, by Grayfeather and Iola.

(The voices on this evening were higher up in the room than those on previous occasions, showing the increasing power of Mrs. Wriedt as she became accustomed to her environment.)

The final act of the séance was that the trumpet hit the stenographer, who was sitting at a table writing shorthand in the dark eight feet from the psychic. When the lights were lit it was found in three pieces on the floor.

Friday, May 26, 1911. With Mrs. Wriedt alone in the dark. 11.5 to 12 (noon). A quantity of narcissi on the tables.

Iola came first, and talked with clear enunciation on all sorts of private matters for about twenty minutes. Then came an etherealisation at the flowers. I tried hard to identify it, but was unable to see more than a little head. The psychic said she could see a small baby face. Iola came back and said it was our infant brought by her mother, who could hear everything I said. She then went away to try and bring a spirit called "Lucille," whom I had asked for, but returned in about fifteen minutes saying she was unable to find her. She then entered into further conversation until the power was exhausted. I returned to Southsea in the afternoon.

Here ends the narrative of my education in spiritism. I may see and hear many more phenomena through Mrs. Wriedt and other mediums, but I do not consider it necessary to record them for the public. I am not sure that I have not been, already, too diffuse. At any rate, I have given what I know to be true. If my experiences are of any use to those who are "sitting on the gate," I rejoice; if I have given a word of comfort to the bereaved, I am more than repaid for my trouble. I entered the investigation from scientific motives, and not on account of any need for comfort

myself, for I required none. No man has been more blessed than I in freedom from bereavement of those he loves. Yet I am bound to confess that, during my seven years of investigation, I have gradually assimilated a philosophy on this grand subject of the future state of consciousness, which takes the place of orthodox religion. Of this I propose to speak in the final chapter.

## CHAPTER XI.

### ANALYSIS AND CORRELATIONS

The numbered incidents—Mental phenomena—Physical phenomena—No investigation of use unless both types are considered—Richard Hodgson, Thomson Jay Hudson, and James Hyslop—Miss Ada Besinnet—Mind-reading considered—Analysis of mental phenomena—Analysis of physical phenomena—Correlations—The alleged “Dope” book—A group of investigators in each American city—Difficulty of declaring themselves—Powerful psychics only to be found in North America—Alleged collusion between mediums—Evidence to the contrary—Spirit controls no doubt communicate with one another—Grayfeather’s feelings hurt—Correlations numerous in my notes—Conjurers are useful people—Can do no harm to psychics such as are mentioned in this book—A conjurer convinced me finally in 1909 of the genuineness of the Bangs Sisters.

ON summing up the numbered incidents, those which appear to me to be somewhat more remarkable than other phenomena in my narrative, I find that forty belong to the class called “mental” and seventy-five to that called “physical” types, in my varied experiences. I regard clairvoyance, clairaudience, clair-sentience, table-tilting, automatic writing, inspirational writing, ouija-board, planchette, all as mental phenomena, because I am convinced that the material object moved is set in motion by the psychic, whose brain is impressed by the invisible intelligence. In most cases the psychic is unaware of what his hand is doing; nevertheless, it is his muscles which act sub-consciously. In table-tilting the psychic is often conscious of the letter coming, sometimes of a whole

word ; in automatic writing he is more often than not unconscious of what is on the paper until he reads what he has written. When writing inspirationally the psychic is always aware of what he is doing, and frequently constructs the sentences, using his own language and style.

Physical phenomena are wholly different. Force is exerted and intelligently directed by invisible beings—dynamic force, which cannot be attributed in any way to the psychic (assuming the honesty of the latter), and which produces results such as telekinesis, materialisation, etherealisation, the direct voice in the trumpet, or independent of it, writing between slates, precipitating pictures, passing matter through matter, and so forth.

If we set out to try and obtain evidence of the existence of discarnate spirits, we are groping hopelessly in the dark if we do not take into consideration both physical and mental instances of spirit action : mental phenomena are specially liable to be leavened by the personality of the medium or psychic, but any amount of power in that direction will not enable them to construct a human form, or even a hand, a throat, a mouth, or a face ; nor will it assist them to cause a voice to sing, whistle, or speak to the sitter and give him definite information.

Therefore, when I hear a man laying down the law about any of the manifold types of spiritistic phenomena, who has not made a careful study of physical energy exerted by the unseen, I smile, and as soon as possible disengage myself from any participation with his labours. Richard Hodgson and Thomson Jay Hudson were thoroughly honest expositors of the mental phenomena, but neither knew anything worth knowing

of the physical types. James Hyslop, the present secretary, and practical head, of the American Society for Psychological Research, writes voluminously. All that he states is as so much chaff before the wind, because he is lamentably ignorant of materialisation and all other forms of physical manifestation. His late report upon Miss Ada Besinnet (whom he calls Miss Burton) is a shocking instance of obstinate incredulity. It is out of the question that Oma Yoant's loud, rich voice can be mistaken as emanating from the mouth of the psychic by the observer controlling her right hand, or that the whistling of "Pietro" from above can have any direct connection with that young lady. Miss Ada, in her normal condition, possesses no gift of singing or whistling. That the invisible intelligences who do these things are borrowing something from her organism I do not deny. We cannot obtain these phenomena unless she is present; therefore it is evident that, in some mysterious way, she unconsciously aids in their production. How, we do not know; we shall learn hereafter, if her life is spared; but at present it is pure nonsense to talk wildly about hysteria, for we have no hint of the secret yet.

Among the incidents to which a number is attached, I attribute special importance to: (1), (3), (4), (5), (7), (8), (9), (13), (14), (34), (35), (36), (42), (45), (48), (49), (50), (54), (55), (58), (93) on the mental side; and to (2), (16), (20), (23), (24), (29), (31), (33), (57), (59), (66), (68), (69), (70), (76), (79), (80), (81), (84), (91), (94), (95), (96), (99), (100), (101), (102), (104), (105), (106), (108), (110), (112), (113), (115) on the physical.

For the sake of brevity I propose to consider only these fifty-six incidents. The same arguments which

apply to them will determine the remaining fifty-nine.

Before going further, I must explain that what I understand by the term "mind-reading" is the alleged reading of the conscious mind of the sitter by the conscious mind of the medium or psychic. The perception of what is in the mind of a sitter by a spirit is a common phenomenon, but it is supernormal, and a proof of the existence of discarnate intelligence. There is no evidence whatever that the sub-conscious, or subliminal, mind of a sitter can be tapped by the conscious mind of a medium (out of trance). There is some evidence that the subliminal mind of a medium (in trance) can scrutinise the subliminal mind of a sitter ; but this again is supernormal : it only means that two earth spirits can communicate just as a discarnate intelligence can commune with an earth intelligence.

It is fairly well established that people who are thoroughly *en rapport* with one another communicate occasionally by thought ; also that people who know one another less intimately can exchange spasmodic messages, if preconcerted arrangements as to time are made. This so-called telepathy requires careful investigation. It is by no means certain that a third party is not involved, that a discarnate spirit does not intervene and carry the message from one to the other, as in the case of Mrs. Georgia, Hudson, and myself. What I wish to make clear is that there is no sort of reliable evidence to show that the subliminal mind of a visitor can be tapped by a medium out of trance. I believe that what the visitor is thinking of at the time—his upper consciousness—may be occasionally divined, in fragments, by a



medium. The phenomenon is rare. I can only call to mind one case in my own experience, where I explained away an incident to myself by this theory. On the other hand, I have had hundreds of instances where my upper consciousness was full of reminiscences referring to certain people in spirit life, where the spirits had been named and well described, yet not a word was transferred to me by the medium which indicated that the discarnate entities he or she saw had anything in common with myself. I have put questions, the answers to which were, so to speak, on the tip of my tongue, and there were no satisfactory replies—in many cases wrong replies, in some none at all.

Theories of mind-reading and telepathy, as explanations of what are, apparently, supernormal phenomena, are altogether overworked. Thomson Jay Hudson was the chief apostle of this sort of criticism. He has come back from that bourne, from which he thought, when in life, no traveller ever returned, to acknowledge his error through my pen.

#### ANALYSIS OF MENTAL PHENOMENA.

Incidents 1, 3, 4, 5 belong to the same group—clairvoyance—but the phenomena are exhibited through three mediums. The reader will observe that my mind could have had nothing to do with these cases. Inc. (1). When Dora Hahn picked out a certain photo, I was ignorant what she had in her hand, and was expecting an altogether different picture. She not only brought the portrait to me with perfect confidence, but gave the relationship, returning to the table to pick up another photo of the same earth spirit. I was 3,400 miles from my

home, and entirely unknown to the medium. If a discarnate intelligence who knew me, and my wife as a child, did not direct that choice, there is no such thing as spiritism.

(3) Clairvoyance of Mrs. Conklin. As I was a perfect stranger to the medium, the correct answers obtained are incomprehensible on any other hypothesis than that of the presence of the spirit. (4) In closing my eyes I took away from the medium any chance he may have had of mind or muscle reading. I am aware that some investigators may attribute what occurred to these sources, and I should not attach the importance I do to this sitting if I had been able to see the card before my finger was placed upon the letter by Hough. (5) The same observations apply as to (3) and (4). If a medium, not in trance, can read the upper consciousness of a perfect stranger with perfect accuracy—within the first few hours of their becoming acquainted with one another—there is nothing supernormal in these incidents. I am personally of opinion that such a feat is impossible.

(7) Interview with Dr. S. and Maggie Gaul's year-end party. What clue had Maggie Gaul to assist her, supposing she required assistance? Nothing but my assertion that I knew Dr. Hodgson and Dr. Savage. This is a very curious case when thoroughly examined, because I did not know, in life, the spirit who accompanied me to the house; my mind could have had nothing to do with the episode; it never once occurred to me that the deceased young man had any interest in me, nor I in him. He was merely the peg on which hung a very interesting psychic story, told through his father's facile pen, and referred to in his father's study. How could the psychic know, normally,

that I had written to Dr. Hodgson? If the spirit of young Savage, no doubt ever watchful of his father, did see and hear me in the church study, and did accompany me to my hotel and throughout the afternoon and evening, all is explained. Remark the reading by the medium of the sealed letter of the young girl, and her swift intuition of the connection between the men sitting on either side of me; her knowledge that I had brought photos for tests across the ocean; of the object of my visit to the States. These items are inexplicable on any theory but that of the presence of invisible people around us.

(8) and (9) Here two psychics are involved, one private, one professional; both, for the time, in the same house. Neither had ever seen me before that day. Every individual in the house of Judge Dailey was a stranger to me, including my host himself.

How are we to account for the dripping sailor seen by my kind hostess as she shook hands for the first time?—for the name “Leroy,” which, when inverted, is not unlike the real name “Carey”?—for the clairvoyance of Mrs. Dailey during lunch, and the subsequent choice of photos in the drawing-room? What normal explanation will stand against the prescience of May Pepper during the meal, uttered with the confidence of one who knows, and which turned out to be correct? That the psychic read the letter in my pocket (pure clairvoyance) must be true; but how did that help her to pick out the three photos, faces downwards, an hour later? Without hesitation, I say the only explanation is the presence of spirits, interested in me, who impressed both ladies.

(13) and (14) Note the mistake, soon rectified

about the identity of the parents of the child R., and the information given by my aunt E., bewildering to the medium, who knew the repugnance of the American people to marriages of first cousins.

(34) The "typhoon" message. "How," I ask any honest critic, "could this be attributed to the action of any mortal mind?" Typhoons are rare in the China sea in May. Both I and my relative "A" had served on that station and knew this. Read the Russian books *From Libau to Tsushima* and *Rasplata* for corroboration of the facts.

(35) The table-tilting with the Endicotts. Look at the number of correct replies; the difficult name "Kilmarnock"; the knowledge of what was in my pocket; the correct name of my son-in-law; and, specially, *my inability during subsequent sittings to obtain any similarly precise information.*

(36) The reader should carefully scrutinise this photo test. Could this have been accomplished by any woman alive without extraneous help? Who helped her? It was not my spirit, for I was entirely ignorant what *cartes* she was handling.

(42) I draw attention here to the extraordinary behaviour of my relative A.; his correct impressions under control by a discarnate intelligence, and the corroboration through Mrs. Arnold six weeks later.

(45 and *ante*) The satisfactory identification of Thomson Jay Hudson, the particulars of which were new to the psychic and myself; and the automatic mirror-writing in the dark. Observe that Mrs. Georgia had already given proofs of her power of writing with either hand.

(48) Note the experiment wanted by Hudson; the inability of the psychic to find her plate-holder; the

hysterical seizure of Mrs. Georgia ; our disinclination to try Hudson's test ; its ultimate failure.

(49) Message carried by Hudson ; Mrs. Georgia's script. Is it reasonable to doubt that this was no mere act of telepathy ? What about the description of the floor and room of the hotel ? Even the chair is accurately described.

(50) Is a better proof than (49) that Hudson was a messenger, and that so-called telepathy was not at work in either case. Remark the following : " He must speak of Hudson, that's me, in your address ; many people have accepted my hypothesis of the sub-conscious. I want him to say that he has heard from me.....My girl will sit for him here (Rochester) and in N.Y. for James and Hyslop in concert. I shall bring F. W. H. Myers and Dr. Hodgson if I can....."

A few days later I was at Rochester, and Dr. Austin, the pastor of the Plymouth Spiritualist Church, kindly organised a little assembly at the Seneca Hotel to meet me. I addressed the party on several matters, principally the return of the spirit of Thomson Jay Hudson, showing the ladies and gentlemen present in the ballroom of the hotel the original automatic mirror-script. This little meeting was quite impromptu, though the date of my address in the church (February 26) had been fixed some time. Hudson was mentioned in both addresses.

The meeting at New York here predicted came off in a totally unexpected fashion ; it was not Professor James but Dr. I. K. Funk who made the third of my visitors.

Observe that two hours after Mrs. Georgia wrote this script, Dr. Jenkins (Kaiser's control) at Detroit

tells me that Hudson is away trying to impress "a light" in another city to whom "I had sent a message"; and the next morning (5th) Hudson comes to me himself in Detroit and reports that "he had carried the message, but did not think 'the light' had taken it all in. He knew that he had impressed her, but thought she only got part of it."

(54) The items given in the script to establish the identity of Mr. Myers could not have originated in the mind of either the psychic or myself, for we did not know them. Whence did they come?

(55) "He has the offshoot of the oak in his pocket, a gold acorn." I had not noticed the shape of the pendant on the chain, nor thought of it at any time, so this cannot be attributed to my upper consciousness being read by the psychic. The latter was totally ignorant what I carried about with me in my pockets. Can there be a doubt that this statement originated with an invisible intelligence?

(58) "Grayfeather" apparently sees me at another séance, and in the public library at Toledo. Whatever may be the true explanation of this remarkable incident, it must be due in some way to invisible intelligence. The most reasonable explanation is that my guide told Grayfeather. If Grayfeather, while using the organism of Jonson, could read my sub-conscious mind, the incident is of a spiritistic character; certainly the events of the previous day were not occupying my upper consciousness. Why was Grayfeather inaccurate when giving the name of one of my companions, who, by the way, was five feet off, listening?

(93) If mind-reading has anything to do with these manifestations, why could not Mrs. Rossegue

divine whose picture was inside the locket? The name and relationship were in my full, upper consciousness, and I was expecting to have them given me any second; yet, instead, the psychic hears a voice: "It was mine [the locket], but it [the picture] is not I." The identity of the face in the locket was not revealed at all.

#### ANALYSIS OF PHYSICAL PHENOMENA.

Incident (2) must be examined with (15). In the latter Iola admits that she materialised in New York, and gives a story about a cane, damaged a little in passing through the mind of the medium, but sufficiently correct to prove that she was with me on the night I landed, when (2) took place. The height and figure which I saw at the materialisation séance were correct; it would be foolish to suppose that the graceful form and movements could be simulated by any man; the intense vibration of a form is always good evidence of its reality as a materialisation. It is very common where the whole body is made up and not only a part, and frequently occurred in Craddock's manifestations. The confidence with which the spirit placed herself in my power many feet away from any possible coadjutor is a fact to be taken into consideration, for the mediums had never set eyes upon me before that night, and knew nothing at all about me. I had only landed from England that morning.

(16) The appearance and identification of Captain D., an old messmate of my relative, A. Up to this time my relative had scoffed at spiritism, and declared it all charlatanry. I have never heard him scoff on the subject since this evening, February 6, 1905, when

the controls worked specially for him, and brought up before his face two or three recently deceased friends.

(20) Two spirit-forms out together, showing simultaneously to neighbours in the circle. The deliberate dematerialisation of my neighbour's child close to the mother's body was a remarkable sight; when I saw the small face it appeared to be complete in all particulars. How are we to account for Joey's knowledge of something a lady had said a hundred miles off some days before? It was an insignificant remark, which had not taken any deep root in my memory.

(23) This was one of the good materialisations of Iola. Note, that it was less than life size. The name of my friend in Fiji was "Seed," which I think my readers will admit is a very uncommon name. I had not thought of him for years. The speaking of the familiar spirits in the cabinet while we were bringing the medium out of trance was a convincing phenomenon.

(24) Another excellent simulacrum of Iola.

(29) The test séance with Husk speaks for itself, and does not require any analysis. Great force was exhibited on this occasion; the armchair lifted over my head and put upon the table weighed over thirty pounds; Husk himself must weigh eleven or twelve stone. The voices behind Husk were very clear, and it was quite certain that he had nothing to do with the singing or with his own levitation. Note the position of his own chair when the lights were turned on.

(31) Though I have not usually any mediumistic faculty, there are one or two occasions when I have seen clairvoyantly at a séance. In this case I distinctly saw a light emanate from the medium. I have no



doubt that it was my guide, who made a practice of standing or floating behind me at a séance. She was frequently described by clairvoyantes.

(33) In most cases the simulacra of women at Husk's séances are bandaged round the bottom of the face, the nose and upper part only being visible ; this is what made it impossible for me to say that the materialisation of Iola was ever very satisfactory. On this occasion, however, another relative was presented without any bandage whatsoever. The likeness was admirable, and the test a very important one to me, as the lady in question had, while in life, been much opposed to my views, and, at this time, had not passed over three months. The controls took about half an hour preparing this test. I expressed great pleasure at its appearance. "Uncle" told me it could not have been done if I had not great power ; by this I assume he meant "giving-out" power, for I certainly am innocent of any other power whatever.

(57) Over-anxiety on the part of my guide to show herself spoilt this séance ; but it was none the less very interesting. The materialisations of Cleopatra and Josephine were very fine, and the sudden dematerialisation of Edna was one of the most extraordinary sights I have ever witnessed ; she doubled up as if she were constructed with a hinge in the centre of her body.

(59) Attention is specially drawn in this case to the dematerialisations, evidently exhibited for my benefit.

(66) This was one of the most eventful séances I have ever had. A private message was given to me by Iola on this occasion through the agency of a song, sung by a spirit in accompaniment to the graphophone. The episode was alluded to in Mrs. Georgia's

script, a fortnight later at Rochester, in such a way as to make the correlation of the two events absolutely unmistakable.

(68) These demonstrations of spirit action are inexplicable on any theory of fraud. A person who could allow himself to be hoodwinked to the extent that would be necessary for a medium to carry through this incident must certainly be placed in the category of individuals who are unable to manage their own affairs, and who ought not to be at large. If I am such a person, it has not yet been discovered by my family, friends, or brother officers. The seal of the letter shows no sign of having been tampered with ; the reply letter is sensible, and beyond the mental level of the psychic ; my card and another paper are found inside the envelope as well as the letters, and a paper is transferred to my hat in the front drawing-room. Not the least curious incident is that the psychic sitting with me in the room is able to tell me consecutively my questions.

(69) The profile portrait of my guide. There is nothing to analyse in this phenomenon. It happened as I have stated, and, as it was broad daylight, I cannot plead guilty to the possibility of my being mistaken in any item of this wonderful instance of spirit power. The "prepared picture" theory and all conjurers' idle stories fall to pieces. Nobody ever did or ever will duplicate this episode under similar conditions.

(70) The reader is asked to remark here that I was sitting between the incriminating door and the table, May Bangs being on the opposite side of the table. Anything that was passed under the door from, or to, May Bangs would have to go through me.

(76) By a piece of good luck, as I now consider it, the boy who took the Bangs Sisters' order for the two panel-shaped canvases omitted to say that they were to be covered with paper. When he returned to the shop to fetch them he corrected his error; the paper was stretched on in a hurry and arrived wet. I received them in my own hands, and had them under my own control until they were put up in the window.

(79) I have no explanation to offer for this incident. The psychic never once had her hands near the ink-pot; the incident happened in the full light of noonday. As I have mentioned before, the window has a due south aspect. The ink bubbled away in the pot until it was nearly all gone.

(80) Of this incident I can only say that there was plenty of light the whole time, and, with only one person in the room to watch, it was impossible to make any mistake.

(81) The light throughout this sitting was not so good as in (80); but the phenomenon of the dematerialisation of the flowers was more remarkable, if such a thing be possible, for they were almost touching me, and at such a distance from the psychic as to render it impossible for her to touch them or the vase, or to see them.

(84) The interest in this sitting lay in the marked difference between the speech of the English and American spirits; the recognition of the fact by the old American gentleman who was with me; and the trifling incident by which Sir A. G. identified himself.

(91) Here we have some very remarkable incidents—  
(a) The visit of Sir Isaac Newton, who gave much information; (b) Dr. Jenkins (the control), who is ignorant of what I had been doing at another house in

the morning, tells me what Hudson is about and why he is away; (c) he also says that "Hudson is preparing some good tests for the time when you sit again at Rochester," which is perfectly true if I am to judge by results.

(94) The principal feature in this séance is the removal of my locket from the watch-chain, its subsequent journey and return to me. Note, my guide possessed in life an exactly similar locket. The size of the hand that took it off my chain was less than half of my own. Dr. Hyslop tried to persuade me that this episode might have been due to hysteria on the part of the psychic. I do not understand how any amount of hysteria can reduce the size of a lady's hand or enable her to reach four feet.

(95) Here, again, I do not see how any amount of hysteria on the part of Miss Ada could give the identity to Mr. Xander which he so much desired and obtained; it could not enable Oma Yoant and other spirits to sing. Mrs. Wriedt's clairvoyance on this occasion must be taken as a separate incident.

(96) I should think this manifestation by Catherine is one of the best materialisations ever obtained through any medium in recent times. The head and bust were apparently complete; the face and hair took up most of my attention; they were perfect in every detail. This was the first time I discovered for certain that forms are not wholly tangible. Viola's antics on this occasion were very convincing proofs of her marvellous activity in taking on and throwing off the appearance of mortality at will.

(99), (100) The descriptions of these tests with the Bangs Sisters are such that I cannot add to them or analyse them with any advantage to the reader.

(101) Sitting with P. O. Keeler for slate-writing. At the end of May, 1911, I asked my guide if she was present on this occasion. She said she was, but the alleged letter over her name was not hers at all. All the letters were written by Keeler's control, as I had thought. "But," Iola added, "Mr. Keeler is a wonderful psychic." I cordially agree. The absence of identity in the letters does not take away from their value as proofs of spirit action. It was certain (*a*) that the slates were clean; (*b*) that he had nothing to do with the writing; (*c*) that a quantity of writing was accomplished in a short time, all audibly to me, without any pressure being brought upon the slates in my hands.

(102) There was a wealth of incident in this sitting with Mrs. Wriedt. I draw attention to the manifestation of Professor James, Captain Alexander Usborne, Sir Richard Burton, and the unhappy suicide.

(104) Sitting with a stranger, Dr. John. We each get our personal friends, and also an historical character equally interesting to both. Two voices speak simultaneously in different languages twice.

(105) Ada Newton communicates a fact unknown to either the psychic, or to Dr. John, or myself. Dr. Graham (a physician well remembered in Toronto today) comes and comments upon an operation he had witnessed a few hours before at the hospital. In these cases Mrs. Wriedt was wholly out of it as a possible agent; and supposing, for a moment, she knew all the circumstances, whence the different voices?

(108) Iola answers a question which was in my mind before the sitting. The deaf farmer heavily drawn upon. Two voices speaking at once. My

niece visits me. The visit of Professor E. J. Stone, F.R.S., formerly Astronomer Royal at the Cape of Good Hope. These incidents require a great deal of explaining away if fraud on either side of life is to be the basis of inquiry.

(110) The visit of Grayfeather to me at Mrs. Wriedt's and his warning about his medium, Jonson. This was totally unexpected, and, from every point of view, most interesting. As will be seen in the epilogue to the last chapter, Grayfeather came over to England in May, 1911, and showed accurate knowledge of what was going on here. He manifested three times in one day at Mr. Stead's country house.

(112) This is an extraordinary instance of spirit power, (a) because Mrs. Wriedt was in a wholly new environment; (b) the room was small and not magnetised; and (c) there had been no phenomena the night before, when she sat for her kind host and hostess.

(113), (115) Visits of Sir Isaac Newton, who confirmed what he had said before, and talked of his experiments on the problem of anti-gravitation. It remains to be proved if there is any sound purpose in these communications. It seems probable that, until we have discovered some means of opposing gravity locally, aeroplanes will never succeed. Whether I was really honoured with a visit from Sir Isaac Newton or not, one thing is certain: the hints he gave respecting a musical note opposing the vibrations of gravity did not emanate from me nor from the medium.

### CORRELATIONS

By correlation I mean the inter-connection between different séances, proving that spirits are aware, when

functioning through one medium, that they have manifested on former occasions, and through other psychics. This is a very important support to the spiritistic hypothesis if it can be shown that the psychics did not communicate their knowledge of a sitter from one to the other by letter or telegram.

I must here observe that I am not ignorant of the alleged fact that in the United States there is a secret volume called the "Dope Book," by some called the "Blue Book," kept by all mediums, which is said to contain the names of residents of different cities and their various degrees of gullibility. I have not yet come across any reliable person who has seen this book, and I am doubtful if it really exists. It seems to me that, if such a record were in print, it would very soon come to light and be public property. All investigators know that professional mediums are not the kind of people who could conceal anything of the kind; its existence would leak out, if not through them, through the printers. Such records imply an extensive organisation and considerable expense, which mediums can ill afford. But it is the duty of all those who claim to have received evidence of the supernatural to examine with care every alleged contrivance by which their testimony may be weakened. Therefore, we cannot safely ignore the repeated statements of arm-chair critics, that there is a source of information which is the common property of all mediums respecting possible clients.

Now, if such a book is in circulation, its usefulness is very doubtful even among the citizens of the United States, for the reason that the mediums, as a rule, do not know the names of those who sit with them, nor when they are likely to come; there is no

time after people are seated to make a study of any volume so comprehensive as its alleged purpose implies. In the case of casual visitors from foreign countries such a book is hopelessly impotent. Take my own case. In 1904 no one in America knew that I was about to pay a visit to that country, or, indeed, that I was interested in psychic investigation at all. In 1908-9 only two or three trusty friends were made aware of my intended journey, which was to places not visited in 1904-5. As investigators, it was not in the least probable that they would take the trouble—even if they had the inclination and had not been warned—to go round the corner and assist mediums by gratuitously furnishing them with information concerning myself, of whom, by-the-by, they knew but very little. In 1910-11 strict precautions were observed. It is true that on this visit I went to the same cities as in 1908-9; but no professional mediums knew I was coming, and no incidents occurred that indicated accurate knowledge or recollection of my previous visit.

Of the private psychics, such as Mrs. Georgia and Miss Ada Besinnet, it may be said that it is quite out of the question that they pay the least attention to any "Dope Book," if such exists. It cannot be proved with mathematical precision, but I am equally sure that the Jonsons, the Bangs Sisters, Mrs. Wriedt, and Mr. Kaiser obtained no information about me in any underhand way. The phenomena that occurred negative such a supposition.

Mediums of large practice and high psychic power are proverbially forgetful of what has occurred in their presence; even if they wished to do so, they would find it impossible to recall the personalities of the



thousand or so spirits which manifest to their clients in one year ; and, if this be true in the case of people in their own country, how much more difficult must it be to recall what has happened to casual tourists. They are, moreover, indolent people, who never write a letter or send a telegram if they can avoid it ; as to telegrams, the cost is equal to their fee for a sitting. Knowing that I was in the country only for a short time, and not likely to return, why, in the name of common-sense, should they communicate my movements, or the intricate particulars of my sittings with them, to other mediums whom they might suspect I was going to visit? If they did so, how would it forward their interests on my next visit years after ?

In each city there is a small group of ladies and gentlemen who investigate on proper lines. The group in one city do not know those in the next. So offensive is the attitude of the average American to the subject of spiritism that, as a rule, the real investigator keeps his studies secret—not so much that he fears ridicule, but because he knows that an open avowal of his belief in the supernormal would weaken his influence in public affairs. It was owing to the kindness of these American investigators that I saw none but the best mediums.

Some wit has said : “ There are three stages in the evolution of every new discovery :—(1) ‘ It is all lies ’ ; (2) ‘ It is the work of the devil ’ ; (3) ‘ We knew all about it all along. ’ ” America is in stage (1), Great Britain in stage (2). And the curious part of the business is this—*the secret lies in America*. Only those psychics born in the States, and brought up in that electrical atmosphere, are endowed with sufficient

psychic power to induce discarnate spirits to make the effort to manifest clearly and efficiently. They may be able, as in the case of Dan Home and Mrs. Wriedt, to exercise their gift in England, but it generally does not last as in their own country.

But, to return to the subject of collusion between mediums, let me illustrate my point. How could the Bangs Sisters know I was going to put them through tests? How could they know what sort of picture I required? They knew it was my guide, but nothing more. I had not even a photo in my pocket, as I had in 1909. The whole arrangement of the sitting for the picture—the attitude, locket, chain, and dress—had been settled between Iola and myself at Detroit by means of the direct voice. The sceptic of the S. P. R. type would say: “Oh, yes; but, of course, Mrs. Wriedt wrote these particulars to the Bangs Sisters the day before.” Did she? Listen to the following episode. On the afternoon of the first day, January 28, the face of Dr. Sharp appeared for a short time on the mottling canvas, as stated in incident (99). Lizzie Bangs then said: “I am impressed by Dr. Sharp” (pause); “he says he wants to straighten out something” (pause). “It is about the money paid for his picture. We are to let you know that we told Mrs. Wriedt to say, if anyone asked her, that she paid us thirty dollars for that portrait. We sat for nothing, but we were so pestered by mediums asking us to sit, as fellow-psychics, that we wished it known we were not willing to exercise our gift, without payment, for them or any other people.”

Note—(1) Two years previous to this (1909) the Bangs Sisters told me they had sat for the portrait of Dr. Sharp some years before, free of charge to Mrs.

Wriedt. (2) No allusion whatever had been made to Dr. Sharp or his portrait on this visit (1911).

But, about a week before the above message from Sharp to Lizzie Bangs, I had asked Mrs. Wriedt, in her drawing-room at Detroit: "How much did you pay the Bangs Sisters for that beautiful picture of Dr. Sharp?" She replied: "Thirty dollars." I said: "That is curious; they told me that they sat for nothing." Mrs. Wriedt looked very embarrassed, and the subject was changed. When the impression from Sharp was blurted out by Lizzie Bangs I was delighted, thinking I had received a magnificent test. That evening I wrote to Mrs. Wriedt reporting what the Chicago medium had said, and feeling sure she would corroborate the story. I met her on February 3. Imagine my astonishment when she gravely announced that the story was untrue. She said: "Admiral, if that had been so I would have told you, for I do not tell lies even for the convenience of the Bangs Sisters; I paid, as I told you, thirty dollars. It is true that this sum is less than they usually charged at Lily Dale. Some pictures they sat for, of the same size, were forty-five dollars."

I ask: Does this look like collusion between Mrs. Wriedt and the Bangs Sisters? Dr. Sharp, who invariably expresses the greatest regard for the Bangs Sisters, said, spontaneously, when materialised on February 3, at Jonson's, Toledo: "It will be straightened out about the price of my picture"; and when I asked him again, on February 7, at Detroit, he said: "Those poor girls, they have so much to do, they have forgotten." This is very probable; neither of the sisters has a good memory.

Incidentally, I may state that the picture in question

is the best precipitation I have ever seen which has been accomplished in the presence of the Bangs Sisters. As a portrait I can say nothing about it, but as a work of art it has a value far exceeding the modest sum paid for it. I take it to be worth at least one hundred dollars as a painting. Two in my possession are nearly as good; they cost me thirty-five dollars each. I have had them appraised here as coloured copies of photographs, and the lowest estimate given is one hundred dollars (£20). They are both in this book, but the black-and-white reproductions from carbon photos give no idea of their intrinsic worth.

Anyway, that is not the question for the moment. I had not mentioned one word to the Bangs Sisters respecting the money paid by Mrs. Wriedt for the picture; the impression given voice to by Lizzie Bangs came to me as a great surprise. I can readily understand that the old spirit control, who is devoted to his medium, and has, at the same time, a great regard for the good work done by the Bangs Sisters, was troubled about the talk he had heard between Mrs. Wriedt and myself, and endeavoured to put it right. What the truth of the matter really is was no business of mine, and it was not in my thoughts on January 28, 1911.

I now turn to another symptom of absence of collusion between Mrs. Wriedt and the Chicago psychics. Iola and I had arranged at Detroit that the portrait was to be altogether a spirit picture; this would mean that her hair would be loose. Now, it so happened that I afterwards regretted this, and mentally desired that this feature should be somehow avoided, for I could not fancy it would look well. As

I have described in Chapter IX., the Sisters saw the form clairvoyantly. At first, the hair was loose; again I mentally objected, and the clairvoyants saw it drawn back behind the head, one saying: "She sees you do not like the hair loose, and she has arranged it differently." So differently did she eventually arrange it that it might now be mistaken for the most modern style of hairdressing. There is a wreath of flowers on the top of the hair which conveys an association to me, but which was, so to speak, not in the programme.

Though anxious to thrash out anything which may be said by way of normal explanation, I cannot find in my notes one tittle of evidence which would show that the Jonsons and Mrs. Wriedt corresponded with one another, or that the Bangs Sisters corresponded with the Jonsons or with Mrs. Wriedt. What has led to some confusion on the part of novices as to collusion between mediums is this: spirit controls of different mediums do meet one another from time to time, and, I have no doubt, exchange ideas and information on the "other side"; if the mediums have met, they achieve this with great facility. But, instead of this fact being brought forward as testimony against the truth of spiritism, it is really one of the best evidences in favour of it. Detroit is nearly sixty miles by rail from Toledo, and about forty-five miles in the direct line. The habitués or familiar spirits of Jonson's cabinet manifest occasionally at the séances of Mrs. Wriedt and Kaiser. One of the best instances of this taking place which I have given in my public notes was the speech of Jonson's control, Grayfeather, on February 11, 1911, during one of my private séances with Mrs. Wriedt. Speaking in practically the same voice as is heard when he is making use of the

organism of Jonson, and at a time when Jonson is laid up, he reminds me of the origin of his medium's illness "ever since he hang that paper on wall," an incident of which Jonson had spoken to me at least twice.

Mrs. Wriedt's séances are self-convincing. There is no necessity to tie her up, or gag her, or torture her in the various silly ways adopted by pseudo-scientists. She can only speak one language—Yankee. She is physically incapable of enunciating pure English or the jargon of the Red Man. No sane person could suspect her for one moment to be personating Iola, Grayfeather, or any of my English spirit visitors.

Correlations are numerous throughout my notes. Hudson carries messages to Rochester from Chicago and Detroit, and makes himself known to me coherently at the three cities through three different psychics, who are unknown to one another. Iola refers, in Mrs. Georgia's script at Rochester, to a particular incident which had happened some days before in the séance-room of Miss Ada Besinnet, though these two private psychics know nothing of one another. At Detroit she frequently mentions events in which she had participated during sittings with Mrs. Georgia, the Jonsons, and the Bangs Sisters. She helps to precipitate a picture in pale lavender dress at Chicago. I inquire of two controls at Detroit, and find this is the proper colour for the sixth sphere, seventh realm: it is this position which she has always asserted she holds in the spirit world. She is able to tell me at any time what I have been doing, and shows an intimate acquaintance with my life, my friends, and my wanderings, which is nothing

less than astounding. She relates to me at Detroit the explanation of a series of incidents which occurred fifty years ago, of which I was only partly cognisant, and brings three other spirits who corroborate her story.

I am at a séance with the Jonsons at Toledo on a Saturday afternoon when Cleopatra manifests to me, and says, "I am going West with you." On Sunday evening Cleopatra appears to May Bangs, with whom I am sitting at Chicago. There was no time for a letter to arrive, even if the Jonsons felt disposed to write one, which I am sure was not the case.

Grayfeather, the control of Johnson, manifests at Mr. W. T. Stead's country house in England, where Mrs. Wriedt is a guest, identifies himself, and assists in her circles. Remember, this Indian is not Mrs. Wriedt's control, and has only lately visited her séance-room at Detroit for the first time. While in England his talk is not confined to subjects with which he is familiar in America; he gathers information from Julia and other spirits, and makes a very decent show of acquaintance with English affairs. He also manifests through Kaiser in Detroit.

At one of my private séances with Mrs. Wriedt in Mr. Stead's country house Grayfeather came to me, and, speaking distinctly, said: "Chief, I come only when you are here; the big top-knots [eminent men] in your country no like Indians. Gladstone, he see me, and say, 'Get out'; and that Admiral, your friend, he come and say, 'Grayfeather, be off!'"

Q.: "Who do you mean, Grayfeather?"

A.: "I mean Admiral from Portsmouth. He here now. I bring him to you."

Then a distinguished officer identified himself to

me who had died suddenly three months before at Portsmouth. We talked of many things. I asked him if he had a dislike to Grayfeather. His reply was: "His manner is very abrupt."

The spirit control "Uncle" refers at one of Husk's séances to seeing me the previous day at a sitting where Williams was the medium.

John King (Sir Henry Morgan), Husk's principal control, takes charge of the physical phenomena at the séances of Mrs. Wriedt in Mr. Stead's house and greets sitters, whom he has known at Husk's circle, by name.

Abdullah, one of Craddock's controls, manifests at two of Jonson's séances in Toledo, Ohio.

I will conclude this subject of correlations by the narration of another incident that occurred at one of my private séances with Mrs. Wriedt in England.

On June 10, 1911, my guide spoke to me for some thirty or forty minutes. Among other things she said: "I came to your cousin here the other day, and spoke to him of his father and his relatives in Canada."

Q.: "What name did you give?"

A.: (The spirit here gave one of her earth names.)

I wrote to the said cousin, who told me that he had attended a séance with Mrs. Wriedt (in the same room) nearly a fortnight before. A spirit came and gave her full name and her sister's name. She alluded to her "picture." He could make nothing of it. (This gentleman was born six years after the death of Iola, and had never heard her mentioned in the family.)

The names he gave me were all correct, and one of



them was the name by which Iola was called by his father—one seldom used by the family. There were six names in all.

The efforts of *bonâ fide* conjurers should never be despised by investigators into spiritism. If they can pick up a fraudulent medium, so much the better for us. Provided they relate truthfully what they have seen and how they account for it, they cannot possibly do any injury to genuine psychics. Unhappily, they cannot all confine their mystifications to the stage, but carry their legitimate deceptions into private life, where they are not legitimate; and they often weaken their influence by committing themselves at the first start to theories of fraud before they have witnessed the phenomena which are the basis of discussion.

When a man comes on a stage and says, "Here, ladies and gentlemen, you see I have nothing on me," and then pulls three or four rabbits out of his coat-tail pockets, he is performing a perfectly legitimate action; but if the same man that evening writes a letter to a friend, and says, "I assure you I know that those mediums you saw are arrant knaves," and he has not been within four thousand miles of them, he is simply lying. He cannot know, for he has not been to see; he may answer, "So-and-so told me," but that is no reply to his correspondent, who has witnessed the phenomena under conditions which preclude fraud.

The effects of conjurers' explanations are not all one-sided; they can confirm our experiences in a very practical way. I will give an instance which happened to myself. In the summer of 1909 a report came home that May Bangs had been in the police-court at Chicago, and had denied that pictures were

obtained in her house by any occult process. I do not, as a rule, believe anything I read in American newspapers, but this report was in the *Progressive Thinker*, a journal devoted to the propagation of spiritism. I knew the editor, and his opinion of the picture and letter phenomena of the Bangs Sisters—he believed them to be genuine; it was impossible to ignore such a report emanating from his office. I confess I was for some months considerably mystified. I entered into a long correspondence with a conjurer who claimed to have discovered the secret of the production of the precipitated pictures. He must have thought me a very apt pupil, for he proposed to me one day that I should write a book of what I had seen, with his explanations as to “how the thing was done.” I should think nearly one hundred letters passed between us. He finally convinced me that he knew nothing whatever about the subject. Then he reproduced the effect on the stage—crudely at first, but, after praiseworthy effort, very satisfactorily. The principle I already knew. It was found out by a spiritistic friend by means of my own models. The conjurer’s “conditions” were as different to the conditions of the séances of the Bangs Sisters as a locomotive boiler is different from a teapot. He did his best, but his efforts and explanations settled me in the conviction I have already mentioned.

The question of the so-called “confession” of May Bangs was finally clinched by the discovery that the report in the *Progressive Thinker* was incorrect; abundant proof came to England that the psychic did not deny her gift; and so the matter ended.

The point of my story is that it was a conjurer who finally convinced me that my 1909 observations

with the Bangs Sisters were genuine spirit manifestations. His inability to account, normally, for the phenomena—to my satisfaction—made it possible for me to return to Chicago in a confident frame of mind.

I may have to say a word or two about American conjurers before this book is published. This chapter concludes the account of such facts as can be stated publicly, which led to my knowledge that the immortality of man was a reality; that it was possible for us now and here to communicate without great difficulty with the next state of consciousness; and that death, like sleep, was a mere incident in the evolution of the ego.

## CHAPTER XII.

### CONCLUSIONS

My tale is told and a duty discharged—I have other evidence which cannot be made public—Indifference as to success or non-success of book—New ideas take long to assimilate—Truth will prevail at last—Training of the author—Sixty years ago he would have been considered mad—Abraham Lincoln a spiritist—Scene at the White House—Lincoln interested in physical phenomena as well as mental—Longfellow a spiritist—Resignation—The five foolish questions—What is the good of it all?—The Resurrection hymn—The American Civil War—The Bishop of London—No consolation to be found in the Churches—One objection to spiritism not to be ignored—The Roman Catholic doctrine—What that Church demands of her children—Man his own saviour—Tolerance in the present day for different forms of worship—Archbishop Magee on the Atonement—The resurrection of a supernatural being no encouragement to man—Why beings in more than three dimensions cannot explain their occupations to those in three only—Time a mortal conception—Examples of activity of beings who function in more than three dimensions—Several curious queries and reflections—Replies to them—Exaggerated grief of survivors has a bad effect on spirits—Laughter in the séance-room—The spheres and realms—The first attempt to rise resembles the hell of Christian theology—Breaking of the golden rule—Realms distinguished by colours—Evil spirits have not the knowledge of vibrations sufficient to do physical harm on the earth—Dangers of spiritism—Sir James Simpson—Ministering spirits—Benefits of spiritism—Is it right to recall spirits?—Proofs only given to a few—Thousands deterred from relating their experiences—The greatest sensitive—Sir Lewis Morris—The arguments of the Churchmen no answer to materialists.

My tale is told; the narrative of my education is finished, and a duty is discharged. In 1904 I was led to the task of investigating spiritism; in 1911 I have

completed my studies, and am satisfied of its truth. If I never see another psychic again, the evidences I have obtained are enough to make me sure of the future. I shall go to my grave in the conviction that in a brief space—a few days—I shall awake in the possession of the same individuality that was mine before breath left my body.

In my records I find certain contradictions and many inconsistencies which I do not understand. That is inevitable. Differences of opinion exist in the next state as well as in this. Communication with those on the other side is not so simple a matter that we can expect to have all our questions answered clearly and distinctly, as if we were dealing with the dwellers in a state of consciousness that knows of only three dimensions. Those we appeal to for information tell us frankly that they cannot reply to many queries on account of our very limited powers of comprehension. “You cannot understand these things until you come over” is a frequent reply to interrogations. I find, however, that there are certain general principles running through all the items of knowledge vouchsafed to me, which teach me that the Christian eschatology, as at present interpreted, is very much in error.

The question will, no doubt, be asked: “Is this, which you have related in your book, all the testimony that has brought you into knowledge of the proximity of discarnate spirits and the persistence of your personality after bodily death?” No, reader, it is not. I have better evidences in my note-books than anything I have put in print; thousands of private messages interwoven with the public matter submitted to you. I have also hundreds of narratives

earnestly related by men and women of all shades of intelligence and religious belief, concerning their experiences. These are all of a private character. The world is not ripe for a general declaration of all the glimpses which diligent investigators enjoy of the world to come ; it is unwise of any man to give out to a doubting crowd the sacred details which constitute his most cogent reasons for the faith that is in him. As long as nine-tenths of the inhabitants of the civilised world are in the unprepared, ignorant, and priest-ridden condition they are now, such revelations would be productive of more harm than good, for they would, even in England, elicit anger, contempt, and ridicule. It is not the duty of an investigator to provoke such a result. His function is to state, as clearly as his idiosyncrasies allow, all that he has seen and heard, apart from family matters and intimate conversation with friends, and leave the consequences to those who read his account. It is not his business to concern himself with whether his readers believe him or not, nor to enter into any sort of propagandism.

I am sure that those who read my book will acquit me of discourtesy if I tell them that it is a matter of indifference to me whether they credit what is in it or not. If they do, it will prepare them for what they may experience themselves if they go forth on the quest ; if they do not, it only indicates that they are not yet in that condition which enables them to assimilate a new idea. There is plenty of time ; if they reject my experiences as inconceivable, their children and grandchildren will not do so. Nature is a judicious mother ; she does not intend that new truths should be assimilated quickly. The fact that the world is round was known to the few a thousand

years before the Christian era, but many centuries had to pass before this truth was accepted by the inhabitants of the West as a whole; indeed, there are people who pass as intelligent in England who do not believe it to-day; I have met one at least. Again, centuries passed before it was generally believed that the earth moved round the sun; the ebb and flow of disputation has at last convinced the masses that such is the case.

Spiritism has been in the air for four thousand years at least, but not yet has the time arrived for it to be fully assimilated. It will come more quickly in Great Britain than in America; but in neither country will it take deep root for many years—perhaps not before the end of this century. Backwards and forwards will flow the tide of belief and the ebb of angry denial until, after many long decades, a general agreement will be arrived at.

It is not in the public interest that such revolutionary facts should be easily believed. Imagine what would happen if all the inhabitants of the British Isles were suddenly to come to the knowledge of what is in store for them, and how near to them are the relations they have loved and lost. Hosts of men and women would be running to mediums, and leaving their legitimate occupations for the excitement of the séance-room. Misery and hopeless destitution is the unhappy lot of hundreds of thousands in this country. They cannot (in their opinion) be worse off than they are; why not cut the slender cord which binds them to their present life, and risk the evils of the next, with hope of reaching a state of happiness hereafter? No! Nature abhors these sudden earthquakes in the continuity of evolutionary changes.

My publication is a duty; but it will be productive of little apparent good. Years hence, other travellers will return from far-away countries charged with electrical conditions such as exist in North America, and will tell of pictures they have seen precipitated, forms they have seen materialised, songs they have heard sung by invisible people, and voices they have listened to which gave them definite information of public and private importance. In that day there will be more people than there are now who are *prepared*; they will look back into the records of former investigators, and find that a poor old gullible naval officer, who had ceased from his professional labours, once saw and heard the same curious phenomena. This will make them think: "Can these strange sights and sounds happen to two (or more) men who were unacquainted with one another, and who lived at different epochs, without there being some truth in what they have related?" More investigations will follow (let us hope, on more sensible lines than obtain in the present day), and there will be more acrimonious discussion. Conjurers will, of course, have their pickings. But the final result is certain; truth, however long deferred, will prevail in the end. Spiritism will be accepted as a fact, and will profoundly modify the present ghastly conception of death and the day of judgment.

When a man sets out to describe events outside of ordinary human experience, he is in duty bound to give some account of himself; if he does not, those who read his narrative have a right to question his powers of observation. And, the more remarkable his experiences, the more necessary the justification;



he is bound to show that he has, at least, the same natural powers of seeing and hearing as the average professional man or man of business.

At the age of sixteen I entered the surveying branch of the Navy, and remained connected with the hydrographic department of the Admiralty, in some form or the other, for thirty-five years. When I left I had commanded six surveying vessels, and had been in charge of five surveys in the Pacific Ocean, Australia, China, and on the coasts of Scotland and England. The life of a nautical surveyor is one long training of the powers of observation; there is no profession where so much is required of the eyes—very few where so much is demanded of the ears. The human eyes, looking straight in front of an observer, take in with more or less precision all objects within an arc of one hundred and sixty degrees. Those within eighty degrees can be seen with considerable accuracy. It is the business of the explorer to note what he can see at a glance within this arc; it is he who achieves skill in this line who succeeds in the art of chart-making and the collection of notes which go to make up the information required for the navigation of ships which follow him. If he has not good sight for long distances as well as short, good natural powers of observation, and of noting what he sees with accuracy, he will fail in this particular profession. I did not fail.

I do not claim that, in walking about the street, the nautical surveyor or explorer takes into his cognisance more than the average man; but I claim that in any special quest he does do so. My main object, when on active service, was to get as much as possible charted in the shortest available time, in order that

full advantage should be taken of intervals of fine weather: my quest, since I retired, has been to ascertain whether or not there is a field of consciousness around us inhabited by intelligent beings who think as we think, talk as we talk, who have memories and terrene knowledge; who can identify themselves as people we have known, and consequently can be reasonably termed the discarnate spirits of those who were once dwellers upon this earth. This quest requires all the powers of observation which an investigator can muster: it is a difficult study, often very baffling, full of disappointments and apparent inconsistencies. Careful records, critical analysis, and acumen are needed; much the same qualities as are demanded of the naval surveyor. The one occupation is not a bad introduction to the other.

My natural powers of seeing and hearing are now much the same as those of the average man of my age, but I am of opinion that the occupation of my life afforded me the sort of training which is required for psychic investigation. I started in with no desire for consolation and no preconceived views on the subject of occult study. In short, I believe my records are as much to be trusted as those of any of my predecessors who have devoted much time to this most fascinating branch of research.

I am aware that if I had published this book sixty years ago, possibly even at a more recent date, it could have been successfully used against me as evidence that I was insane, and if anybody was sufficiently interested in my small property to wish to wrest it from me, he could have done so with the assistance of three physicians. Probably I should have been incarcerated in an asylum. In the United States such

would be my fate to-day. Happily for me, I do not live in that benighted country, and am able to publish my notes in a land which is really free and not hide-bound by ignorant dogmatism. America has produced some fine poets and spiritists, but the general materialism of the masses prevents even these men from having the influence they would have had if they had lived in this country. One of the greatest souls of the nineteenth century, if not indeed the greatest—Abraham Lincoln—was a spiritualist at heart; but even the knowledge of this fact has not caused the shallow scoffers to pause in their contemptible scepticism. I do not think that there are a quarter of a million people, all told, in North America who are professed spiritists.

The following story has been published by a girl medium for whose gifts the great President had a sincere respect:—

Mrs. Lincoln received us graciously, and introduced us to a gentleman and lady present, whose names I have forgotten. Mr. Lincoln was not then present. While all were conversing pleasantly on general subjects, Mrs. Miller (Mr. Laurie's daughter) seated herself, under control, at the double grand piano at one side of the room, seemingly awaiting someone. Mrs. Lincoln was talking with us in a pleasant strain when suddenly Mrs. Miller's hands fell upon the keys with a force that betokened a master hand, and the strains of a grand march filled the room. As the measured notes rose and fell we became silent. The heavy end of the piano began rising and falling in perfect time to the music. All at once it ceased, and Mr. Lincoln stood upon the threshold of the room. (He afterwards informed us that the first notes of the

music fell upon his ears as he reached the head of the grand staircase to descend, and that he kept step to the music until he reached the doorway.) Mr. and Mrs. Laurie and Mrs. Miller were duly presented. Then I was led forward and presented. He stood before me, tall and kindly, with a smile on his face. Dropping his hand upon my head, he said, in a humorous tone: "So this is our little Nettie, is it, that we have heard so much about?" I could only smile and say "Yes, sir," like any schoolgirl, when he kindly led me to an ottoman. Sitting down in a chair, the ottoman at his feet, he began asking me questions in a kindly way about my mediumship; and I think he must have thought me stupid, as my answers were little beyond a "Yes" and "No." His manner, however, was genial and kind, and it was then suggested we form a circle. He said: "Well, how do you do it?" looking at me. Mr. Laurie came to the rescue, and said we had been accustomed to sit in a circle and to join hands, but he did not think it would be necessary in this instance. While he was yet speaking I lost all consciousness of my surroundings and passed under control. For more than an hour I was made to talk to him, and I learned from my friends afterwards that it was upon matters that he seemed fully to understand, while they comprehended very little until that portion was reached that related to the forthcoming Emancipation Proclamation. He was charged, with the utmost solemnity and force of manner, not to abate the terms of its issue, and not to delay its enforcement as a law beyond the opening of the year; and he was assured that it was to be the *crowning event of his administration and his life*; and that while he was being counselled by strong parties to defer the enforcement of it, hoping to supplant it by other measures and to

delay action, *he must in no wise heed such counsel, but stand firm to his convictions, and fearlessly perform the work and fulfil the mission for which he had been raised up by an overruling Providence.* Those present declared that they lost sight of the timid girl in the majesty of the utterance, the strength and force of the language, and the importance of that which was conveyed, and seemed to realise that some strong masculine spirit force was giving speech to almost divine commands.

I shall never forget the scene around me when I regained consciousness. I was standing in front of Mr. Lincoln, and he was sitting back in his chair, with his arms folded upon his breast, looking intently at me. I stepped back, naturally confused at the situation, not remembering at once where I was, and glancing round the group, where perfect silence reigned. It took me a moment to remember my whereabouts.

A gentleman present then said, in a low tone: "Mr. President, did you notice anything peculiar in the method of address?" Mr. Lincoln raised himself as if shaking off his spell. He glanced quickly at the full-length portrait of Daniel Webster that hung above the piano, and replied: "Yes; and it is very singular, very," with a marked emphasis.

Mr. Somes said: "Mr. President, would it be improper for me to inquire whether there has been any pressure brought to bear upon you to defer the enforcement of the Proclamation?" To which the President replied: "Under these circumstances that question is perfectly proper, as we are all friends" (smiling upon the company). "*It is taking all my nerve and strength to withstand such a pressure.*" At this point the gentlemen drew around him and spoke together in low tones, Mr. Lincoln saying least of all. At last he turned to me and, laying his hand upon my

head, uttered these words, in a manner that I shall never forget: "My child, you possess a very singular gift; but that it is of God I have no doubt. I thank you for coming here to-night. It is more important than perhaps anyone present can understand. I must leave you all now, but hope I shall see you again." He shook me kindly by the hand, bowed to the rest of the company, and was gone.

Lincoln did not disdain to study the physical phenomena of psychical research. Here is another extract:—

It was at this séance that Mrs. Belle Miller gave an example of her power as a "moving medium," and highly amused and interested us by causing the piano to "waltz round the room," as was facetiously remarked in several recent newspaper articles. The true statement is as follows:—Mrs. Miller played upon the piano (a three-corner grand), and under her influence it "rose and fell," keeping time to her touch in a perfectly regular manner. Mr. Laurie suggested that, as an added "test" of the invisible power that moved the piano, Mrs. Miller (his daughter) should place her hand on the instrument, *standing at arm's length from it*, to show that she was in no wise connected with its movement other than as *agent*. Mr. Lincoln then placed his hand underneath the piano at the end nearest Mrs. Miller, who placed her *left* hand upon his to demonstrate that neither strength nor pressure was used. In this position the piano rose and fell a number of times at her bidding. At Mr. Laurie's desire the President changed his position to another side, meeting with the same result.

The President, with a quaint smile, said: "I think we can hold down this instrument." Whereupon he climbed upon it, sitting with his legs dangling over the side—as also did Mr. Somes, S. P. Kase, and a

soldier in the uniform of a major (who, if living, will recall the strange scene) from the Army of the Potomac. The piano, notwithstanding this enormous added weight, continued to wobble about, until the sitters were glad "to vacate the premises." We were convinced that there were no mechanical contrivances to produce the strange result, and Mr. Lincoln expressed himself perfectly satisfied that the motion was caused by some "invisible power"; and when Mr. Somes remarked, "When I have related to my acquaintances, Mr. President, that which I have experienced to-night, they will say, with a knowing look and wise demeanour, 'You were psychologised, and, as a matter of fact (versus fancy), *you did not see what you in reality did see,*'" Mr. Lincoln quietly replied: "You should bring such person here, and, when the piano seems to rise, have him slip his foot under the leg, and be convinced (doubtless) by the weight of *evidence* resting upon *his understanding.*"

Lincoln was not the only genius in America who has given proof of his belief in spiritism. About the time of the revival of spiritism in Rochester, N.Y., the poet Longfellow lost a child. He probably never heard of the excitement going on so far away from where he lived; but, as he mused over the passing out of his little girl, he was inspired to pen his famous poem called "Resignation."

We see but dimly through the mists and vapours;  
Amid these earthly damps;  
What seem to us but sad, funereal tapers,  
May be Heaven's distant lamps.  
There is no Death! What seems so is transition;  
This life of mortal breath  
Is but the suburb of the life Elysian,  
Whose portal we call Death.

Then he refers to his bereavement:—

Not as a child shall we again behold her;  
 For when with raptures wild  
 In our embraces we again enfold her,  
 She will not be a child;

But a fair maiden, in her Father's mansion,  
 Clothed with celestial grace;  
 And beautiful with all the soul's expansion  
 Shall we behold her face.

The man who wrote these lines was, undoubtedly, a spiritist. He knew that his child was alive and near him; that she would grow up in spirit life, and that in a few short years he would meet her face to face, without waiting for some indefinite millions of years and a "day of judgment."

Many other Americans distinguished in law, science, and art have freely and courageously given their experiences to the public and professed themselves spiritists in the truest sense.

#### THE FIVE FOOLISH QUESTIONS.

The following queries have been often put to me, and I presume other investigators have not been more fortunate. I will make an attempt to answer them, as it will save much time and friction in the future.

- (1) What is the good of it all?
- (2) Why is darkness necessary?
- (3) Why do mediums require to be paid?
- (4) Why are they always ignorant, uncultured people?
- (5) Why is no useful, material information given at séances?



(1) What is the good of it all? Is it of no good that men and women are comforted in bereavement by the knowledge that those they have loved and lost are alive and watching over them? Church eschatology does not teach this; it puts forward quite a different doctrine. It tells of a separation of the spirit from the body, certainly; the spirit goes into some region unknown, where it, apparently, has nothing to do until some very remote date—possibly billions of years hence—when it joins the body again for the Day of Judgment. On that day its doom is sealed; it may be a sheep and attain everlasting happiness, or a goat and be thrown into hell.

Quite lately the book of *Hymns Ancient and Modern* was revised, and the following hymn, 499, was retained by common consent:—

On the Resurrection morning  
 Soul and body meet again;  
 No more sorrow, no more weeping,  
 No more pain!

Here awhile they must be parted,  
 And the flesh its Sabbath keep;  
 Waiting in a holy stillness,  
 Wrapt in sleep.

For a while the tired body  
 Lies with feet toward the morn;  
 Till the last and brighter Easter-  
 Day be born.

. . . . .  
 Soul and body reunited  
 Thenceforth nothing shall divide;  
 Waking up in Christ's own likeness  
 Satisfied.  
 . . . . .

On that happy Easter morning  
All the graves their dead restore ;  
Father, sister, child, and mother,  
Meet once more.

If this hymn means anything at all, it is an explicit announcement that, until some vague resurrection day, father, sister, child and mother do not meet or commune with one another. What comfort does this give to the sorrowing earth spirit who remains behind? Those who believe in this pernicious doctrine are of all men most to be pitied. The whole doctrine, as taught by the churches, of a bodily resurrection and a judgment day full of horrors, is barbaric, and does not yield one scrap of comfort to the sorrowing survivor. But those who have assured themselves by experiment and research of the grand truths of spiritism, how differently do they regard physical death! The lost child is not gone, only removed from sight and in a region of happy consciousness where it has wider opportunities and greater facilities of expansion than it had on the earth plane; from whence, under certain favourable conditions, it can commune, sometimes even by speech, and always by impression, with its parent and other loved ones it has left behind. Is it possible to over-estimate the value of such knowledge? It has saved many a parent and lover from loss of their reason; it has softened the otherwise unsupportable feeling of cruel break in their affections, and given hope to thousands who know that in a few years they will again join the object of their solicitude.

Fifty years ago, when the great American nation was in the throes of a mighty conflict, its destiny was controlled by that great and good man Abraham

Lincoln, who believed in communication with the next state. During that gigantic struggle one million of able-bodied men in their prime passed on to the other life. The poet, Walt Whitman, in his ode to his hero, thus wrote of them:—

I saw battle-corpses, myriads of them,  
 And the white skeletons of young men—I saw them;  
 I saw the *débris* and *débris* of all the slain soldiers of  
     the war;  
 But I saw they were not as was thought;  
 They themselves were fully at rest—they suffer'd  
     not;  
 The living remained and suffer'd—the mother suffer'd,  
 And the wife and the child suffer'd, and the musing  
     comrade suffer'd,  
 And the armies that remained suffer'd.

“What is the good of it all?” Think you it is no good for the wife and the child that remained and suffered, to know that he whom they loved was still alive and near them, though unseen? As I have said, I was not brought into a state of knowledge by any need of consolation; but I may require it any day. No one can tell what misfortunes are in store for him; I, for one, therefore, cannot write with patience of those undeveloped spirits now in the earth sphere, who shout in sneering tones, “What is the good of it all?”

On June 8, 1902, the Bishop of London preached an eloquent sermon in St. Paul's Cathedral on the “Blessing of Peace.” He recalled the many deaths in our struggle with the Boers:—

Who can forget the lists of killed and wounded,  
 and the rows of photographs in the illustrated papers

of so many, still looking little more than boys, who had passed away ?

O bitter wind, towards the sunset blowing,

What of the dales to-night ?

In yonder gray old hall what fires are glowing,

What ring of festal light ?

In the great window as the day was dwindling

I saw an old man stand ;

His head was proudly held, and his eyes kindling,

But the list shook in his hand.

O wind of twilight, was there no word uttered,

No sound of joy or wail ?

“ A great fight and a good death,” he muttered ;

“ Trust him, he would not fail.”

What of the chamber dark where she was lying,

For whom all life is done ?

Within her heart she rocks a dead child, crying,

“ My son, my little son.”

Yes ! it is when we recall all that war means to both sides and to all classes ; that, while the great hall is desolated, the little cottage mourns quite as truly in the lad they sent from the country village or the crowded town, as he lies dead on the veldt—

With a fleck of blood on his pallid lip,

And a film of white on his eye—

and that the Boer mother quite as truly cries, “ My son, my little son,” then it is that by contrast we understand what we mean when we look in one another’s faces and cry, “ the blessing of peace ”.....

The good bishop from whose sermon this is an extract has oftentimes told his hearers that “ What a man is five minutes before death so he is five minutes after.” He got that piece of information from his own

heart, but not from either his Bible or his Prayer Book. His own accounts of his mission show that he is a psychic, but does not know it. He preaches against spiritism, and is yet a spiritist.

But what of the sorrow in the hall, the cottage, and the Boer home? Can we not imagine the comfort to the bereaved father and mother if they know that their son is alive and near them, though his corpse is unburied on the veldt; that they may even see him and have speech with him in a few days; in any case, only a brief time, and they will join him in a state where they will not part again?

When the spiritist answers the question, "What is the good of it all?"—if, indeed, he has the patience to do so—some Churchmen reply, "We don't want spiritism to teach us that; it is a part of our religion." Strange blunder! Is there any word in church teaching which leads one to suppose that our departed friends are in our proximity, and able to communicate with us? The Apostles' Creed has, "I believe in .....the Communion of Saints.....the Resurrection of the body, and the life everlasting." The Nicene Creed, whose antecedents are far more satisfactory, says nothing of the Communion of Saints, and winds up with: "And I look for the Resurrection of the dead and the life of the world to come." But where do we find any hint of a communion of sinners, or of a spirit life around us; a state of consciousness as real as that in which we live; a region inhabited by those we knew and, in some cases, loved, when they functioned on the earth plane? It is reserved for spiritism to teach of communion with those who precede us into the next life, and the good that can be achieved, not only by the spirits of the dead com-

muning with us, but by our communing with them. It is not in the Anglican or Roman Church that any consolation will be found for those who are bereaved.

The resurrection spoken of in the creeds undoubtedly means the resurrection of the physical body. It is quite possible, and I, for one, think highly probable, that Paul was writing all the time of the resurrection of the spirit of man, and that he did not believe in the resurrection of the physical body. He was a gifted psychic and clever scholar, not one likely to credit such folly. But, if he meant this, he did not express himself in a very felicitous manner, and the Churches adopt the view that the spirit does not make itself known to earth spirits until some awful day, when one portion of the human race past and present are to be detailed for everlasting happiness, the other for everlasting torment.

To the foolish person who asks, "What is the good of it all?" I reply: "None—to you; but a great deal to those who can, by preparation, assimilate the great truths of spiritism."

(2) Why is darkness necessary? This I have done my best to answer on pp. 10–12. Surely there can be but few people who are ignorant of the fact that solar rays have a destructive effect on many things. Light a fire in a room and make it up to a good strength with the sun shining directly on it; if left for half-an-hour, it will go out. Wireless messages can be projected far greater distances in the night than in the day. All mammals must be gestated in pitch darkness; why suppose that their simulacra should be built up in light? As to etherealizations, it is obvious that they could not be seen unless it was dark; nor would

it be possible to see many of the less substantial forms of materialisation in light. It is futile complaining of "conditions." This can be done; that cannot. Pictures can be precipitated in sunlight; the more light the better. We know not why; nor do we know fully why certain spiritistic manifestations are more easily exhibited in the dark. At some future date, no doubt, we shall find out. There are all sorts of conundrums I should like to have answered—"Why do the wicked flourish?"; "Why am I allowed to see only one side of the moon?"

(3) Why do mediums require to be paid? Of all the five questions, this, in my opinion, is the least sensible and logical. Do you expect people who have developed extraordinary gifts to serve you for nothing? Is there any man of nice feeling who would like to occupy the time of a medium, or to drain his vitality, for his own convenience, without payment? Surely not! If you think mediums ought to give their services gratuitously, why do you not object to pay your parson, your doctor, or your lawyer? and why, pray, do you not object to pay for your coals? The exercise of psychic gifts is perfectly legitimate if performed in the right way. When human beings sit with the deliberate intention of encouraging visits from sub-human spirits, or spirits of the second sphere, the intercourse is called "black magic," and is of evil; it is distinctly wrong to part with a portion of your vitality to enable any but human and decent spirits to manifest. But if you have assured yourself that you are dealing with none but the discarnate spirits of those who have lived upon the earth, without committing crimes which would place them in the

second sphere, you are conducting a legitimate intercourse, and one which leads to good. Mediums, when once they have developed their gift, are quite unfit for other walks in life. Has anyone a right to say: "You are impostors because you accept payment for your work"? The idea is pure folly.

(4) Why are mediums always ignorant and uncultured people? Answer: They are not; there are as many psychics among the well-to-do, per thousand, as there are among the poor and uneducated. Many of the well-born do not know that they have these gifts, but there are thousands in the world who do, and who exercise them for the benefit of their intimate friends. These private psychics are little known. It requires great effrontery for a man to ask his friend to deplete himself for his exclusive benefit; the gift must be exercised in a purely voluntary manner, and in such a way that secrecy is ensured. We have not arrived yet, even in England, at that state of toleration when men or women, in what is termed "society," can afford to let it be known that they possess uncanny gifts.

There is another side to this question. The uncultured medium is of the greatest value on account of his ignorance; he gives utterance, in trance and out of it, to names, incidents, and descriptions of personalities of which, in his normal condition, it is impossible he can know anything. Evidence through such a source is far more valuable than when the psychic is well read and has a rich subliminal record. This is one of the features which make the phenomena through the mediumship of Mrs. Wriedt so intrinsically important. She comes to England on a visit



to Mr. W. T. Stead ; her knowledge of the history of the United States is scanty enough, of that of Great Britain nothing at all. Within a fortnight of her arrival the spirit of an eminent Englishman who died the possessor of great wealth manifests to me, who did not know him in his earth life ; he whispers in my ear a statement of great importance—the story of a wrong done in haste to a friend—another distinguished Englishman whom it is my privilege to know well. I am not to write it down, but to tell my friend when I see him of his bitter regrets. I find later that the statement made to me by the spirit is true. The psychic knew nothing of the life history of the spirit, nor did she hear the message given to me. The evidential value of the communication would have been strong even if Mrs. Wriedt had known of the spirit in his earth life, and heard what he said to me, because it was conveyed by the “ direct voice ” ; but how much stronger does it become when I know that the psychic never had any knowledge of the history of my distinguished countryman ?

The greatest psychic in history is Jesus of Nazareth. Whom did he choose to assist him in his mission ? Was it the rich or the well-born ? Neither ! It was the poor and uneducated. Note, three of his disciples were specially favoured as his companions when any of his most spiritual acts were to be performed—Peter, James, and the youth John. They possessed more psychic power than the remaining nine.

(5) Why is no useful, material information given by mediums ? Answer : The efforts of controls at promiscuous séances are devoted to proving, in the simplest manner, that immortality is a fact ; to

achieve this they assist discarnate spirits, who once lived on the earth plane, to identify themselves to their friends. At private séances an item here and there of scientific interest is given to the sitter. I shall be surprised if some of the statements made to me by spirits during my sittings with Mr. A. W. Kaiser, at Detroit, do not prove of value in the future. Scientific information and forecasts of discoveries are not usually conveyed in this way; they are impressed directly on the minds of those who are, in the opinion of the communicator, best able to make use of them. When men of science leave the earth plane for the next state of consciousness they continue their studies and experiment through congenial minds on earth. Thousands of earth spirits are being impressed daily by workers in the next state; some are conscious of the help they are receiving, some are not. There is very good reason to suppose that, at the present time, Sir Isaac Newton is impressing at least one man in England with his new discoveries on gravitation and anti-gravitation. A friend of mine in Wiltshire has been working for over fifteen years on the theory of gravitation; he assures me that, normally, it would be impossible for him to perform the work he has already accomplished; he is certain that he is receiving the greatest assistance from some mind not known to him, but far superior to his own. It is said that Edison and Marconi are conscious of being guided by invisible helpers.

It is pure nonsense for people to say, "Why do these spirits tell us nothing useful, or above the general comprehension of the circle?" It is not at circles at all that the great minds of the next state impress the workers in this state of consciousness, but

it is in their quiet hours, in their libraries, that inspiration comes upon them.

There is one objection to the study and practice of spiritism which cannot be ignored, and only one. It is that so often put forward by Roman Catholics and High Churchmen—that the spirits we are dealing with are not human spirits at all, but a special breed of devils, who know our thoughts and every detail of our lives, and can construct dramatic situations at will to meet every case, and cause us to believe we are in direct communion with our departed friends.

Roman Catholics, in one sense, are the greatest supporters of spiritism, for they admit all the facts. It is a matter of difficulty to get them to see a fraud when it is right under their noses, so confident are they that the phenomena of spiritism have been firmly established as true. Mr. Godfrey Raupert is the chief exponent of the devil theory in this country. He assured me on one occasion that he was certain that every psychic photograph produced by Mr. Richard Bournell was genuine. I know for a fact, in my own experience, that such was not the case; but it would be no use trying to convince him. This gentleman has come across a vast number of evil spirits in his investigation. Of course, we know that legions of discarnate evil spirits exist in the second sphere; but they seldom trouble those to whom their visits are unwelcome. How does he manage to be on such friendly terms with this class? I do not remember having met with half-a-dozen in the last seven years.

I have always admired the grand consistency of the Roman Church. "Take me whole," she says, "or go elsewhere for spiritual strength and comfort."

Her priests forbid the practice of spiritism everywhere on the ground I have mentioned.

But is this spiritism the only study to which the Roman Church objects? Let us see what she demands besides :—

(1) The belief in the existence of a personal devil.

(2) The entire and unqualified disbelief in the evolution of the physical body of man from lower types of life.

(3) The belief in the verbal inspiration of the Bible; that every word of it is dictated by God Almighty; that the human element in its phraseology and ideas is wholly eliminated.

I will not waste time by discussing (1). As to (2), the evolution of man from lower forms is an actually proved fact, like the chemical elements of water; no educated person doubts it for a moment. The Church might as well demand that her children should not learn to read and write.

All I have to say as regards (3) is that, if this is true, the Church has no right to say that only evil spirits commune with man; for this wonderful book is full of spiritism from cover to cover, and, if all the spirits with whom I have communicated are from the Father of Lies, the spirit who released Peter from prison must have come from the same source. In the Bible there are examples of good and evil spirits, sometimes coming three at a time, as to Abraham; sometimes with trumpets, as in the present day. There are numerous examples of clairaudience, clairvoyance, inspirational writing, inspirational speaking, of tests, of telekinesis—in fact, all the phenomena known to the modern investigator.

The Roman Church will not succeed in persuading

her children to shut their eyes and ears either to the teachings of Charles Darwin or to the rapidly accumulating evidence of spiritism. I wish the Pontiff had issued such an injunction as this: "The investigation of spiritistic phenomena is dangerous for nervous, excitable people, who have not prepared themselves for it by study and contemplation, and should only be undertaken with great caution." This would have been a wise course to take, and could not have failed to effect much good; for there is evil in the abuse of everything—in spiritism as much as in whisky; and, assuredly, there are people who ought never to touch either.

I need not say that I utterly deny the truth of the Roman Catholic doctrine of spiritism being the insinuating work of devils. If I thought there was a grain of sense in it, I should not be writing this book. It is from my private records chiefly that I am able flatly to contradict the Roman emissaries. It would require an army of detective devils to find out so much about my life and friends as has been related to me in the direct voice at Detroit, Mich. Sooner or later, a false statement would be made, and the fraud would be discovered. The communications made to me all fit in with one another admirably, and tell of events covering the space of half a century. Even these alleged devils have their limitations; such a scheme of lying must betray itself in the course of time.

And, I ask, what could be the motive of such a conspiracy of wickedness? Can it be to the interest of devils to lead a man up, step by step, to a knowledge of immortality? Would it not be more to the interest of these alleged spiritual desperadoes to

impress upon him that annihilation was the truer doctrine?

“Yes,” replies the Roman Catholic, “but while appearing to you in the guise of beneficent teachers and angelic visitants, these devils—in whom we believe—are leading you away from the orthodox doctrine that man can only be saved through the blood of Christ and by His grace. No visitor from the spirit world, as you know, ever teaches that man can only attain salvation through Christ.”

It is this view of the Roman Catholics which caused me to say above that their objections to the investigation and practice of spiritism cannot be ignored; for it truly represents their honest belief, and this belief is shared by thousands in the Anglican Church.

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It is quite correct to say that no visitor from the spirit world teaches that salvation can be obtained only through Christ. They teach, universally, that man is his own saviour, and can obtain happiness or suffer misery only through his own acts. This, of itself, is evidence in favour of the genuineness of mediums. Undoubtedly it would be more popular, and bring more grist to the mill, if the controls and other spirits adhered to the theology of the Western Churches; but they do not, either in Protestant or Roman Catholic countries. Over the whole area where spiritistic influence is felt, the teaching, in all essentials, is Unitarian. Jesus Christ is revered, and his holy example is not disputed; but no hope is held out to man that he can progress through any other channel than that of his own efforts. His sins are not forgiven on account of any sacrifice of the sinless. He reaps what he sows. Death-bed repentance is of no avail; he cannot escape the consequences

of breaking the laws of nature, and he carries with him into the next life an indelible record of all he has done in the present state of consciousness. At the same time hope is held out to him. If he makes reparation, where such is possible, for breaking the golden rule, and has a sincere desire to rise, he will be afforded facilities for doing so. Every soul goes to "its own place." No priest can avert a man's destiny; he can only avert it himself by obeying the laws of nature in this life, and doing his best in the next state to rise higher in spiritual development.

It is not surprising, then, that the Catholic Church continues to make every effort to prevent her children from becoming spiritists; to be consistent, it cannot do otherwise. Its opposition cannot affect the ultimate truth; for all we know, it may be a useful drag on over-enthusiasm, and one of the many instruments used by Providence for postponing the period when all men shall come in, voluntarily, to believe the truths of spiritism. In the meantime, nothing is to be gained by trying to convert Churchmen or materialists. By their mental attitude of hostility they can prevent manifestations from taking place, and thus nullify the benefits which otherwise would be gained by earnest investigators. If a man can really bring himself to believe that the manifestations of all spirits are the work of devils, he is unfit to appreciate the delicate and gentle phenomena which are seen and heard through the agency of good psychics.

This record of facts in the experience of one investigator is no place for a discussion of different forms of religion. All phases of worship not accompanied by barbarity are to be respected, if sincere.

The great American poet said :—

The reign of violence is dead,  
 Or dying surely from the world ;  
 While love triumphant reigns instead,  
 And in a brighter sky o'erhead  
 His blessed banners are unfurled.  
 And most of all, thank God for this ;  
 The war and waste of clashing creeds  
 Now ends in words and not in deeds,  
 And no one suffers loss or bleeds  
 For thoughts that men call heresies.

And again :—

Not to one Church alone, but seven,  
 The voice prophetic spake from heaven ;  
 And unto each the promise came,  
 Diversified, but still the same :  
 For him that overcometh are  
 The new name written on the stone,  
 The raiment white, the crown, the throne,  
 And I will give him the Morning Star !

I expect that all places of worship where hundreds are gathered together for prayer and praise, though the rubric may be feeble and the liturgy erroneous, are thronged with the good spirits of the departed. My relative A. tells me he is conscious of their presence in any earnest congregation. He becomes cold as they draw power from him, but this feeling is succeeded, as the service closes, by one of ineffable calm and peace, impossible, adequately, to describe.

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It is desirable to point out that the divines of the Anglican Church are not, by any means, agreed as to the nature of the vicarious sufferings of Christ. One eminent Churchman, Archbishop Magee, wrote as



follows in his small work, *The Atonement* (p. 103) :—

This idea of Christ suffering the same, or an equivalent, penalty with that which is due by us, and this suffering being a satisfaction to the justice of God, is wholly indefensible; at any rate, I cannot attempt to defend it. Nay, I go further, and I say that this whole idea of transferring certain exact and mathematically equal amounts of moral suffering from one person to another, as if they were so many weights in a scale or so many chemical quantities in a laboratory, seems to me unthinkable; I cannot even imagine it. Persons are not things; personal feelings, states, conditions cannot be made to change places as if they were material substances. He who takes my place in suffering does not, and cannot, take my sufferings. These cannot be the same for him as they would be for me, simply because he is not I. In his place I should not feel precisely as he did; I might feel more, I might feel less; I should certainly feel differently. My penalty, therefore, cannot be transferred to him. And as to such transference being an act of justice, I wholly deny it. The clumsy and grotesque analogy so often employed to explain it—that, namely, of a schoolmaster, who has threatened punishment for some fault, accepting a strong boy, who has not committed that fault, for punishment in the place of some sickly boy who has, and then boasting he has kept his word, and that his justice is thereby fully satisfied—seems to me a downright insult to our understanding.

Coming, as they do, from an Archbishop of York, these are important words. Dr. Magee denies that the alleged vicarious sufferings of Christ expiated the sins of men. We find in this little work of his that he believes that the death of Christ had some effect

in reconciling the Almighty to sinful man. What that effect was he professes himself to be entirely ignorant.

In the chapter on the "Atonement" in *Lux Mundi*, a writer takes just the opposite view. The fact is, it was not Christ, but Paul, who insisted upon the mystical reasons of the death of the great Teacher becoming a matter of dogma in the new Church. All the theories revolving round the crucifixion are in a hopeless muddle. So, also, are the doctrines relating to the Holy Ghost, who is said in the Nicene Creed to be the father of Jesus, and yet to proceed from him. No such contradictory doctrines are found to come from spirits. All over the civilised world they agree that man cannot shelter himself behind either God or man to rid himself of the consequences of his acts. Effects strictly follow causes, and he has to suffer for injuring his fellow-mortal, or himself, more or less according to the motive of his actions and the degree of the wrong accomplished.

Some ministers of the Anglican Church believe in spiritism, and are daily trying to reconcile its evidences with Church dogmas. It is a very difficult task; but I think it is quite safe to predict that Christianity, as at present taught, will before many years have to surrender much of its outworn dogma, and assimilate the teachings of the invisible entities around us. Thoughtful men are beginning to see that the resurrection of a God is no encouragement to a man, whereas the spiritual resurrection of a man who possessed Godlike attributes affords hope that other men may be equally favoured. There have been many avatars in history; many were born on December 25, and of a virgin; many were crucified,

or suffered ignominious deaths; many arose again from the grave, and disappeared in a miraculous manner. Jesus of Nazareth was the last of the avatars. As archetypal man, his life, death, and spiritual resurrection are of the greatest value to mankind; all can try and achieve to his exalted level. But if he were supernatural, of a type lifted infinitely higher than those he came to teach, his ministry can have no permanent effect.

Psychical research is yet in its infancy, and it would be sheer dogmatism to attempt any forecast of what its future may bring forth. So far, only individuals here and there have been favoured with tests which enable them to arrive at positive conviction of the existence of the next state of consciousness. But there are a few points in its study which appear to be fairly plain, standing out in so conspicuous a manner that there is small probability of their being refuted in any future advance of knowledge. One is that investigators are dealing with intelligences who are functioning in more than three dimensions, and who cannot describe, except symbolically, what are their occupations. When they enter the atmosphere of the earth plane they recur to earth speech, thought, and actions; if well practised by constant visits, they are able to do this so effectively as to make the illusion that they occupy an earth body quite complete. It is amazing! At the same time, they perform acts which demonstrate that they have powers not limited to our three dimensions. They appear and disappear in the fraction of a second; they precipitate a picture complete in every detail, though the face of another canvas is locked to it; dematerialise flowers; pass

ponderable substances through walls ; form as phantoms through which the observer can walk ; carry about articles in a room ; sing without a throat ; whistle without a break, and talk for as much as an hour without the faltering of a note.

A few weeks before these lines were written I was sitting one morning in a dark room with Mrs. Wriedt, between two tables. Upon one of them was a large bowl full of roses ; on the other (behind me) were vases full of carnations. A phantom approached me, and talked through the trumpet. I then heard the roses in the bowl in front of me being moved ; after an interval of about five minutes a rose with a very thorny stem was put into my hand. When the lights were switched on, a rose and a carnation were found on the floor at my feet. The carnation must have been taken from the vase behind me, yet I heard no disturbance of the flowers or any other noise at my back. The flower in my hand was the best out of the bowl in front of me—a full-blown red rose.

It is a frequent jibe that spirits do not explain to us what they are doing. How can they? Let the reader imagine himself trying to explain how he is occupied to a two-dimensional being. As an instance, let us suppose that he takes a sheet of paper, and asks his two-dimensional friend how he would join two corners of the paper diagonally. The latter could only know of one method—that of sensing a line from one of the corners to the other ; but the reader, operating in three dimensions, knows the better way—he joins the two points by bending the sheet of paper. Now, how could he explain this to the being who only understands length and breadth? It is impossible! I have asked numerous questions

of spirits about physical phenomena; the answer is ever the same: "We cannot explain to you how these things are done in terms you are able to understand. You cannot learn how they are performed until you come over."

As a matter of fact, some things are explained fairly well. My guide, after she passed to spirit life—so she tells me—was employed for many (earth) years in the "kindergarten," a part of the "celestial sphere," teaching children; she is now studying painting and music—when not employed watching and impressing my family. This is a general statement. If I persisted in my inquiry, she would not be able to explain what sort of painting or what sort of music. We may be sure it does not mean exactly what the same answer would imply on earth.

I have been frequently informed that Time does not exist in the spirit world, and I expect that Space is a very different conception to what we understand by that word. If past, present, and future are all one, second sight, prophecy, and prescience of all sorts do not appear as if they should be so difficult to spirits.

Several curious queries and reflections arise in the mind of an investigator as he delves into this subject.

(a) Spirits invariably express the greatest pleasure in coming to you, and thank you for giving them the opportunity of communicating with the earth plane. Why is this?

(b) Spirits manifesting for the first time always have a set speech, apparently got up before entering the earth's atmosphere. This delivered, they are done; and if they are plied with questions, they are unable to answer intelligibly, and depart. After they have been to see you, say, twenty times, they acquire

a facility of speech which is truly wonderful ; they can argue, combat your opinions, and give their own, often, in the end, saying : " Well ! very likely you know best ! "

(c) If you ask a question as to something definite, such as a name or place, the intelligences are often unable to reply clearly. Why ?

(d) If there is undue anxiety on the part of a spirit to impart knowledge and the sitter to receive it, there is generally a failure. Spirits behave at first just like stammerers on the earth plane. You may get the information you want another time, when you are not expecting any test. If the spirit is a familiar one who has visited you many times, the same difficulty is not experienced.

(e) Everything done, is done gently. No one is ever really injured when in company with good psychics. Trumpets may be dropped, articles of furniture may be moved, you may be touched, slapped, even struck sharply, but never permanently hurt.

(f) Spirits cannot tell anything about a sphere much higher than that in which they dwell themselves. This is the more curious as there is little doubt, from what we are told, that those in different spheres and realms can (within limitations) reside together.

(g) A spirit seldom gives its working name on earth until after many visits. Suppose a spirit had, on earth, the names William Ernest Forward, and he was called William or Willie by his friend when he was alive, he will give the name Ernest. For a spirit to give his surname on first visit is rare.

(h) Touching or seizing a phantom or form is sometimes very injurious to the medium ; at others it does no harm whatever.

(i) Cheating by the sitter upsets proceedings, and puts an end to genuine phenomena.

(j) Spirits attach importance to "the third day" after physical death.

(k) Infants who pass over appear to lose nothing by the loss of earth experience.

(l) When sitting with good mediums you never hear a harsh word, a dogmatic opinion, an unkind criticism, or a false sentiment.

(m) Spirits cannot rise in the spheres or become happy if the relatives they leave behind feel exaggerated sorrow and emotion on their departure.

(n) It is becoming more and more evident that undeveloped spirits can be assisted to advance in the next state by being brought back to the earth plane for visits.

(o) The spirit of the Red Man is of great use in séances.

. . . . .

(a) This is a very unexpected result of our intercourse with spirits. I have often asked for an explanation. They say: "Every good act assists the advance of a spirit in the spheres, and manifestations which help to prove to mortals that life beyond the grave is a fact are good acts. By coming into contact with relatives we have left behind, talking to them, and so forth, we are afterwards better able to impress them silently in their own homes. We, therefore, thank them for giving us these opportunities."

(b) It is very natural that a spirit manifesting for the first time should experience great difficulty in making itself known. The atmosphere of the earth plane is, to them, dense and bewildering; and,

apparently, the only way they can manage is to get a speech of a few words ready before they enter it. They improve at every visit, until, eventually, they can converse as easily as if they were mortal. Many cannot succeed at all; some are barely able to make themselves known; while, on the other hand, I have known a few who remain several minutes at the first interview and answer a few questions.

(c) Definite questions as to names, dates, and places appear to create a "positive" condition, which upsets vibrations, until the spirit is well trained by three or four visits. I have many exceptions in my notes, such as Galileo, Stone, and Sir Isaac Newton; but, speaking generally, spirits cannot converse intelligently without considerable practice.

(d) Whatever doubts we may have on many points, there are none on this. Passivity on the part of a sitter is absolutely essential to success. I have noticed many failures due to the disturbance of the minds of sitters, and I conjecture that calmness is just as necessary on the "other side."

(e) The delicacy of phenomena is a constant wonder to me. Trumpets are dropped on a table or the floor often from as high as ten or twelve feet; they alight without doing any injury to the sitters, or to articles on the table, or in the room; it is rare to find even a novice frightened at any séance.

(f) This is my experience. A spirit in, say, the third sphere can tell you nothing of spirits in the fifth or sixth.

(g) I believe the motive of this is, generally, to expel from the sitter's mind the explanation of mind-reading, and to give him confidence in the genuineness of the communication. It may be, sometimes,



that—like the stammerer—he cannot get out the name he ought to pronounce, and gives the other on the spur of the moment.

(h) Here, I think, the motive is everything. If a sitter seizes a form from reasons of hostility to the manifestation, and hoping to discover fraud, he will do the psychic considerable injury; if, however, he acts without any but friendly and sympathetic feelings towards the medium, and purely to study the degree of substantiality of the forms, the controls impress the medium's wife to make no opposition to his experiment. No harm was done to Mr. Jonson by any of my attempts to solve this mystery of science; and, owing to the kind confidence shown in me by his wife, I made discoveries which, incidentally, prove the integrity of everything that happens when her husband is in a trance. My friend Grayfeather (his control) has never reproached me, but has even come over to England to manifest his goodwill.

(i) Lying and cheating by a sitter invariably spoil phenomena. Giving false names; refusing to acknowledge spirit friends when they appear; laying traps; talking in a disparaging sense of what is going on; restlessness and mental suspicion, all tend to kill the efforts of the controls to prove the power of the invisible intelligences around us.

(j) Two or three times I have been told that the spirit of man generally cognises his new environment on the third day after physical death. Once a lady came to me and told me that she had been able to impress her sister in earth life with the conviction that she was alive on "the third day." I made inquiries two months later, and found that this was true. We know that it is not always so. As will be

shown in the Appendix to this work, it may be weeks or months, possibly years, before the "dead" are awake. Very rarely, they manifest on the same day; still more rarely, the same hour—even minute. But, I take it, the story of the resurrection of Jesus is not without its esoteric meaning, like many other narratives in both the Old and New Testaments.

(k) During my investigations a sad accident happened to an infant in my family, causing its sudden death. Mrs. Wriedt arrived in England a few days after; and, in her presence, I enjoyed intercourse with my relatives, who told me in the direct voice of its reception into the next state. There were several communications, but the gist of them all was this:—  
"This little one was removed for a purpose; though physically normal, it was psychically abnormal; had it lived to maturity, it would have been a highly developed sensitive. It loses nothing by the loss of earth experience; it will grow up in the kindergarten, a part of what is termed 'celestial life,' where it will develop as speedily as if it had remained on earth; in one respect, that of articulate speech, it will develop even more rapidly [I cannot understand this, and simply record what the voice told me]. Infants in spirit life—in this celestial sphere—grow up entirely unsullied by earthly emotions. They are the angels of God. They know nothing of love as mortals understand that word, until, at some future time, they may find their soul-mate. The infant for whom you mourn is in the charge of ——[naming a near relative], who will educate it. At present it is too young to be taught, but it has sufficient understanding *to know that it is loved*. You will be informed, from time to time, as to how it is pro-

gressing." I was enjoined to tell this to the father, and to say that his child was "without a scar." It was etherealised, and brought into the room and laid amongst a heap of narcissi.

(l) This may not be the experience of every investigator. It is mine. The only discordant notes I have ever heard are the impatient exclamations of spirit visitors when they cannot make themselves heard or understood. Some of them seem to think that there is no difficulty on our side; they feel sure they have given their name distinctly when I have heard nothing but a blurred sound. I have noticed that my friends carefully avoid judging anybody, and change the subject if a question is asked to which the only answer can be one involving censure on their part. Only once have I heard my guide depart from this rule. Mrs. Wriedt said to her, "Miss Iola, will you tell me what you think of the following story told me by a lady here yesterday?" (She then related an incredible yarn, such as we have all had to listen to some time or the other from neurotic and hysterical people.) The reply was: "Is the woman insane?" but, catching herself up, she went on: "I cannot tell, Mrs. Wriedt, unless I investigate all the facts, but I think the lady who told you that must require medical attention."

(m) This is a common experience, and is one of the most touching incidents of the séance-room. Nothing is so pathetic as to hear a spirit sobbing in the trumpet when an unhappy man or woman has come to have speech with them. Exaggerated grief has the worst effect upon discarnate spirits; it prevents them from making any progress, and they haunt the earth until they are assured that those they have

left are reasonably reconciled to their loss. It shocks anti-spiritists, who misunderstand the philosophy of the subject, to hear laughter in a séance-room. As a matter of fact, laughter gives the best possible vibrations, and assists the display of phenomena more than any other sound. The violoncello, the organ, singing, and the graphophone, all are good, but laughter is best. It is a selfish act to retard the elevation of a spirit by despairing grief, when you know that there has only been a veil dropped between you, and that in a few years you will see your friend again, unchanged except for the progress he or she has made in the interval.

(n) It happens frequently that a spirit in the lower spheres expresses the greatest gratitude for a meeting with those on the earth plane, and leaves asking for the prayers or "thoughts" of the sitters.

(o) All North American Indians were spiritists in their earth lives, and hover about the country so familiar to them. One or two will be found in every band belonging to a medium. They assist behind the scenes, so to speak, and intervene when the circle is too concentrated or quiet. Laughter loud and long is usually the result of their advent; the sitters are all roused again and diverted from that worst of all habits—thinking too much of some particular spirit whom they wish to see.

### THE SPHERES AND REALMS.

I have to confess that I do not now know precisely what a "sphere" is, though I am sure of my ground when I mention "realms." A realm is a position of spiritual advancement, the "chamber of the soul." To this all controls agree; but I have not been able

to ascertain exactly what is meant by a "sphere." As far as I understand it, the name is used to designate a "condition, or place, of understanding," a knowledge of the powers which spirits can attain by diligent study of the vibrations in the next state of consciousness. There are no realms in any sphere below the fifth—some say below the sixth; and a spirit may attain the sixth sphere without being in any realm.

There is some contradiction in the answers of people in the next state as to whether the earth is considered as the first sphere, or whether the next sphere above the earth is properly to be called the first. I have adopted the former view, and therefore speak of the earth as the first sphere. The second is one of mental darkness. Every human being goes to "*his own place*," where he will meet with congenial spirits—that state of society for which he is qualified by his life and deeds on the first, or earth, sphere. None are what we should call miserable; and this second sphere is visited by missionary spirits from the higher spheres, who endeavour to arouse, in its inhabitants, a desire to rise to a loftier condition of development. It is full of those who have committed crimes, who have consciously sinned against their neighbour—in short, those who have, while on the earth plane, wilfully broken the "golden rule." It is the nearest approach in spirit life to the "hell" of the Christian theology, but it is not really the same thing. When the divine spark of desire to rise is fairly alight in the soul of the sinner, then comes the misery, remorse, and repentance for misdeeds on the earth. The real "hell" is after the spirit begins to move upward from the second sphere, when it realises

the iniquity of its past, and the thralldom of trying to make good the consequences of its own wicked acts.

Every man who has not wilfully done an injury to his neighbour passes through the second sphere and goes straight to the third. Here he may remain many earth years. It does not follow that, because he has not murdered anyone nor broken the golden rule, he is fit at once to move to the higher spheres. There are sins of omission as well as of commission. He may have misled the ignorant, and have to get into communication with the earth sphere to acknowledge his error. There may be a hundred reasons for the delay in his progress.

And so on to the higher spheres. I am told that there is no hard-and-fast line between each sphere and the next; the fact of two people, bound together by affection, being in different spheres after the second does not affect their living together any more than it does on earth. Frequently here one sees a coarse-grained man living happily with a spiritual woman, and *vice versâ*. As far as I can learn, men of science who still desire to impress mortals and carry on their experiments on the earth plane dwell for long periods in the fourth and fifth spheres.

The realms are distinguished by colours, beginning with infra-red and ending with ultra-violet. I know one man in the second realm of the sixth sphere who tells me his colour is red. My guide is in the seventh realm, sixth sphere, and her colour is pale lavender; she tells me that the colour of the next realm above hers is crystal-white.

I have been much surprised at finding men, whom I little expected to make quick progress in the spirit world, in the sixth sphere (no realm). I am informed

by the controls that such spirits have worked hard to gain knowledge of the higher vibrations. It does not appear that we can judge a difference of character by the sphere, after a spirit has risen above the third. I conjecture that one man might devote the whole of his attention to learning these vibrations; while another equally good, or perhaps better, might voluntarily remain in a lower sphere—say the fourth—because he wished to be in nearer touch with the earth plane for the beneficent reason of disseminating his new discoveries through the minds of mortals.

The question arises: “How is it that evil and undeveloped spirits in the second sphere do so little real harm to those on earth?” That they do harm by impression is certain, but, considering their proximity, not anything like the harm that one would expect. The amount of power exerted in the séance-room in levitations, moving of furniture, and so forth, if used maliciously, might unroof a house, put people to death in their sleep, or kill children at any time. I once asked this question of a Quaker control. His reply was: “The spirits in the second sphere have not sufficient knowledge of vibrations to do physical harm.”

High spirits can always descend to lower spheres and communicate with those on the earth sphere. They can greatly assist the progress of their friends when they pass over to the spirit world.

Such are the fragments of teaching I have learnt during my education. They do not amount to much, and may not be quite correct. It is constantly being borne in upon me that it is, at present, impracticable for spirits to explain in earthly terms the mysteries of the next state.

Let it be said at once that the root of all successful spiritist phenomena is "sympathy." Our friends on the other side are drawn to us by that mysterious and powerful force. It might be called "magnetism." It is most potent in the case of relatives—mother and son, husband and wife, sisters, brothers, and so forth; but it is also strong in the case of those who have kindred tastes, professions, and interests. Two members of the same profession will be drawn together—the manager to his principal, the rector to his curate, the colonel to his subaltern, the admiral to his subordinate. Artists will visit artists; philanthropists will materialise to philanthropists, authors to authors, though it is quite possible that they have never met on this side of the grave. A man or woman who has been pondering over the writings of some famous departed poet may be visited by that poet. Thoughts reach the object though years of age may divide them in earth life. In the summerland time ceases to be; the children appear to grow up and the aged to grow down, and time is only reckoned when they come back to the atmosphere of this state.

Why cannot we mortals see the denizens of the summerland? The reply to this is not difficult. They are operating in more than three dimensions. Let us suppose a host of intelligent beings who know of only two dimensions, and another host who operate in three. Put them in close proximity, and enclose the latter in a space bounded by definite barriers—walls, if you choose to call them so—where height or depth is added to length and breadth. Would not those who know only of two dimensions be puzzled at their inability to discern the beings who are separated



from them by the vertical wall or boundary which indicates their third dimension? Extend this argument, and suppose that those who have passed out of our sight are now in some region, which we cannot realise by any stretch of the imagination, where a fourth dimension is added to those with which we are familiar. The ordinary mortal cannot see them, any more than the being in two dimensions can see the being in three.

During the short period over which my investigations have been in progress I have learnt something of the grave dangers to which all mediums are liable. Passivity, and consequent loss of self-control, renders the mind of the sensitive as impressionable as the wax barrel of the phonograph. Exaltation cannot be enjoyed without a corresponding phase of depression. It is during this latter phase that the opportunity arises for the incursions of intelligences of a low order. A real or fancied slight, fanned to flame by a low spirit, will beget a positive hallucination; and for days, possibly months, the word of the sensitive, so far as regards the ordinary affairs of the world, is no more to be trusted than the chaotic murmurings of the insane. The woman who has been soaring to lofty heights of symbolic mediumship in semi-trance may wake up and babble a connected story which has not the smallest foundation in fact. This is painful; but you will find it is a correct representation of one of the prices we have to pay for communication with the unseen. Many of these entities nearest to the earth plane are what Jackson Davis calls "Diakka"—beings neither good nor very bad; unoccupied spirits, who enter in when the gate of reason is unguarded, and

sometimes do great harm to their victims—the sensitives. When there is a college for mediums, and they are trained to be on their guard against this insidious evil, we shall get rid of one of the most serious drawbacks to our study.

With regard to the devil theory, I carry myself back to the time when Sir James Simpson, of Edinburgh, introduced anæsthetics into medical practice. For fifteen years, at least, after that it was the cry throughout Great Britain that any attempt to alleviate physical pain by artificial means was the work of the devil. It was the will of God that you should suffer, and, the more you suffered, so much the better for you. If it were the extraction of a tooth, the amputation of a limb, or any other surgical operation, the more pain you went through the better. Hundreds of thousands refused the proffered alleviation, especially in cases of childbirth, though Simpson calmly assured the world that no harm was done by a few whiffs of chloroform either to the mother or the child. Well, here we are to-day, with all those nonsensical ideas blown to the winds; the person who went through any serious operation without anæsthetics would be looked upon as a lunatic, and be justly accused of trying to embarrass the surgeon in the performance of his duty. I do not myself believe in a Prince of Darkness, though quite prepared to admit the existence of evil. I think there are dangers in the pursuit of the phenomena of spiritism, as there are dangers in over-indulgence in anything, and I should not advise people of feeble minds, or children, or even young men and women who lead strenuous lives, to engage in it; but I repudiate the doctrine that spiritism is in itself evil, or opposed to the will of God.

Personating spirits there are, undoubtedly, and they are frequently a great nuisance; but they can be tested and got rid of without much trouble. Many adopt the *rôle* of distinguished public characters, and keep up the part very cleverly. I do not see why we should resent this. Imagine a body of people in the next state looking into this one, and indignantly exclaiming: "Look at that impostor Irving; he is calling himself Macbeth. Does he think he is going to take us in like that? Look at his gait; hear his voice. That Macbeth? Not a bit of it! That is Henry Irving, and no one else." When a spirit, at a public séance, gives a name well known in history, it is easy to test him by putting some sudden questions which he will not be able to answer if he be a personating spirit. The same plan can be adopted in private circles.

The belief in ministering spirits, hovering around and directing the footsteps of mortals, is too deeply imbedded in the hearts of men to be cast aside at this time of day. Our investigations confirm what has hitherto been but a pious intuition. The late Dr. Ellicott, Bishop of Gloucester, to whom Protestant Christendom owes so much, told me not long before his death that he knew the relative who was thus attending him, and he added that he required no proof from spiritistic researches that such was the fact. This prelate was, on one occasion, riding down a hill at Bristol with his groom behind him when he passed a heavy traction engine toiling up, towing some very large and heavy wheels. On reaching the bottom of the hill he was impressed to turn down an alley to the right. His groom had

barely entered the alley when one of these heavy wheels, being accidentally detached from the engine, flew past the mouth of the alley and over the very spot on the high road where he had been riding a few seconds before. The Bishop attributed this sudden impression, which to onlookers would appear nothing but absent-mindedness, to the intervention of his "guardian angel" or ministering spirit.

It is not, I believe, generally known that the incarnate spirits can often give discarnate spirits a start in progression by holding intercourse with them, and especially by the forgiveness of injury. On many occasions it has been known for spirits to materialise in the séance-room and obtain pardon from those they have wronged. I once saw a case of this kind in New York. Is it no good to know that the sinner has not gone beyond recall, that he is where the forgiveness of a mortal can reach him and aid in his development?

Another good in spiritism is that it induces a calm and equable frame of mind, devoid of dogma, devoid of excessive ambition, or worry of any sort. A man acquires an inward conviction that nothing matters very much; this life is only a short disciplinary journey, which will assuredly lead to a better if he does his best where he finds himself placed, and exercises sympathy and charity. His creed is that of James, the relative and disciple of Jesus: "Pure religion and undefiled before our God and Father is this, to visit the fatherless and widows in their affliction, and to keep himself unspotted from the world." No Communion Services or other cursings for him: no Athanasian Creeds. Again with James

he says: "But the tongue can no man tame; it is a restless evil, it is full of deadly poison. Therewith bless we the Lord and Father; and therewith curse we men, which are made after the likeness of God: out of the same mouth cometh forth blessing and cursing. My brethren, these things ought not so to be."

To the spiritist death is no evil and is not feared, for he knows if he keeps himself in order he will be much better off on the other side. It is astonishing what unanimity there is among the spirits who are interrogated on this point. None wish to return; all I have seen or heard declare that their only cause for sorrow is the grief of those they have left behind.

Cruelty and dogma are great barriers to intercourse with good spirits, and ministers of the Catholic Churches are usually unsuccessful in their séances. People whose profession demands their damning others who do not think exactly as they do, cannot expect to derive any benefit from these very delicate phenomena, where *sympathy* is the prime factor of success. It goes without saying that materialists, who, of course, enter the séance-room as hostile critics, are hardly ever favoured with any personal manifestations; but the honest sceptic, who keeps an open mind and remains passive, does no harm to a circle.

"Is it right to recall those who have passed over, and who are progressing to higher spheres?" My reply is: "We do not recall them. We cannot evoke the presence of spirits. They come, drawn by sympathy." In fact, a great desire to see any particular spirit sets up a barrier which usually prevents their

making themselves known. In the séance-room this is a warning frequently given by controls. If the sitter is not mentally passive, he will not receive visits from his friends on the other side. Those in the next state know best; they are the best judges of how such visits will affect their progress. My most convincing tests have been unexpected and unsought. Spirits who have risen to higher spheres are—so I am informed—always able to retrace their path and manifest to human beings whom they wish to impress. In my own case I believe that the motive has been to prove immortality to one who had inferred that the evidence for it was inadequate.

I have thought it best to confine my notes to my personal experiences; but my evidence for the opinions expressed above is drawn, also, from veridical narratives by other investigators. There are many thousands in this country who can support my views by their own personal tests. The accumulated evidence of the presence of spirits who do benevolent work in families, by impression and guidance at critical times, is enormous, and cannot possibly be ignored by any intelligent inquirer. Thousands of sane men and women in the British Islands can testify to the truth of my assertion. No particular need of consolation led me to embrace the spiritist faith. The sensitive is at his or her best when consolation is urgently required; therefore, I am positive that my experiences must be feeble in comparison to hundreds of others who, when overtaken by some sudden bereavement, have sought the psychic and obtained incontestable evidence that those whom they loved were still alive and still

observant of their interests and affection. I am no propagandist, and have a rooted dislike to argument with critics or sceptics, however honest they may be. There are a vast number of people who do not possess the faculty for determining the truth or otherwise of psychic phenomena. Five years ago I tried to convince others. I do so no longer; the loss is theirs who, unhappily, cannot see what is obvious to those who have been trained in habits of exact investigation. My life has been spent in exploring and chart-making; if habits of accurate observation had been wanting, I should, twenty years ago, have lost my occupation.

Sensitives are born, not made. If well educated, they are on their guard against impressions from the lower spirits in the next state, and derive immense benefits from the higher. I have a relative, mentioned before, a professional man, who tells me that when he is by himself in the country, out of reach of all distractions, and in calm, still weather, he is impressed by a sense of harmony and melodious sounds that defy description. The strains of music often reach him in that semi-waking state which follows a night's rest. He finds repose in sitting through a church service, not on account of the service itself—for he is not in sympathy with dogma or ritual of any kind—but because high spirits are around, drawing from him and making his natural body very cold, but leaving him with a sense of mental refreshment. It is probable that Diakka and evil spirits cannot enter a church, and that struggling, weary-laden human beings are much assisted in their sincere prayers by the presence of high spirits, who will enter and function in any place of worship, no

matter of what denomination, and no matter what sort of parson, nor how erroneous his pulpit-teaching.

So far, no proof has been given to more than a few people at one time. It is a natural law that no great truth shall be assimilated without strenuous effort. If the knowledge of direct intercourse with our friends who have passed over were lightly obtained, universal faith in it would not be permanent. Even a simple truth such as the revolution of the earth round the sun was not universally accepted until more than sixteen centuries had elapsed since the idea was first mooted.

In such a solemn and vitally important matter as spirit intercourse, no man can accept the evidence of another for the purpose of determining his own faith. This work can be of use only as a corroboration of such testimony as has been gathered, or will be gathered, by my readers.

Let us beware of overlaying the beautiful truths which we are allowed to discover by dogma and cursings of those who do not agree with us. Jesus of Nazareth, the greatest sensitive who has ever shed light upon this earth, should be our guide; but not the Christ as interpreted by the so-called Catholic Churches. The true spiritist will find no difficulty in understanding the altruistic life of the high earth spirit who voluntarily lived as a mendicant to teach love and charity to mankind, to prove the evanescent character of the natural body, and the duty of man to himself and his neighbour during his brief and transitory career. We want a college for sensitives, but no churches, no ritual, no parsons, and, above all,

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no creeds. The only churches in which the spiritist can worship with consistency are those of the Unitarians, but there is no reason why he should not adopt such elements of the Catholic teachings as deal with the simple and elementary truths enunciated by the highest spirit with whom the world has any acquaintance. Amid the encircling gloom of religious confusion he carries within him the conviction that

With the morn those angel faces smile  
Which he has loved long since and lost awhile.

After all these years of investigation we know very little; we have only glimpses of the next state; and we shall never know much more unless people record their observations at the time of the events, with all the particulars in full. The difficulties in the way of discovering any law which governs psychic phenomena are immense, because there can be little doubt that all spirit manifestations involve operations in more than three dimensions—a condition of which we know nothing at all. It is only by a careful record of events made within forty-eight hours of their occurrence that we shall advance in knowledge. The magazines and newspapers are full of wondrous tales of dreams, visions, phantasms, and the like, all reported as having happened “some years ago,” or “to my grandfather,” or “my grandmother”; these are no help. Human nature is such that no story gets smaller in the telling. I would not give a fig for the strict accuracy of any of these casual narratives. It is the rarest thing in the world to find a memory for accurate detail of an event which happened at a distance of twenty years; exaggeration

is one of the commonest of human failings, and very few people keep notes, even of the remarkable events of the day.

Thousands of people are deterred from relating their psychic experiences by fear of ridicule, or—what is more important—fear of the loss of their situations. It is a sad fact that, with a few brilliant exceptions, we have all the professors of science and religion against us. This is really very remarkable when you come to consider how, in both these domains of human activity, the workers are dealing with the unseen. To mention two or three instances in science, there are wireless telegraphy and other functions of electricity, astrophotography, gravitation (which may turn out to be electro-motive force), the vibrations in the ether and the fusions of gases: these surely might warn those who deal with them not to thrust rudely aside the evidence of telepathy between human and discarnate spirits, for the testimony is abundant and easily obtainable. Even more inconsistent is the attitude of the teachers of religion. Their whole fabric is built up from the unseen; the foundation of their faith and the sole justification for their aspirations are the mystic dealings of an unseen power with a certain Semitic race during a period of five thousand years. And yet, when evidence is brought to them that these supernormal occurrences have not yet ceased and are still exhibited in other nations, they refuse to examine it. One religious faction, indeed, admits the recurrence in modern days of what it erroneously terms “miracles,” but says they are the work of the devil; while the reformed churches actually declare that spirit manifestations ceased with the mission of the apostles and only

lasted during the period covered by the records in that collection of unequally inspired papers called the Bible. It will hardly be believed two hundred years hence that in this year, 1911, more than half the population of the British Islands professed to believe that the spirit of man ceased to function anywhere when the breath left his body; that at some future date, counted in hundreds of millions of years, it resumed its activity *in its old body*, and was then judged for what sins or good deeds it committed at that remote period, during an existence of some seventy years or less. If this is not what is meant by "the resurrection of the body" and "the day of judgment," I should like to know what is the esoteric interpretation of the Apostles' Creed and the various prayers and hymns bearing on the subject.

I must frankly confess that, until I studied spiritism, I did not know how to read the Bible properly. This book is full of occult manifestations from one cover to the other. In the New Testament we have fragmentary records of the life of the greatest sensitive who ever lived. After a long period of initiation He chose twelve men of psychic temperament, mostly ignorant, consequently passive, and went about teaching. When the conditions were favourable—this is distinctly told us—he was able to perform supernormal acts—to raise the apparently dead, to heal the sick, to give sight to the blind, and to cast out evil spirits from those who were obsessed. On one supreme occasion he is said—and this is the best authenticated narrative in his life—to have taken up into a mountain his three best mediums, and to have held what we should now call a materialisation séance, when two eminent sensitives of a long-past

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age appeared. After his death he appeared in materialised form on a few occasions to those whom he judged worthy of the manifestation; and eventually he was levitated and disappeared from view, never to return in bodily form. We are not bound to believe that he ever resuscitated a corpse which had lain in the grave three days, as the incident of the raising of Lazarus is not mentioned in the synoptic Gospels. Doubtless, the biography of this great and holy spirit is impregnated with various legends of doubtful authenticity; the broad facts—those, at least, mentioned in all three synoptic Gospels—bear the impress of truth. Our fainter and more limited experiences warrant us in giving them credit.

But though, probably, the most lofty spirit who ever lived upon the earth, Jesus Christ was not the only great teacher of historic times. The Welsh bard, Sir Lewis Morris, writes:—

Others were before Christ had come. O dear dead  
 Teacher, whose word  
 Long before the sweet voice on the Hill, young hearts  
 had quickened and stirred;  
 Who spak'st of the soul and the life; with limbs  
 chilled by the rising death,  
 Yielding up to thy faith, with a smile, the last gasp of  
 thy earthly breath;  
 And thou, oh golden-mouthed sage, who, with brilliance  
 of thought as of tongue,  
 Didst sing of the Commonwealth fair, the noblest of  
 ethics unsung;  
 In whose pages thy Master's words shine forth, sub-  
 lime and refined  
 In the music of perfect language, inspired by a  
 faithful mind;

And ye, Seers of Israel and doctors, whose breath was  
breathed forth to move  
The dry dead bones of the Law with the life of a larger  
love ;—

Or thou, great Saint of the East, in whose footsteps  
the millions have trod,  
Till from life, like an innocent dream, they pass'd and  
were lost in God :—

And thou, quaint teacher of old, whose dead words,  
though all life be gone,  
Through the peaceful Atheist realms keep the millions  
labouring on ;

Shall I hold that ye, as the rest, spake no echo of  
things divine,  
That no gleam of a clouded sun through the mists of  
your teaching may shine ?

Nay ; such thoughts were to doubt of God. Yet  
strange it is and yet sure,  
No teacher of old was full of mercy as ours, or pure.

Fellow students, I put it to you that the materialism, the Hæckelism, of to-day is not to be fought by the archaic doctrines of the so-called Catholic Churches. Athanasian Creeds, Communion Services, and man-made Articles of Religion are rusty weapons wherewith to oppose the arguments of the materialists. The irrational belief in the resurrection of the body, embodied in the Apostles' Creed and in hymns published quite lately, is of no use whatever to stem the tide of argument for the annihilation of our individual consciousness. Many now living recollect Bishop Wordsworth's famous denunciation of cremation on the ground that this practice destroyed the

individual who was destined to rise at some time for the final judgment. Such dull pleadings are of no avail. God is not a God of the dead, but of the living. The repulsive stories of the angry and jealous Jahveh of the Israelites will soon fail to attract any but the most profoundly ignorant.

For I like not his creed, if any there be, who shall  
dare to hold

That God comes to us only at times far away in the  
centuries of old.

And what, I ask you, will soon become of the widespread teaching that God Himself made a sacrifice to Himself on this insignificant planet of a comparatively small solar system to redeem the sin of the first of the human race? Then, as Mr. James Robertson has pointed out, "one swallow does not make a summer," and the bodily resurrection of God, if true, is a phenomenal event which contains in itself no promise that a mortal may likewise arise.

No; we require stronger food in the present day to maintain our faith in reunion with those we have known on the earth plane. If the argument for bodily resurrection were all we had to help us, we are of all men the most miserable. But, happily, this is not what we spiritists believe. We are convinced that we have already accumulated evidence that a more rational evolution is before us; that death is a change somewhat similar to birth—indeed, it is so stated in those books which are day by day so grossly misinterpreted; and that we do indeed rise again, not, however, in our present "natural" body, but in a "spiritual" body, a vehicle of highly-attenuated matter, invisible to mortals through their ordinary

channels of sense, but as real as the body we now possess, and far more alive than we have ever been before. We can, therefore, join in the triumphant pæan of Morris :—

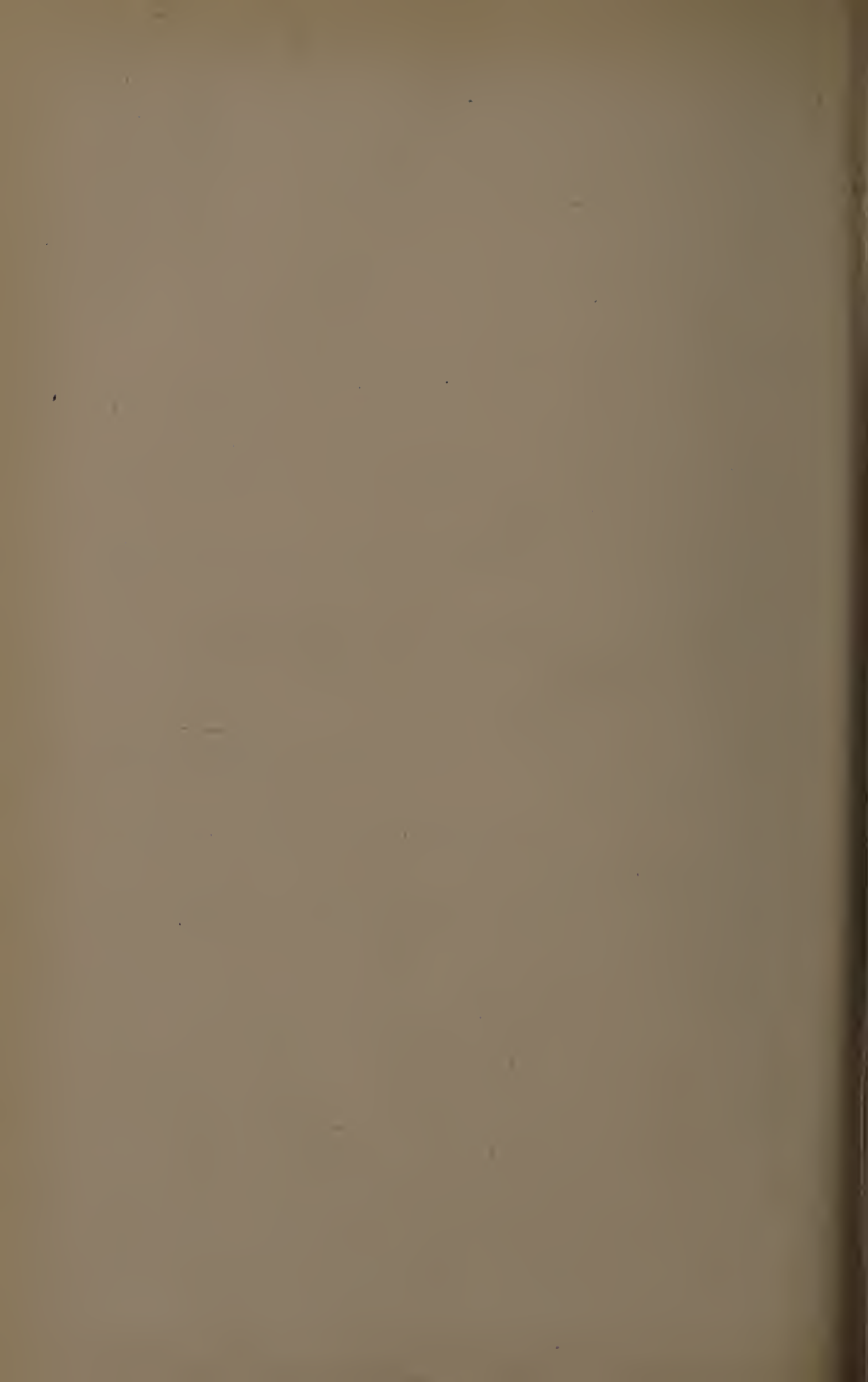
Exult, oh dust and ashes ! Rejoice, all ye that are  
dead,  
For ye live too who lie beneath, as we live who walk  
overhead.

As God lives, so ye are living ; ye are living and  
moving to-day,  
Not as they live who breathe and move, yet living and  
conscious as they.

And ye too, oh living, exult. Young and old, exult  
and rejoice ;  
For the Lord of the quick and the dead lives still : we  
have heard His voice.

We have heard His voice, and we hear it sound wider  
and more increased,  
To the sunset plains of the West from the peaks of the  
furthest East.

For the quick and the dead it was given ; for them it  
is sounding still,  
And no pause of silence shall break the clear voice of  
the Infinite Will.





## APPENDIX A

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### WAKING THE SO-CALLED DEAD

ON January 1, 1909, owing to the courtesy of Mr. E. C. Randall, of Buffalo, N.Y., I made the acquaintance of Mr. Leander Fisher, a professor of music in that city. This gentleman, then over fifty years of age, had participated in some remarkable séances between the years 1875 and 1900, which were arranged for the special purpose of helping the so-called "dead" to realise their position, and thus assisting them to pass naturally into spiritual life. The events at these meetings, especially those about the year 1890, were faithfully recorded; and he showed me a pile of documents two feet high, not one of which had been published. I asked permission to take some of them to England in order that my countrymen should be informed of this "mission" work, a phase of spirit manifestation to which they were strangers, at any rate so far as the "direct voice" was concerned. Mr. Fisher and Mr. Randall selected twelve records, and had them copied for me. They are now printed in this Appendix to my book.

In my opinion, it is undesirable for any investigator to record experiences in the body of his work which he has not himself witnessed. But it must not be supposed that I have the smallest doubt as to the strict fidelity of these documents. The high character of Mr. Leander Fisher is sufficient voucher for their authenticity. As will be seen in the records, he was sometimes in trance, but at others normal, and joined in the conversation. Mr. and Mrs. Bailey and Mrs. Fisher, his mother, people of the highest reputation in Buffalo, were normal throughout, as was Mrs. Eggleston, the stenographer, whose affidavit adds value to the manuscript.

I made inquiries as to whether any of the spirits thus brought, tactfully, to understand that they had entered a new state of consciousness, had been satisfactorily identified. The reply was that many had been discovered, but after several had been verified it was considered useless to go on searching for the relatives and places of abode in earth-life of the remainder. Such inquiries involved much time and labour, and always ended with the same result. Nor were the verifications of value to any but doubters, to whom the personality of "Eva" was unknown; the records were only of use to the circle, and were not expected to see the light. They satisfied the sitters, and that was enough.

The book *Thoughts from the Inner Life*, by D. E. Bailey (Colby and Rich, publishers, Boston, 1886), still in many libraries, is a good introduction to the narrative of the séances.

Mr. E. C. Randall's experiences with Mrs. French, the Rochester medium, mentioned elsewhere in this book, were similar to those of the Baileys and Fishers with Mrs. Swain; but, of course, the great charm—the presence of the spirit of "Eva"—was not available.

W. U. M.

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#### AFFIDAVITS.

United States of America	}	SS.
State of New York		
County of Erie		
City of Buffalo		

LEANDER FISHER, being duly sworn, doth depose and say, that he is upwards of fifty years of age, and resides at 143 Hodge Avenue, in the City of Buffalo.

That Marcia M. Swain died in the City of Buffalo in about the year 1900, eighty-one years of age, and deponent had known said Marcia M. Swain since about the year 1875. She was a woman of great refinement and rare qualities, and a great psychic; and working

with her in the usual way we had the independent voice of spirit people from the year 1875 to 1900, a period of twenty-five years.

During that twenty-five years Daniel E. Bailey, then residing at 507 Porter Avenue, Mary E. Bailey, his wife, and Sarah M. Fisher, my mother, worked with us usually. Mr. Daniel E. Bailey was a man of large wealth, and at the time of his death in the 'nineties he made provision for the support of Mrs. Swain during her life. She was never a public medium, nor did she give séances for money; she devoted the latter years of her life in conjunction with our company in an effort to understand death, so-called, and the condition of the individual following dissolution.

The séances with Mrs. Swain were sometimes held at my home, but more often at the house of Daniel E. Bailey on Porter Avenue, who has published some of the teachings that were received through Eva his daughter in spirit-life and the group of people working with her and controlling Mrs. Swain's circles.

Certain phases of said séances have not been made public, that is our mission work.

It is not generally known that many people after the change called death do not awake in the sphere in which they have become an inhabitant readily, and are brought into circles such as we made (and in the material vibrations prevailing), were awakened, and of course not understanding that they had separated from the physical, were at a loss to understand the situation, and it was our duty and our pleasure, aided by spirit friends, to awaken them to a full realisation of their condition, and suggest to them the way by which they could come to a greater understanding of spirit life, and so aid their progression.

For years Aline M. Eggleston, now residing at 217 Tryon Place in the City of Buffalo, was employed as a stenographer, and having by practice the ability to write in the dark, reported our conversation with spirit people in shorthand; and annexed hereto are the stenographic minutes of twelve séances under date of September 18, 1890, September 25, 1890, October 19, 1890, October 23,

1890, October 26, 1890, December 4, 1890, July 16, 1891, July 18, 1889, May 25, 1890, May 29, 1890, June 10, 1890, and September 12, 1890, giving illustrations of what is known as "mission work" among spirit people.

The spirit in the minutes called Tom at times entranced and took possession of physical organism of one of our circle from time to time, and talked with other spirits. This is a necessary explanation of the stenographic reports.

I understand that there are few places in the world where this "mission work" is understood or done. I have had the privilege of sitting many times in the last eighteen years with Edward C. Randall, of Buffalo, who has been carrying on a similar work with Emily S. French, of Rochester, the finest psychic living at the present time, with results superior to those I carried on with Marcia M. Swain.

The annexed twelve stenographic reports are copies of originals in my possession, and those twelve reports are true records of the conversations that took place between ourselves and the spirit people on the dates therein mentioned.

LEANDER FISHER.

Subscribed and sworn to before me,  
this 11th day of February, 1909.

E. C. RANDALL,

Commissioner of Deeds,

In and for the City of Buffalo, N.Y.

No. 266 Parkdale Avenue,  
Buffalo, N.Y.

June 17, 1911.

DEAR SIR,

We beg herewith to certify to the demonstrations of independent spirit voices, which occurred at the home of Mr. Daniel Bailey, on Porter Ave., in this city.

We sat regularly in this circle twice a week for about two years, Mrs. Eggleston transcribing the conversation directly in stenographic writing.

As the same people were present each time and rigid conditions were strictly adhered to, we do vouch the spirit voices could not be otherwise than genuine. There could be no possible reason for fraud.

Yours very truly,

L. H. EGGLESTON.

ALINE S. EGGLESTON.

Sworn to before me this 17th day of June, 1911.

DANIEL HURLEY,  
Notary Public, Erie County, N.Y.

THURSDAY EVENING, JULY 18, 1889.

*A poor soul is coming who was run over by the cars, and had his leg cut off. He was thrown on to a side track, and became unconscious; and, while unconscious, another train ran over him and killed him.—EVA.*

S.: Oh—oh—must I die alone?—die alone—die alone—die alone—oh—that was dreadful—dreadful—where is it?—where is the train?—where is the train?—oh, I will never get home—I must go home—I must go home—go home—go home—

Mr. B.: You have been very badly hurt, friend, haven't you?

S.: Oh, yes—I thought when I saw it—Oh God! when I saw it come rumbling along and I felt the jar—

Mr. B.: You thought you were going to lose your limb, didn't you?

S.: Yes.

Mr. B.: You feel better now, don't you?

S.: Yes.

Mr. B.: You were pretty badly hurt.

S.: Oh, there it goes—there—there—oh my—oh my—

Mr. B.: But it is all over now.

S.: Oh, my leg is broken—it is all crushed up.

Mr. B.: Yes, but it will soon be all right.

Mrs. B.: There is a good doctor here that will fix you all right.

S.: Oh, doctor, do you think you can help me? It pains me—it pains me—

Mr. B.: It won't pain you much more. That pain will all be taken away in a little while.

Mrs. B.: This doctor here has helped a great many people with broken limbs.

S.: Oh, it is smashed.—It must be smashed.

Mr. B.: Yes; but not so badly but what it will be all right in a short time.

S.: Will you have to take it off? Oh, I would rather

you would kill me than be maimed for life.—I don't want it taken off.—I can't have it taken off.

Mr. B.: No; you won't have to have it taken off. It will be all right soon.

S.: Oh, there—there—oh—oh—

Mr. B.: Don't you feel better?

S.: Yes, I feel better. I feel as though I were being put into a vice like.—Do you know what makes it?

Mr. B.: You were very badly hurt, and the remembrance comes back to you and makes you feel that way.—You thought you were going to be killed, didn't you?

S.: Yes, I certainly thought I was going to be killed; but I knew when it was passed that I was only injured.

Mr. B.: Well, when you expected you were going to be killed, you expected to live after death, didn't you?

S.: I didn't think anything about it.

Mr. B.: Didn't you ever think about it?

S.: Yes, sometimes.

Mr. B.: Did you believe that you lived after death?

S.: Well, I wanted to live after death if I could be happy; if I could not, I did not want to live.

Mr. B.: But it makes no difference whether a person is happy or unhappy; if it is one of the laws that we do live after death, why, we have to live, and our happiness depends on the life we led in earth life. If we were kind to a good many people, we would have a happy life in the future. But a great many times, when people are killed or die suddenly, they don't know they have made the change. They don't know they were killed. Spirit life is so natural to them—it seems just like earth life for the time being.

S.: Is that so?

Mr. B.: Yes, they very often don't know that they have been killed. They seem just themselves.

S.: Well, if you would just do a little for that limb, I would be glad.

Mr. B.: Seeing that you were hurt so badly, would you not rather that you would have died?

S.: Well, I would rather live if I could.—I am glad I wasn't killed.

Mr. B.: You would be surprised if I told you that you were killed, wouldn't you?

S.: Why, to be sure I would. I am just as much alive as I ever was.—Why, I am so sore and lame.

Mr. B.: But you were killed.

S.: Was I killed?

Mr. B.: Yes; you are a spirit now, in spirit life.—It is just as real to you as earth life, isn't it?

S.: No, nothing seems real to me. I don't see or feel anything but the rushing and crashing of those cars.

Mr. B.: You have friends in spirit life, who have brought you here to have you helped.—You can throw all that off here, so it will never trouble you again.—You know, when you come back to earth (we are mortals; we have not made the change yet), you take on earth conditions.

S.: Do you do that?

Mr. B.: Spirit friends do that.—I can't see you; I haven't been doing anything for you.—It is the spirit friends that help you.

S.: What makes you say that? You said you would help me, and this lady here said you would help me, too; and you have helped me.

Mr. B.: I may have done it unconsciously; but we help your friends to help you by sitting here and getting the proper conditions.

Tom (s.): I'll tell you what it is, George; Lizzie is here, and she has come for you.

S.: Lizzie has come for me?

Tom (s.): Why, yes; and you are going up to live with her, and you are going to be very happy.

S.: Well, I will go.—I want to be happy.

Tom (s.): Well, you will be.—After a little you won't have any of that unpleasant sensation at all; because I will tell you, George, when that train ran over your leg, you know, well, it knocked you on to the other track, and there was another train coming along, and that just finished you up.

S.: Is that the truth?

Tom (s.): Yes, that is the truth, George; but never mind, because you have got into a lovely place.—Lizzie is



waiting for you.—You are going to get all fixed up here, and you are going to get ready to go to her.

S.: Well, I will go.

Tom (s.): Why, of course you will go; and she is so glad that you are coming to her. Little Dottie is here, too.

S.: Oh, Dottie! Dottie! Well, I don't mind it, then—I am glad. Does Lizzie know that the train ran over me?

Tom (s.): Yes, she knows it, because we always know when anything happens to those we love. She was right there. She knew when it happened: but you didn't know, so she had you brought here to learn about it and get you all fixed up.

S.: Is Lizzie here, and can I go to heaven?

Tom (s.): Why, of course you can go to heaven. I would not wonder but what you would see something. You look up above you to your right now.

S.: It makes my head feel bad.

Tom (s.): Because you have not got right yet. It is quite bad for anybody to go out so sudden like. It is a great shock to the spirit; and you have been brought here to get the spirit right, and then you will be in nice order to go up to where Lizzie is.

S.: I will go.

Tom (s.): George, Grandpa is here, too; and Richard is here.

S.: Oh, is Richard here? Tell them I want to see them.

Tom (s.): You will see them in a little time.—They know you have got to be made ready first to come to them. You have got to understand that you have made the change.

S.: Oh—oh—I am falling—I am falling—

Tom (s.): Oh, that's all right, George; don't get frightened.

S.: I thought I was falling down, never to stop.

Tom (s.): Oh, no, George; you mustn't get frightened when that goes off.—It won't hurt you.

S.: I don't remember you.

Tom (s.): No, I don't know you.

S.: You talk to me as if you knew me.

Tom (s.): Well, all I know is what your friends tell me.

S.: Are they talking to you?

Tom (s.): Well, they told me before I came here that you were coming, and that I should see you; and they told me that your name was George, and that Lizzie was here, and little Dottie; and then they told me about your grandfather, and about Richard, and I was to tell you that.

S.: Well, I thank you.

Tom (s.): Oh, no.

S.: Yes, I am very thankful to you.

Tom (s.): All of these good people here are sitting here to help poor souls like you, that have met with such accidents and don't know that they have got out of the body.

S.: How kind you are.

Tom (s.): You have made the change called death, but there is no death, it is only a change. I have made that change too. I am a spirit talking through this young man here.

S.: You are talking through him! Why, how do you do that?

Tom (s.): You watch now—can you see me plain? You watch and I will come out of him and show you.

S.: You will come out of him! Oh dear, what do you mean?

Tom (s.): Now you watch—you look—

S.: Oh my! oh my! That is very strange.

Mr. B.: What do you see?

S.: Oh, it is a man—the smoke is made into a man.

S.: My! oh my! It is most wonderful!

Mr. B.: What do you see now?

S.: Why, he went back into him like vapour.

Tom (s.): Now, didn't I tell you? That is the way it is done. You see, I am in the spirit life.

S.: Can you get into everybody like that?

Tom (s.): Oh, no. Only those whose organism is so constituted. We call them instruments. You call them mediums.

S.: Rapping mediums ?

Tom (s.): No. He is one through whom we can talk and use his organism that way.

S.: Is that young man dead ?

Tom (s.): Oh, no, he isn't dead—he is still in earth life. We have to show these things so that you will understand them, you see. Well, I declare! if there isn't the funniest looking old woman here, and she tells me to say that "Aunt Polly is here."

S.: Aunt Polly! Aunt Polly! Is she here ?

Tom (s.): Maybe she will show herself to you.

S.: I can't see her anywhere.

Tom (s.): Just look up to your right a little.

S.: Oh, yes, I see her, but she is so far away.

Tom (s.): She will come nearer after a little. She has held you on her knee many a time.

S.: Yes, that is true—that is very true.

Tom (s.): Now look, George.

S.: Do they live up in that world ?

Tom (s.): You are going up there to them after a little.

S.: When am I going ?

Tom (s.): You have to get ready first.

S.: How can I get ready ?

Tom (s.): We will show you how.

S.: Oh, do—do.

Tom (s.): That is the reason you have been brought here to-night—to learn about it—you have to learn about it first, you know. You are going to a beautiful place, and you are going to be very happy. You have got to get over this shock. You know, it was a great shock to your spirit to leave your body in the manner you did—so suddenly—and so you have been brought here to get all straightened up, because you didn't know that you had made the change. Now you won't have any more trouble—we have fixed you all up now.

S.: The doctor said something that worries me. He said he would fix me all right, and then when I got all right he said he didn't do anything for me; but I think he felt sorry for me, and said he did nothing because he didn't want to take any pay.

Tom (s.): These people don't sit here for pay, George, because, you know, you couldn't pay them if you wanted to. You know, we have got through with money now. These good people have got a bright, beautiful daughter that is in spirit life, and they are helping on one side while she is helping on your side of life. They are sitting here to help their daughter, too.

S.: On my side of life?

Tom (s.): Your spirit has left your body, and you have a spiritual body now. It is like your old body. Your spiritual body is clothed with earth material now, so that you can talk to these people; but after a little that material will be removed from you, and then you won't be able to talk to them at all. That will be a new experience for you. That is what you felt that was falling down. The earth material that you are clothed with was taken away from you, and every time they take it away from you you will feel better.

S.: Oh, that is good, isn't it? I wish you would speak to them for me.

Tom (s.): Oh, they can hear just what you say.

S.: Will they come to me?

Tom (s.): Yes, they will come to you. Now you look.

S.: Yes, I see.

Tom (s.): Do you see all the hands beckoning to you to come?

S.: There is no way of getting up there.

Tom (s.): Oh, yes, there is.

S.: I see no road up there at all.

Tom (s.): You don't need to go by the road.

S.: How will I go?

Tom (s.): I will take you and show you the way. There will be lots that will help you. There is a nice little girl that comes here, too; perhaps she will help you.

Maggie (s.): Yes, dear man, if you will come with me I will take you, but you will have to go way around and go down a little hill; will you come with me?

S.: Why, yes, you dear little one, I will go with you. Do you know my friends?

Maggie (s.): Yes, I know them, because we all know

everybody that it is right for us to know. Now come right along. Here is my hand and here are some flowers; I will fix these right on your bosom, and then you will feel better, because you will smell the scent of these beautiful flowers, and that will give you strength. We will have to go down that little hill first, and then I will show you something real pretty, and then after a little while I will take you to the road that leads to your friends, and they will come and meet you. Now come. Good-night, everybody.

SUNDAY EVENING, MAY 25, 1890.

*I will present one to-night who passed away in his sleep, and doesn't realise that he has made the change.—EVA.*

S.: Well, if that don't beat the devil!

Mr. B.: What beats the devil?

S.: Who are you?

Mr. B.: My name is Bailey.

S.: What are you doing here? Why don't that girl bring the breakfast?

Mr. B.: She hasn't heard you order it yet.

S.: Well, it is high time; I have rung that bell until I am tired.

Mr. B.: She hasn't heard the bell. There has something happened to you.

S.: Well, something will happen to you or somebody else pretty soon!

Tom: Well, I would like to know what you are storming around here for like that.

S.: Get out of here!

Tom: No, I won't get out; and you can't make me get out, either. I would like to know where you think you are, anyway.

S.: Who are you?

Tom: You will find out very soon; and I am not going to get out. You are nothing but a man, anyway, and there are millions just like you.

S.: You are nothing but a d—— fool. Moses! Moses! Come here! Put this d—— rascal out!

Tom: It will take more than Moses—Moses and Aaron both together couldn't put me out!

S.: Well, well, this is strange! What the devil can those folks mean, to leave me all this time?

Tom: Don't you think when you are alone you are in pretty good company?

S.: I can't understand what business you have here.

Tom: I have business here, and I am going to stay until I get ready to go.

S.: Get out of this house!

Tom: Not a bit of it. I came here to help you.

S.: D—— funny way of helping anybody! Get out of this house, you d—— thief!

Tom: I would not soil my tongue with such language as that. It don't become a fine gentleman like you.

S.: What business have you here?

Tom: I think you are a little off. We'll have to take you to a lunatic asylum.

S.: Such impudence! such impudence! You d—— rascal, get out of this!

Tom: That's right, free your mind; and then, perhaps, you will be easy. Do you think it is nice to say anything to anybody else that you wouldn't like to have said to you?

S.: Oh, you impudent puppy, you! you impudent puppy, you!

Tom: If you could tell the truth, perhaps I would feel bad; but as I know that you are not telling the truth, it don't make me feel a bit bad.

S.: The sooner you get out of here the better it will be for you, you d—— Irish pup!

Tom: I am not the least bit alarmed or disturbed over your bright conversation. I know it is very brilliant, coming from a man of your ability and your mind; but still, it doesn't affect me one bit.

S.: What business have you here in my house?

Tom: Perhaps, if you knew how to be civil, have any control over your tongue and make it say civil things, you will find out.

S.: What do you want? What brought you here in the first place?

Tom: I came here to talk to you.

S.: I don't wish to have any conversation with you, unless you have some special business.

Tom: I have special business with you.

S.: Well, say what it is at once—at once!

Tom: Don't you be in a hurry. There is plenty of time. One of the greatest things for you to learn is to keep cool and keep a civil tongue in your head. The trouble with you is, the latter part of your life you have been ordering people around so much that you have got

that way with you, that I don't know as you can hardly help it; it has become kind of second nature to you.

S.: No more of your impudence!

Tom: Years ago.....

S.: Leave my house!

Tom: But I won't. Years ago, when you worked for Mr. Smith, you had to do as Mr. Smith said.

S.: You scoundrel! Moses! Moses! Come here!

Tom: James! See here, James! James!

S.: Who are you talking to?

Tom: I am talking to you; that is your name.

S.: What right have you to speak that way to me?

Tom: I would like to know if anyone hasn't a right to call a man by his name.

S.: I will not put up with that!

Tom: Do you remember what you put in the barrel when you were working for Mr. Smith?

S.: What do you know about it? What business is that of yours?

Tom: Don't you think that would look nice in the paper? Couldn't we write up a nice little newspaper article—"What James hid in the barrel when he worked for Mr. Smith." Have it put in big type. How much will you give me to have it put in the paper? Wouldn't it advertise you fine? What do you suppose Deacon Jones would say to that?

S.: Who the devil told you all this?

Tom: Perhaps the devil told me—who knows?

S.: I believe you are the devil himself. Get out of here!

Tom: Well, if I am the devil, I don't think I have ever been in such bad company in my life. I think you could teach the devil three or four tricks that he doesn't know, because he would never have thought of putting that in the barrel.

S.: It seems that I am left to the mercy of this vile creature.

Tom: Do you call me a vile creature? I am sorry for you. I will forgive you before you ask me.

S.: What have I to ask your forgiveness for? I don't wish to have any more conversation with you at all—none whatever.



Tom: Say, what do you think about beans?

S.: Say, young lady, couldn't you call my valet?

Mrs. E.: No, I couldn't, because I don't know where your valet is; but this Irishman that you have been talking to will tell you if you will only listen to him. He is a good man, and wants to help you.

S.: He has a very queer way of showing his goodness, I think.

Mrs. E.: That is because you don't understand him. If you will only listen to him, you will see that he is right.

*(Margazona talks in Indian.)*

S.: What's the matter with him? He is an insane man. God Almighty! What's the matter with him?

Mrs. B.: That is an Indian talking to you.

S.: Good God! I thought he was an Irishman.

Mrs. B.: He was a few minutes ago.

Mr. B.: He is changeable; he can be an Irishman or an Indian either. You will find he is a good friend to you.

S.: I don't know what this means at all. I don't know what's the matter here. There are none of my people.

Tom: Look here, now, I will tell you something.

S.: Good God! He's turned again.

Tom: See here, now.

S.: What's the matter with you?

Tom: Don't you know one of the greatest things of your life you wished to know, what became of Sarah?

S.: Are you the devil?

Tom: No, there is no such chap as the devil.

S.: What language is that you were talking?

Tom: I wasn't talking then. It was Margazona talking.

S.: The noise came out of the same hole. Good God!

Tom: Of course. Don't you suppose that could be possible? Did you ever hear anything about the law of spirit control?

S.: Oh, I have heard some such nonsense.

Tom: Did you ever hear anything about spirits coming back and controlling mortals to make them talk? That

is what I am doing. I am a spirit talking through the organism of this young man, and that was another spirit that you heard a little while ago.

S.: You are a queer spirit.

Tom : Of course, I am a queer spirit, and so are you ; and I have seen Sarah.

S.: Where did you see her ?

Tom : In the spiritual world.

S.: You talk in riddles, man. What under the sun are you trying to make me believe? What do you mean ?

Tom : I mean just what I say. You know Sarah disappeared from your life very mysteriously, and you never heard anything from her. Now, you know I don't know you, and you never saw me before ; but this is what she tells me. You are an entire stranger to me. She says you used to love her, and she disappeared very suddenly from your life, and you felt very badly about it.

S.: Very well, where is she ?

Tom : Why, she is dead, as you call it.

S.: Where did she die ?

Tom : You remember George, don't you ?

S.: Most certainly I do.

Tom : Well, he took her off.

S.: Oh, d—— him.

Tom : Don't you know he said you should never have her ? He took her off and kept her in confinement ; and he came back, you know, so that you wouldn't suspect, and then after a time he left her. Now, am I not telling you the truth ?

S.: As far as I know, it is true.

Tom : And after he left her she died in great agony and suffering ; but she is out of her suffering now, and she is a very bright, beautiful spirit, and wants to help you.

S.: How can she help me if she is a spirit ?

Tom : Why, can't she help you then just as much ? You don't suppose, when people die, they lose their interest and affection for their friends, do you ?

S.: How would I know ?

Tom : I want to tell you something, James. You

remember that queer feeling you had in your head when you went to bed there, and woke up in the morning, and rung your bell and got so excited?

S.: This morning—of course I know.

Tom: You dropped off to sleep again after you rung your bell, and you had a stroke of apoplexy, and died in that unconscious state; and when people die in that state they don't know they have made the change called death, as you have.

S.: I have?

Tom: Yes; and that is the reason, when you call for Moses, he doesn't come, and when you ring for your breakfast you don't get it, because they can't hear you.

S.: Well! well! How can that be?

Tom: You have only moved out of your old body; you feel just the same, and people, when they get out in that way, don't realise that they have got out. Now, to prove to you that what I am telling you is true, I can go over your life and see everything that has happened. I can go back to your childhood if necessary, and tell you thoughts that you never expressed to anyone; but I think there are some things you wouldn't like the people sitting here to know. Still, I will tell you if necessary, in order to prove to you that this is true.

S.: Well, the most I want to know is if I have died of apoplexy, as you say.

Tom: Yes, you have left your body.

S.: Can a man die and feel no change?

Tom: Certainly he can, because it is only moving out of one house into another. When you leave a house in earth life to move into another, you don't feel any change; you feel the same.

S.: But we know that we have moved—we know we have moved from one place to another.

Tom: Very true; but when you lie down and go to sleep at night, no one can realise how that is; but when you sleep for a time you are dead to all things; and you died in your sleep, in that unconscious condition, not knowing that you were going to make the change.

S.: Well, am I to remain for ever in this room? Is there no light beyond?

Tom: Yes, there is the light of eternity wherein to unfold the capabilities of the soul. Sarah was instrumental in your being brought here to-night, that you might be instructed how to get out into the light.

S.: Can't I see her, if this be true?

Tom: I don't know.

S.: After you tell me all these things, that she lives, that I am alive and dead and alive, and yet you tell me you don't know if I can see her; if you have been telling me the truth, you know whether I can see her or not.

Tom: I can't tell whether you will be permitted to see her at present, because we are governed by laws.

S.: I am sick of law—sick of law—law!

Tom: You will have to submit to the laws of your being. If you have lived a good, pure, honourable life, everything will be bright and clear; but if you have lived a selfish, double life, you will have to overcome it, and you will have to work very hard to right the wrongs you have committed. You will have to meet every act of your life. They may rise up as obstacles in your pathway, and prevent your reaching the one you are so anxious to see; but in time you will be able, by patience, labour, and sincere repentance, to overcome these things; but you must put away yourself, and all this haughty pride that you have.

S.: I don't wish to remain in this room any longer.

Tom: What are you going to do when you get outside? If you talk to anyone, they can't hear you.

S.: Oh, I am smothering—I feel I can't exist—oh, I am going—I am going—sometimes I can't even speak—I feel so confined—I feel all crushed in!

Margazona: You have been brought here by kind spirit friends who wish to show you how you may better your condition. Your spirit is clothed with earth material to give you the force to speak; when that is gone you can't speak. That will explain to you the feeling you have.

S.: If I could only get out of this close condition!

Margazona: Where will you go?

S.: I don't know—I don't know. Why don't you tell me?

Tom : Would you like to have me talk to you now ?

S. : Yes, talk on—talk for ever.

Tom : Would you like to take up with the poor Irishman for a little while ?

S. : Anything to get out of this close condition ; but this closeness is smothering me—it is smothering me.

Tom : My dear sir, I am sorry for you, but you have no one to blame but yourself. You have wrapped yourself up in such a cloak of selfishness, you are like a mummy now, wound with many thicknesses of cloth, and this cloak of selfishness has got to be unwound little by little by unselfishness. Everyone who has lived a selfish life, all their life, it is the hardest thing for them to do a purely unselfish act.

S. : In the name of God, is there no way out of this ?

Tom : Yes, there is a way ; but did you have any mercy or any compassion on anyone who stood in your way in earth life ? Did you have any pity, any sympathy, there ? If you did, why, it will be given you here ; if you didn't, how can you expect to reap what you didn't sow ?

S. : Can't you say anything else to me, only taunt me with the things that are past ?

Tom : It is always best that the truth should be given, and truth should be spoken. You have a chance given you to right the wrongs, but you must commence at the foot of the ladder and work to gain the top.

S. : What can I do shut up here in this room ?

Tom : You will be shown the way.

S. : If I could only get out of this !

Tom : I will take you to a school where you will be taught how. Will you go with me ?

S. : I will go to get away from this.

Tom : What are you going for, to get rid of that which is disagreeable to you ?

S. : Certainly—certainly—

Tom : Or will you go for the sake of doing good and for right ?

S. : Certainly.

Tom : Will you go to work for a labour of love, a labour of unselfishness ? Will you go down in the very

depths of woe and despair to lift up some poor fallen creature?

S.: Why, if it is necessary, and I must, I will. How will I begin to do such a thing as that?

Tom: I will take you to this school of unfoldment, where you will be taught and instructed how to right these wrongs, and advance step by step to Sarah, for she is far above you in the scale of soul unfoldment. You must work to go where she is, for she cannot come down and dwell in your sphere, she is too pure and bright a spirit.

S.: How may I reach her, then?

Tom: You will be taught at this school. Now I will leave the young man to take you. Will you go?

S.: Young woman, will it be all right?

Mrs. E.: Yes, sir, most certainly it will.

S.: Then I will go.

Tom: And will you pledge yourself?

S.: I never make pledges, but I will try to do the best I can. I never made a pledge in my life that did any good, or that I kept.

Tom: Now it is time that you begin. There are many things to draw you back, and I want you to keep right ahead.

S.: I will go with you, and I will do the best that I can. It seems to me to be in the dark. I don't know where you are going to take me, but I will go and do the best I can.

Tom: I am going to do all I can to help you, because I feel sorry for your condition, and nothing will give me greater pleasure than to help you out into the light and better your condition.

Sarah: James—James—

Tom: Did you hear Sarah speak to you?

S.: Sarah—Sarah, dear, is that you?

Sarah: Yes, James, yes.

S.: Oh, the years! the years! the sorrowful years, Sarah! Why didn't you hear me? Let us go—let us go.

Tom: There, now, didn't I tell you? Didn't you hear Sarah speak to you?

S.: I heard her—I heard her—

Tom : Yes ; and now I will do all that I can to help you and to help her, because I know it would make her very happy. Now you bid the kind friends good-night, because they have helped you, too.

S.: Good-night, young woman.

Mrs. E.: Good-night. I am glad you are going on your pleasant journey, for I know it will be in the end.

THURSDAY EVENING, MAY 29, 1890.

*We have a person to-night who was taken away suddenly, and he will be somewhat rough.—EVA.*

S.: I will get in this house—I guess I can get in here—I must have something to eat—It's no use, I am almost starved to death—I will get in, anyway—I am bound to have it—Let me see, I haven't had anything to eat in three days—I am tired—I am tired—It's hard going around. Oh, there's a woman! Say, Missus?

Mrs. B.: What is it?

S.: I would like a bite.

Mrs. B.: I am sorry, I haven't got something for you, friend. If I had it I would.

S.: Oh, that is all nonsense.

Mrs. B.: I will bring up some next time.

S.: I want it now. I've got to have some.

Mrs. B.: I would have had something for you if I had known you were coming.

S.: You can just as well give me something, or I will help myself.

Mrs. B.: You may help yourself to anything that you can find.

S.: Oh, you are very kind, aren't you? You needn't be afraid, I am all right now.

Mrs. B.: Oh, I am not afraid at all.

S.: Say, Mrs., will you please let me step into the other room, and when that man comes tell him I am not here?

Mrs. B.: Yes, you may.

S.: Let me alone! Get your hands off me! Get your hands off me!

Mrs. B.: We'll take care of you, they shan't hurt you. We won't let anyone hurt you.

S.: I'll kill you, by G—! Leave me alone! Leave me alone! I didn't do it—I didn't do it. I am innocent. That's your pretended friendship. What did you want to lie to me for?



Mrs. B.: I didn't lie to you.

S.: You did, too. You put him on my track.

Mrs. B.: No, they shall not hurt you. I'll warrant you they shan't hurt you. We will protect you. You can believe what I say.

S.: If I had my pistol! How is this? What is the matter?

Tom: Good evening to you! I am glad to see you.

S.: What do you want of me?

Tom: Nothing, only good. I just want to have a nice little talk with you. I don't want anything of you only good. I wouldn't harm a hair of your head if I could.

S.: Will you get me out of this?

Tom: To be sure I will.

S.: All right, come on, let's go.

Tom: Nothing shall hurt you now while Tom is around, so you needn't be at all alarmed. I will take care of you.

S.: Don't you deceive me.

Tom: Oh, no, I won't deceive you.

S.: I have been cheated and deceived so many times.

Tom: I tell you no one shall harm you. I have got lots to tell you, you know.

S.: What did they do about it?

Tom: Well, we had better not talk about that just yet.

S.: Why not?

Tom: Because you are out of harm's way now. You are where no mortal man, woman, or child can harm you now.

S.: Now don't try to decoy me into anything. I haven't done anything, you know.

Tom: I know all about it. I tell you, man, you are out of harm's way now. Nothing mortal can harm you. I will prove it to you in a little time, but you must just keep calm and don't get excited. I will assure you that I will take care of you and get you out of this all right.

S.: Can't I get out now?

Tom: Not just now.

S.: Did they do anything about it?

Tom: Of course; why wouldn't they? You don't

suppose such a thing as that could go on without their making an effort to capture the guilty party, do you?

S.: I think it would be better for me to leave the country. Oh! what am I talking about?

Tom: You are among friends here, and you might just as well free your mind, because we are going to take care of you.

S.: Should I leave the country, you know—oh, God! what am I talking about?

Tom: There's no use for you to leave the country now.

S.: Why?

Tom: Because it isn't necessary for you to leave the country. You are out of harm's way now.

S.: But I can't remain here always, you know.

Tom: To be sure, you are not going to remain here.

S.: What do you mean by "out of harm's way"? What assurance can you give me that I am out of harm's way?

Tom: I can give you this much assurance. Say, John, can you catch a dead man?

S.: Not very well.

Tom: Then you are just as safe as that.

S.: What do you mean by that?

Tom: It is just as easy for anyone to catch you as it is to catch a dead man.

S.: I can't understand that. I believe you are just fooling me.

Tom: I don't wonder that you can't understand it; but let me tell you, John, my dear sir, something has happened to you that you are not aware of.

S.: I am aware of a great deal that has happened to me.

Tom: Very true; but you are not quite aware of all that has taken place.

S.: By G——, I wish I was dead!

Tom: What would you say if you were?

S.: I wouldn't say anything. What could I say if I was dead? D—— it! you don't suppose I would say anything if I was dead, do you? I am tired of this!

Tom: I am sorry for you, and I am going to try to help you out of this unpleasant condition.

S.: What do you propose to do?

Tom: The first thing is for you to understand your condition.

S.: I am already aware of my condition.

Tom: No, my dear sir, not quite all. Now let me tell you, John.

S.: What are you making motions for?

Tom: What kind of motions did you see me make?

S.: I saw you turning your head around to look.

Tom: I was just getting instructions.

S.: Yes, I've got on to you pretty well.

Tom: You never had a better friend on earth or in heaven than I will be to you.

S.: Well, I hope so; but I am getting suspicious of you.

Tom: I've got something very strange now to tell you, and I know that you won't be able at first to receive it, until I prove it to you, which I can do. I can prove all that I say to you. Do you know, John—that's your name——

S.: To be sure, that is my name.

Tom: Do you know that I have seen a little girl, and she tells me that her name is Bertha?

S.: Bertha who?

Tom: Bertha Blake.

S.: When did you see her?

Tom: Do you recognise the name?

S.: Well, I do; but how could you see her? Bertha Blake is my little daughter.

Tom: I know she is, because she said that you were her father.

S.: But she is dead and gone.

Tom: She may be dead to your physical senses, as it were; but her spirit lives, and her spirit does not go so far away but that the love she bore to the loved ones left behind draws her back to them.

S.: Well, she was my little darling; but what has that to do with my condition? Could you tell me how I can escape?

Tom: You have nothing now to escape from on the mortal side of life.

S.: How has the matter been adjusted, if I have no fear?

Tom: The matter has been adjusted by your paying the penalty of your life.

S.: What do you mean by that? You talk so strange to me. I really hope that I have met a friend, but you talk so strange I don't understand you at all.

Tom: Quite true, my friend; it is an enigma, I know; but let me say to you, John, that many, when they are instantly deprived of life and go out in great anger or fear, don't always understand that they have made the change called death. There are many that make the change in that manner, and you are one of the many. You have left your mortal form.

S.: Do you mean that I have died?

Tom: You have.

S.: How? When? What way?

Tom: All there is of death is simply leaving your old body, moving out of the tenement of clay.

S.: But you certainly make some change?

Tom: Not any for a time, only as you understand with your spiritual senses, and take in your surroundings, which you have not done yet; but you have been brought here for that purpose, of making you acquainted with what has taken place with you.

S.: I feel no different.

Tom: No, you cannot, leaving the body in the manner that you did—you died suddenly. You were shot by the parties that were after you.

S.: Was that it?

Tom: That was it.

S.: Was that terrible sting a shot?

Tom: Yes.

S.: I felt it; and am I just the same?

Tom: Just the same. How would you be any different?

S.: Why shouldn't I be different, if I am a dead man? I am quite sure I would be different. There must be some change in me.

Tom: It is only a step. If you would be different you wouldn't be Mr. Blake—you would be someone else.

S.: I see all things just the same. Why did you talk to me about my little daughter?

Tom: Because she is anxious to have you become acquainted with your condition, and anxious to have you work and take up the duties pertaining to the life which you have now entered, so that you may be able, after you have made restitution for all the mistakes committed in the body, to go where she is.

S.: In what way can I make restitution?

Tom: You will be taught and shown the way by kind, loving spirit friends.

S.: Must I always remain here?

Tom: No.

S.: Where shall I go?

Tom: You will be led and taught what way by kind spirit friends, whose mission it is to help poor misguided souls like yourself out of the darkness into the light.

S.: Oh, but I feel so!

Tom: It is only part of that old feeling, that old condition, that rushes over you; but that will pass off soon. You retain the same thoughts, you have the same feelings; they are your own, they belong to you. You have your own experiences that you take with you, your thoughts and your acts.

S.: I don't know that I ever met you before.

Tom: No, my dear sir.

S.: Then how are you so well acquainted with all that has transpired with me?

Tom: Because the spirit friends who have you in charge—and they are those who are near to you, and know all that has taken place in your life—inform me.

S.: I am hungry.

Tom: Well, my dear sir, it is only part of your old, unpleasant condition; in time that will all pass away, and you will feel no hunger. As this lady told you, had she known you were coming before she entered this room she would have brought you whatever you desired, because it is the mission of these friends here to administer to poor, earth-bound, sin-sick souls like yourself. They are working on this side of life, and many kind spirit friends are working on the other side—on your side. Both are working for the uplifting of poor, misguided souls.

S.: What is the penalty for this act of my life?

Tom: You paid the penalty on the earth plane, as it were, by yielding up your life; on the spiritual side of life you will have to labour to undo all the mistakes committed while in the body. I will take you to a school where you will be taught and instructed what to do.

S.: I don't want to be deceived; I don't want any excuses. If you are intending taking me away, I don't want to be deceived about it.

Tom: Why, my dear sir, I have no object in deceiving you in any manner, and you cannot be harmed now. No one on the mortal side of life can harm you, and on the spiritual side no harm can come to you; all the unpleasantness you will have will be the reflections which will come to you of your acts committed while in the body. You sent them on before you. People every day are sending on acts and deeds which are sure to meet them when they come. This is all they have to meet. I speak as one who would speak from experience, for I have passed through the physical conditions of immortality, and I return as a spirit to help a brother up.

S.: And have you also died?

Tom: I have made the change called death, and return to the earth and use the organism of this young man here, so that I can reach those who are on the earth plane; for you are on the earth plane at present; you merely stepped out of your body, but did not move away from the earth.

S.: What music is that?

Tom: That is a box these people keep playing here.

S.: It sounds very pretty indeed.

Tom: Would you like to see me, Mr. Blake?

S.: I do see you.

Tom: Oh, no; you don't see me; you only see the young man.

S.: The young man?

Tom: Yes, the young man whose organism I am using to talk to you; and now you look right at the young man's head, and I will show you myself. You watch, and you will see.

S.: Oh, that is very strange indeed! That is marvellous! How can you do that? That is a very wonderful thing!

Mrs. F.: Did you see any person?

S.: Yes, ma'am. You saw it, didn't you?

Mrs. F.: No.

S.: Well, I suppose you have seen him, haven't you?

Mrs. F.: No, I never saw that spirit; we can't see as you can, because we are still in the mortal. It is all dark here to us. We can hear you talk, but we cannot see you.

S.: Young man, does that hurt you?

Mr. F.: What hurt me?

S.: When that man came out of you.

Mr. F.: Oh, no; not at all.

S.: How did you feel?

Mr. F.: Well, I don't know that I can describe the sensation to you; but I felt something like electric shocks—something of that kind.

S.: That is the most marvellous thing I ever saw in my life.

Mr. F.: We are people here who have friends in the spirit world, and we sit here for the purpose of communicating with all our spirit friends. My sister who has died comes and talks to us just the same as you are talking now, and this lady's daughter comes also. We are what is called spiritualists; I don't know whether you ever heard of them before.

S.: I have heard and seen a great deal of them, but I never saw a spirit go in and out of a person like that.

Mr. F.: We haven't left the form yet; we haven't made the change called death as you have; so, of course, we can't see those things as you can. We can't see you; we can only hear you speak.

S.: Well, I am surprised that I have made the change, died, or whatever it is; but I am glad also, for I can't have anything now that can possibly be as disagreeable and unpleasant as I have had; and I think there must be some change, because I begin to feel that there is.

Mr. F.: Yes, you have been brought here to learn what has happened to you. This lady has a daughter

who is a very bright, beautiful spirit, and who has been in spirit life a great many years; and it is her work to gather up poor, earth-bound souls, and bring them to her father's house; and we talk to them, and get them acquainted with what has happened to them.

Tom: Well, now, did you see me?

S.: I did see you. I think that is very strange indeed.

Tom: Didn't I tell you that I could prove to you anything that I said?

S.: Well, you have kept your word so far.

Tom: Your friends all love you, Mr. Blake.

S.: Well, I hope so.

Tom: You made many mistakes in your earth life.

S.: I suppose that is a mild way of putting it, but I know I have done a great many bad and wicked things.

Tom: I am sorry for you.

S.: I don't suppose that will do me any good.

Tom: Oh, yes, it will. Kindness, love, and sympathy do a great deal of good everywhere. There is a great deal of it on this side, but there is not near enough on the earth side.

S.: Yes, I did a great many bad things; but I don't believe that a man can help himself. It is of no use at all. I don't believe it is possible for anybody to do any different from what they do. God Almighty has put us in this world, and placed us in conditions where we are obliged to do things; and then he demands of us repentance for that we can't help. There is where it is hard. I have tried for my own sake, and I have tried for the sake of those who belong to me; but if you know about those things that we spoke of first, you know that I could not help it—it was forced right on me. I had to do it, and now what am I to do?

Tom: Yes, I understand; and now your past experience must be your guide for the future. If you go out and plant a garden with seeds, and a great many weeds come up with the kind of seeds you have sown, you are obliged to pull those weeds out if you want those seeds to thrive and grow. And so there were a great many weeds came up in your life, and now you must go to work and pull them up.



S.: Well, I might as well be pulling up weeds as anything else. If I know how, I will do it.

Tom: That is only a comparison.

S.: Well, I know, and accept it.

Tom: Yes, Bertha, I will help your papa all I can.

S.: What did you say?

Tom: I told Bertha I would help you all I could; she is so anxious.

S.: You told her! Why can't I see her?

Tom: Because you are in a different condition, and one spirit can't see another unless in the same condition—that is, the lower spirits can't see the higher spirits, only as they are able to take up the conditions so that they can present themselves to you. Perhaps, if you call her to speak to you, she might be able to; but, of course, I don't know whether she will be able to speak to you or not.

S.: Bertha! Bertha! If you are here, Bertha, speak to papa.

Bertha: Papa—papa—

S.: I would give all the years of my life—I would do anything—I would do everything, no matter what, to once more clasp that darling. Bertha! Bertha! Did she leave me?

Tom: She hasn't left you, but she is unable to speak more to you now. You have heard her voice, and, as you said, you would be willing to give all the years of your life to be able to clasp her to your arms once more. Well, you will be able to clasp her to your arms; but you will have to labour—it is worth working for. There is a long road between you and her which you will have to travel; there will be a great many obstacles in your way which you will have to surmount; but you know what is at the other end of your road. But it is worth working for, for every step will bring you nearer to her.

S.: God help me.

Tom: God will help you. God is a God of love, and he will help you, and we will all help you. Now, I will leave the young man, and will take you to the school.

S.: Well, I will go with you. I am ready and willing to do all that I can.

Tom : Now bid these kind, good friends " Good-night," who have sat here and given you of their strength and their force, that you have been able to speak and learn of your condition, and we will go.

S. : Good-bye, friends, and thank you.

Friends : Good-bye ; come again.

*Thank you, dear mamma, and all the dear friends present, for your kind assistance in our work. A great many persons have been benefited by what was said to-night.—*

EVA.

TUESDAY EVENING, JUNE 10, 1890.

*I have a very sad case to-night of a mother who killed her children and then herself. You must treat her very gently.*—EVA.

S.: What have I done?—Oh, my God! What have I done?—Oh, look at my dear ones! Oh, God! Oh, why did I do it?—Oh, baby! baby! baby! But what was I to do? Oh, I wish I had begged; but oh! the pride in my heart. Oh, it was so hard! It was so hard! Oh, baby! baby! If I could only rest—rest—

Mr. B.: You can rest after a little.

S.: Oh, sir! but what will I do?—Dear sir, what will I do?

Mr. B.: You made a very sad mistake.

S.: I did a dreadful thing.

Mr. B.: It can be corrected.

S.: I could not help it—I could not help it. Oh, it was dreadful! dreadful!

Mr. B.: You were partially out of your mind through trouble.

S.: Oh, I was most crazy. I couldn't see them starve—I couldn't see them starve—I couldn't ask for help. Oh, sir, pity me—pity me.

Mr. B.: I do pity you.

S.: Oh, I shall never find rest.

Mr. B.: You will find rest, and you will find your little ones. Your little ones are happy, and you will find them.

S.: Oh, sir, I didn't want to do it. I did it because I loved them so!—I loved them so!

Mr. B.: They love you, and you will have your little ones again by-and-by.

S.: Oh, sir, pray for me—pray for me.

Mr. B.: Yes, we will help you.

S.: Oh, you all feel that I am bad.

Mr. B.: Oh, no; we feel sorry for you. We feel that you made a mistake, but you didn't do it intentionally.

S.: Oh, sir, I didn't want to do it.

Mrs. B.: Has anything happened to yourself?

S.: Oh, I tried to put myself away. I thought it would be best for us all. Oh, the poverty, want, and suffering! And I could not ask for bread.

Mr. B.: You did put yourself away.

S.: I tried, dear sir.

Mr. B.: I know, but you did.

S.: Did I?

Mr. B.: Yes.

S.: I am still myself.

Mr. B.: I know, but you are in spirit life.

S.: Oh, no—no—I couldn't suffer like this.

Mr. B.: Yes, because you entered spirit life with just the same feelings that you left this life. Putting off your old body doesn't change your feelings any.

S.: Where is my baby?

Mr. B.: Your babies are taken care of and are happy, and you will see them after a little time.

S.: Oh, show them to me.

Mr. B.: They cannot approach you now, feeling as you do.

S.: Oh, I thank you—I thank you—I do thank you—You do pity me, don't you? Oh, pray for me—pray for me.

Mrs. B.: Yes, we will pray for you, and we will help you—to bring your little children to you.

S.: It is a dreadful thing! but I did it through the deep love I bore the dear little ones, and I thought I must end their suffering.

Mr. B.: You have spirit friends who pity you, and who brought you here this evening.

S.: Who brought me?

Tom: Good evening, Mrs. Lacy.

S.: Good evening, sir.

Tom: Now I am real glad that you are here, because these good, kind friends will do a great deal to help you. I feel sorry for you, and I can tell you something very nice. Don't you remember George?

S.: Oh, truly I do. If he had only lived—

Tom: Yes, I know; but he feels very sorry for you, and, do you know, the little ones are with him.

S.: Oh, that is beautiful! Oh, thank God for that!

Tom: And you will be there, too, in time. You will be reunited and happy.

S.: How do you know?

Tom: Because I know.

S.: Will God forgive me?

Tom: Yes, because God is a God of love.

S.: But how could I help it? What could I do?

Tom: I know it was a very sad mistake; but I don't know, under the circumstances, from your disposition and your make-up, that you could have done any different.

S.: I am very sorry, but what can I do?

Tom: Just keep quiet, and the friends will help you; but let me tell you, Mrs. Lacy, you have entered spirit life.

S.: Well, the gentleman told me that; but it seems as if everything is so cloudy.

Tom: That is owing to your condition; because you went out in that manner, and your mind was so troubled beforehand you took that condition with you. You have been brought here to be led to a place where you will be able to cast it off. Kind, loving, spirit friends have brought you here to this place, where you can get love and sympathy and the help that you need to start you to work out of these unpleasant conditions which surround you.

S.: Well, that is what I do need, sir, sympathy—sympathy——

Tom: You have entered a life now where everyone loves one another, where all work to help one another, when you get into the true spiritual atmosphere. Of course, there are many clouded minds, like yourself, on the earth plane; but in time you can work out of that up into the spiritual atmosphere, where you will be tenderly cared for, and you will have all the love and sympathy which your soul yearns for, and where you will be very happy.

S.: Do you know it?

Tom: Yes, because I have entered that life myself, and I can speak from experience.

S.: You speak kindly, and I thank you so much.

Tom: You were one of those unfortunate creatures of circumstances. You could not control circumstances; they controlled you, and worked you up to that state where you couldn't very well do otherwise than you did do.

S.: I tried very hard—I tried very hard; but it seemed as if everything was against me.

Tom: It would have been better had you put aside your pride; but that was part of your nature, which you inherited from your father; you know how proud he was.

S.: My father was a proud man. What's the light? What's the light I saw?

Tom: That is the light of the spirit friends who love you.

S.: Oh, that is beautiful! beautiful!

Tom: You watch that light; perhaps you may see somebody that you know in it. George has brought the little ones.

S.: It is gone—it is gone—it has disappeared.

Tom: Is your name Lucy?

S.: Yes, sir.

Tom: George says: "Tell dear Lucy I love her, and I pity and sympathise with her."

S.: Is George in heaven?

Tom: He is where it is very bright and beautiful. There is no heaven such as you were taught there was; but there is a very bright, beautiful place where you can live and be very happy.

S.: Oh, I saw it again—I saw it again.

Tom: You speak to George. He can hear you.

S.: Can he hear me?

Tom: Oh, yes, you talk to him.

S.: I don't like to speak to him.

Tom: Oh, yes, you will feel better if you speak to him. He loves you, and doesn't blame you for the act.

S.: George—George—George—It seems almost wicked for me to call.

Mrs. B.: Oh, no; he loves to have you call him.

Tom: He can see you.

S.: I don't see him.

Tom: No, not now; but you will be able to see him in time; but you will have to work out of this present condition that you are in, and I know that you will work to get where he is and the little ones are, because they are waiting to receive you; but you will have to be prepared—you will have to work to undo the mistakes.

S.: I can never undo it, it is done.

Tom: But you can make restitution.

S.: I would do anything I could to rectify it.

Tom: Friends will help you.

S.: There he is! There he is!

George (s.): Lucy, dear!

S.: Oh, George!

*We will not materialise her again to-night. She is in a condition now where her friends can put her in a magnetic sleep and control her brain.—EVA.*

SUNDAY EVENING, SEPTEMBER 21, 1890.

*We have a person who fell downstairs and killed himself; he was in liquor at the time. And there is another person whom we think we can bring at the same time.—EVA.*

S.: Oh! I guess I must have fainted away—I believe I have been insensible—I wonder where the old woman is. Do you know where she is?

Mrs. E.: No, I don't. Maybe she scolds you sometimes, does she?

S.: Yes, I guess she does. I wouldn't care if I broke my neck if she didn't find it out.

Mr. F.: Find what out?

S.: Why I fell downstairs.

Mr. F.: You did?

S.: Yes.

Mr. F.: How did you happen to fall downstairs?

S.: I don't know. Oh, golly! That hurts.

Mr. F.: That's too bad! Can we do anything for you?

S.: I wonder where she is?

Mr. F.: I don't know. Had you been taking a drop?

S.: She said so.

Mr. F.: You knew whether you had or not, didn't you?

S.: Well, can't help it very well.

Mr. F.: What if you had broken your neck?

S.: It wouldn't make much difference. She jawed me anyhow. When I was drunk she jawed me for being drunk, and when I wasn't drunk she jawed me because I wasn't drunk.

Mr. F.: Well, perhaps you might have given her a cause. Did she always scold you before you ever drank any?

S.: Well, you know, she's a good woman—she's a good woman.



Mr. B.: You said you wouldn't care if you had broken your neck, didn't you?

S.: Well, if she knew I fell down those stairs, I'll tell you what, she would raise hell with me.

Mr. F.: You are not afraid of her, are you?

S.: Oh, well, never mind. We won't talk about that any more.

Mr. F.: What would you think if you had broken your neck? Perhaps you did.

S.: I broke some of my bones; I feel awful sore.

Mr. F.: We will help you all we can. [Aside] Isn't he queer?

S.: Who's queer?

Mr. F.: Why, you don't talk very plain.

S.: Well, I talk as plain as anybody, don't I?

Mr. F.: No; you talk like a fellow that has had too much.

S.: Well, I am a little tired, you know.

Mr. F.: Oh, I thought you were going to say tight!

S.: All the same.

Mr. B.: About the same, isn't it?

S.: You know how it is.

Mr. B.: Yes.

Mr. F.: What's your name?

S.: My name is Drake.

Mr. F.: Where did you live?

S.: I live here.

Mr. F.: What's the name of the place?

S.: The name of the place is—why—what is the name of this place?

Mr. F.: The name of this place is Buffalo.

S.: I guess not.

Mr. F.: What is it, then?

S.: Well, I think it is—I think it ain't Buffalo, anyhow! I guess you know, don't you?

Mr. F.: Why, no! If it isn't Buffalo, I don't know what it is.

S. No. 2: Hello! Is that you, Drake?

S. No. 1: Hello! When did you come?

S. No. 2: I have been here for some time, but I can't find anybody. Do you know where my people are?

S. No. 1: Why, yes; I know your wife has gone to New York. She heard that you were dead.

S. No. 2: Who told her I was dead?

S. No. 1: She heard so. She sold everything and went to New York.

S. No. 2: Say, Drake, you are drunk, ain't you?

S. No. 1: Yes, I guess so. I fell downstairs and hurt myself.

S. No. 2: I am glad to see you, old fellow.

S. No. 1: I am glad to see you, too.

S. No. 2: I am sorry to see you used up so bad.

S. No. 1: I am not used up at all. I ain't used up, am I?

Mr. B.: No, you only feel tired.

S. No. 1: Yes, I am tired: you know, don't you? Yes, I'll bet you do!

S. No. 2: Say, how do you suppose my wife heard I was dead, when I am not dead? Drake, I can't tell how that is.

S. No. 1: I'll tell you. I guess I will have to lie down a little while; but if you will just inquire over there, I guess they can tell you where you can find your folks.

S. No. 2: How do you do, sir?

Mr. F.: How do you do?

S. No. 2: Can you tell me anything about my family, Mrs. John Williams? Did she use to live in this house?

Mr. F.: What is the name of the place?

S. No. 2: The name of the place is Williamsport.

Mr. F.: Well, I will inquire.

S. No. 2: Drake knew all about my family; but I can't do anything with him—he is tight.

S. No. 1: Don't you be telling any lies. You lie like the devil, and you know it!

Mr. F.: I will be very glad to help you; but I think something has occurred to you that you are not aware of, and that is the reason that you cannot find your friends at your old home.

S. No. 2: Drake said they informed my wife in my absence that I was dead, and I cannot understand it.

Mr. F.: Have you been sick, or has anything happened

to you that word of that kind might get started to your wife?

S. No. 2: Oh, no!

Mr. F.: Have you been in any danger at all—any accident?

S. No. 2: No, nothing of that sort.

Mr. F.: Were you ever troubled with heart disease?

S. No. 2: No, I am a perfectly sound man, sir.

S. No. 1: Don't be telling such stories as that. You are unsound in your head. He is a good enough fellow, but he don't always tell it just as it is.

Mr. F.: Mr. Drake, what makes you think he isn't sound in his head? (No answer.)

Well, I'll tell you, Mr. Williams, you are in Buffalo now; something must have occurred to you to be here.

S. No. 2: I can't understand it at all.

S. No. 1: You just made up your mind you never would understand it.

Mr. B.: Mr. Williams, you have made the change called death. You are in spirit life now. What day of the month do you remember last?

S. No. 2: Why, it is about the 30th.

Mr. B.: Of what month?

S. No. 2: August.

Mr. B.: This is the 21st day of September, and you are in Buffalo.

S. No. 2: Well, what in the world has happened to me?

S. No. 1: I'll tell you what's the matter with you; you are off.

Mr. B.: Mr. Williams, you made the change called death without knowing it—it came on so suddenly; and the life you are in now is so much like the life you left you haven't known any difference.

S. No. 2: Are you really telling me the truth? You are not joking with me?

Mr. B.: No, not at all. A great many people, when they are taken away from this life suddenly, don't know they have made the change for quite a little time sometimes. And you have been brought here for the purpose of bringing you to a realisation of your condition.

Mr. F.: And, Mr. Williams, Mr. Drake fell downstairs

and killed himself, and he doesn't know he has made the change.

S. No. 2: Is that possible?

S. No. 1: I fell down, but I didn't kill myself.

Mr. F.: Mr. Drake, when you fell downstairs you killed yourself.

S. No. 1: Well, I guess not.

Mr. F.: Oh yes; and that is why you could see Mr. Williams. You know Mr. Williams died.

S. No. 1: I know he isn't dead; I have seen him all right enough.

Mr. F.: Yes, because he is dead, and you are dead, too.

S. No. 1: Do you think you are going to fool me? The old woman told me I was dead, and she would like to get me buried.

Mr. F.: Mr. Drake, it is really so, or how could you see Mr. Williams? You know Mr. Williams is dead, and if you were living you wouldn't be able to see him.

S. No. 2: Come, Drake, let's find out about this.

Mr. B.: I suppose you have heard of spiritualists, Mr. Williams?

S. No. 1: Yes, sir.

Mr. B.: We are spiritualists sitting here in a circle in a room perfectly dark. Can you see us?

S. No. 2: Yes, I can see you.

Mr. B.: We cannot even see our own hand before our eyes. And you are proving the truth of spiritualism to us by being a spirit and talking to us.

S. No. 2: You speak like a gentleman; I am bound to ——

Mr. B.: We are telling you the truth; and before you leave this place you will be satisfied that it is true.

S. No. 2: But I see nothing to indicate that I have died; but still, there is something peculiar.

Mr. B.: I think, perhaps, the spirit friends may be able to illustrate to you. Hold one of your hands up, and look at it closely, and see if you don't lose some of it.

S. No. 2: Oh, my hand is partly gone! How in the world is it?

Mr. B.: It is because you are a spirit; and in order to

enable you to speak to us they clothe you with material temporarily, and at my request they withdrew it for the time being.

S. No. 2: If I have passed through death, and am able to converse with you, then is it not possible for me to converse with my family?

Mr. B.: It would be if they were to make the proper conditions for you; but not knowing how, they probably won't be able to do it.

S. No. 2: You say I am clothed for the time being?

S. No. 1: Yes. Ha-ha-ha-ha! Put on your clothes! put on your clothes!

Mr. B.: We are holding these circles in connection with our spirit friends on the other side, who brought you here to assist you to realise your condition.

S. No. 2: Well, that is very pleasant and kind of you. I'll tell you, this is very serious.

Mr. F.: Mr. Drake doesn't know that he has made the change; he isn't aware of it at all.

S. No. 2: Say, Drake!

S. No. 1: What do you want?

S. No. 2: Come, get up now, Drake, and let's reason together, won't you? These people are telling me things that are very wonderful; they say that you and I have both died. Won't you, now?

S. No. 1: Get hold of me, and I will get right up. Well, I feel better now—ever so much better. What is it about it?

Mr. F.: You were killed when you fell downstairs.

S. No. 1: Well, it don't make much difference.

Mr. F.: I guess you will be better off now.

S. No. 1: I can't be much worse off. Do you really mean that I am dead?

Mr. B.: Yes.

S. No. 1: How does the old woman feel about it?

Mr. B.: I don't know; we are in Buffalo; we don't know people in Williamsport.

S. No. 1: I wish I had a drink.

Mrs. B.: There's some water over there.

S. No. 1: In that tub?

Mrs. B.: Yes; that is clean water.

S. No. 1: I guess I'll get a drink. Say, Williams, what are you sitting there crying for?

Mrs. B.: It's of no use to cry, Mr. Williams, because you have entered a life now that is much more beautiful than the one you have left.

S. No. 1: Why, yes, I guess it is all right.

Mrs. B.: Did you get a drink?

S. No. 1: Yes'm; I feel better, too.

Tom: Now, I'll tell you what it is, gentlemen; I will come and talk to you a little bit.

S. No. 1: Go right on.

Tom: You have both entered a new life.

S. No. 1: Well, that is what I have been wanting for a long time, is a new life. I'll tell you, this old life is a d—— hard one.

Tom: You made it hard by putting into your body what you ought not to.

S. No. 1: Well, I guess that is so.

Tom: Mr. Drake, would you like to see Lucy?

S. No. 1: Why, yes, I would like to see her well enough.

Tom: How would you like to see John?

S. No. 1: John is a bully fellow.

Tom: If you try real hard, perhaps, you can go where they are after a time. I want you and Mr. Williams to go with me. I will take you in charge, and I will take you to a place where you will learn about the new life you have entered—learn of the duties pertaining to it, and learn what to do to correct the mistakes you made in your former life.

S. No. 1: Well, that is real good: I feel as if I would like that. I guess I will go with you. Come on, John, let's go and see what he wants to do with us.

Tom: I am going to take you to a place where you can rest, where you can get sobered up first; and then I will take you to a school where you will learn, because you have entered a new life now, and by working hard you can go where it is very pleasant; but you will have to work.

S. No. 1: I think we are pretty old to go to school.

Tom: Oh, no, not this kind of a school, because you

have entered an entirely new life now, and you will have to learn about it; and there are many good, kind spirit friends who will be very kind to you and help you. You have entered a life now that is very natural—just the same in many respects as the one you left off; and you have got to begin this life where you left off the other. Now, Mr. Williams and Mr. Drake, I am going to show you myself as a spirit.

S. No. 1: I see you now.

Tom: No, you only see the young man.

Mr. B.: This isn't the gentleman that was talking to you a little while ago. This is a spirit.

S. No. 1: Well, I see him just the same. That's no spirit.

Mr. B.: You watch the young man's head, and he will show you.

S. No. 1: Well, that's funny, to be sure! Say, look here! Do you know that you could make your eternal fortune by doing that?

Mr. B.: He can't do it. What do you see?

S. No. 1: It appears like a little bit of smoke, and then it forms into a man.

Mr. B.: That man is the spirit who was talking to you. You watch him, and you will see him go back into him.

S. No. 1: Go back into him! Go on! You are a good big fellow. Now go back into him.

Mr. B.: That spirit is larger than the young man, isn't he?

S. No. 1: Oh, yes. Well, that is a funny thing! Oh my! oh my! Say, Williams, I'll swear to God that you have seen something that you never saw before. Is that the way you all do at this place? Shoot out and shoot in?

Mr. B.: Oh, no, only this one.

S. No. 1: Say, Williams, isn't that a strange thing? Now he's going in. He's like a mud turtle.

Mr. B.: Is Mr. Williams looking at it?

S. No. 1: Yes, he's looking.

Tom: Well, now, did you see me?

S. No. 1: If that was you, I saw you.

Tom: That was me. Now, you will go with me, won't you?

S. No. 1: I will be glad to go with you.

Tom: And Mr. Williams?

S. No. 2: Yes, sir, I will go with you.

Tom: I will help you both all I can.

S. No. 1: I'll tell you what it is—I am real glad if there is anything better in this life for me. It has been a hard pull, and I didn't want to be a burden to the folks. They used to say that I was drunk, and all this; but I couldn't help it very well. I'll tell you what it is—I used to get tight.

Tom: You will be better off now. You can get rid of that appetite.

S. No. 1: Say, I am dropping all to pieces. Isn't that queer?

*We have gathered quite a number of such as these together to-night, and they have all received instructions at the same time.—EVA.*



THURSDAY EVENING, SEPTEMBER 18, 1890.

*We are bringing a poor soul who passed out but a short time ago ; we find him very peculiar. His father, mother, and sister are here.*—EVA.

S.: Say! That fellow has gone off with my boots. By G——! I'll lick him.

Mrs. B.: He shan't have your boots. You must have your own boots.

S.: Yes, I want them. Now, I would like to know how he got my boots. I'll bet a hundred dollars Sal gave him those boots.

Mr. F.: What would she give away your boots for?

S.: It's just like her.

Mr. F.: She must be very generous, isn't she?

S.: Oh, she doesn't know anything. That's what is the matter with her.

Mr. F.: If she doesn't know anything, perhaps then she isn't responsible for what she does.

S.: She wants to be taught something. Say! look here! Bring those boots back, you d—— fool. Come back here with them.

Mrs. B.: He is queer, isn't he?

S.: Who is queer?

Mrs. B.: Lots of people.

S.: That's a fact.

Mr. F.: Don't you think you are a little queer?

S.: Well, if I am, it's my own business.

Mr. F.: I suppose it is. You are one of those smart kind.

S.: That's my own business, too.

Mr. F.: Yes, I know it is. You are full of business.

S.: Well, that is more than you are.

Mr. F.: Oh, no, I am very busy.

S.: Yes, you say so; but we will leave it to somebody else.

Mr. B.: You seem to be a jolly fellow.

S.: Well, what would be the use of being anything else? But I want my boots.

Mr. F.: I would like to know what you want your boots for?

S.: I want them because they are mine. Isn't that enough?

Mr. F.: Wouldn't you let the poor fellow have a pair of boots if he didn't have any?

S.: No. If I wanted him to have my boots, I could give them to him myself.

Mr. F.: Just let him wear them for a little while, and break them in for you.

S.: I don't want them broke in.

Mr. F.: Well, they are gone, and I am afraid you will have a hard time finding them.

S.: I'll wallop him when I get him!

Mrs. B.: He isn't to blame, if Sal gave them to him.

S.: What do you know about it?

Mrs. B.: Nothing at all, only I think the boy shouldn't be pounded if Sal gave him the boots.

S.: I don't know whether she did or not; I thought maybe she did.

Mr. F.: I wouldn't get so excited if I were you.

S.: I never get excited.

Mr. F.: Are you cool?

S.: No, I am not very cool.

(*Mr. F. makes some noise.*)

S.: What's the matter—have you got the stomach-ache? [To Mr. B.] Is he sick?

Mr. B.: Oh, no! he is all right. You will hear from him very soon.

S.: I heard from him just about as much as I want to.

Mr. B.: You will hear something now. You watch him, and see if he talks to you the same that he did before. He is a very peculiar man. He can talk Indian, Irish, or Yankee.

S.: Can he talk American?

Mr. B.: Yes; he did talk American to you.

S.: Yes, he did.

Mr. B.: He can talk Indian just as well.

S.: I don't want him to talk Indian, because I don't understand it.

Mr. B.: He can talk Irish, too.

S.: I don't know but what I might understand that; I have had some experience in that line.

Mr. B.: When he talks Irish, he talks good, sound sense; he will tell you some things you don't know about.

S.: Well, I know most everything.

Tom: Come right here, then; I would like to see a man that knows most everything!

S.: Thunder and damnation!

Tom: Turn around, and let me see if you have got a hump on your back! So much knowledge ought to make you one-sided.

S.: Oh, mercy! He's a ripper, isn't he?

Tom: Come here, John!

S.: Hold on; I want to see what this young lady is doing here! What are you doing, Miss?

Mrs. E.: I am trying to take down what that man says. It is pretty hard work sometimes—don't you think so?

S.: Can you get in the r—r—r—rip? Go ahead! Let her fly!—let her fly!

Mr. B.: This Irishman seems to know you. You must be an old acquaintance.

S.: I never knew him in my life!

Mr. B.: How did he know your name?

S.: Oh, he guessed it!

Mr. B.: He can guess your other name right, too. He can guess your father's name, and your mother's, and your sister's.

S.: Say, do you know my father? Say, you Irish b——, you!

Mrs. B.: He's a gentleman, if he is an Irishman!

S.: Say, Pat, he has subsided!

Mrs. B.: You talk to him nice, and then he will answer you.

S.: Say, you gentleman, do you know my father? Do you know my mother?

Tom: Why, yes; I have seen them.

S.: When did you see them?

Tom: I saw them here.

S.: No, you didn't!

Tom: See here, don't you contradict me!

S.: Yes, I will! You never saw my mother and father here!

Tom: You don't know!

S.: Yes, I do! You don't think I am a d—— fool, do you?

Tom: No; but I think you are very foolish.

S.: Oh, pshaw!—oh, pshaw!

Tom: I'll tell you what I think you are! You are a d—— fool in your own conceit!

S.: In my own conceit?

Tom: Yes, because you think you are so smart, and know so much; and when you come right down to it you don't know "A" yet!

S.: I didn't say I knew everything, but I have seen a good deal. I see that you want to have a row with me.

Tom: No, I don't!

S.: You are trying to get up a row—that's the Irish of it! Oh, G—— d—— them! I hate them!

Tom: I would like to know what you are. If I was guilty of going down to Sue's and raising a row down there, as you did, I wouldn't say much about rows.

S.: I only had a little fun, that's all.

Tom: Yes, you had fun enough at Mag's expense. You treated her dirty mean; and if I had been there I would have wrung your neck!

S.: You couldn't do it!

Tom: I would like to know if I couldn't do it!

S.: It takes somebody to do that!

Tom: You come right here now!

S.: Well, maybe I will, and maybe I won't! He thinks he can say "Come!" and I will come! If you want me, you can just come right out here!

Tom: I am looking you over to see what you are made of.

S.: Well, look away!

Tom: You have got a great big bump of conceit on one side.

S.: Oh, I have! On which side?

Tom: On your right side, where you can have it handy.

S.: I haven't laid a straw in your way. You have made up your mind to quarrel with me.

Tom: No; I tell you you are a curiosity to me, because I never saw a man quite like you before.

S.: I don't suppose you did. I never saw a man quite like you, either.

Tom: Well, we are both learning something. We are both getting an experience to-night that will be a benefit to you and to me. Say, I want to ask you a question, right here now! Who is Lucy?

S.: Lucy who?

Tom: Why, don't you know her?

S.: I know a Lucy, but she is not here.

Tom: She isn't?

S.: No; how could she be?

Tom: She could be here, just the same as you are here.

S.: Oh, no; she died long ago!

Tom: How did you get here?

S.: I walked here, of course.

Tom: Did you walk barefooted, or with your boots on?

S.: I don't know as that is any of your business.

Tom: Look down at your feet now, and see what you have got on them.

S.: Why, I have got my socks on!

Tom: Where are your boots?

S.: That d—— fool has got them! I told you that before. You needn't ask any questions about that. But my socks haven't got holes in, and yours have.

Tom: How do you know?

S.: I'll bet you! Just pull off your boots, and let's look!

Tom: You don't see me. Now I will show you something!

S.: What are you going to show me?

Tom: Look right at the young man's head, and I will show you.

S.: Ha-ha-ha-ha!—the d—— fool has set fire to his head!

Mr. B.: That is the Irishman coming out of him!

S.: Oh, crackie! That's a queer thing, isn't it? Well, that is the devil himself!

S.: That is no man!

Tom: Yes, that is the man that has been talking to you. You watch him, and you will see him go back again.

S.: That's funny!

Mr. B.: Did he go back again?

S.: No, he's standing up there. I never saw anything like that in my life. There! he's sucking him in! He's sucking him in! That's a good trick.

Mr. B.: It isn't a trick at all. There is no trick about it.

S.: Well, then, how could he go out through his head and come back through his head?

Mr. B.: He's a spirit.

S.: A spirit!

Mr. B.: Yes, this Irish spirit takes possession of the young man and talks through him.

S.: Well, that's a queer thing, upon my word! I never saw anything like that before. That is a strange thing!

Mr. B.: It is worth thinking about, isn't it?

S.: It certainly is.

Mr. B.: This spirit has seen your father, mother, and sister, and can tell you about them.

Tom: Well, now, did you see me?

S.: I should say I did.

Tom: You see, then, I don't have to wear socks.

S.: You don't!

Tom: Why, no; because I am a spirit in spirit life. We don't have to wear material clothes such as you wore when you were in the body.

S.: Why do you go into that man and come out of him in that way? Where is the man?

Tom: The man is here just the same. I am simply using his organism to talk to you. Because if I were to talk to you as a spirit, until you are prepared and under-

stand what has happened to you, you wouldn't understand me.

S.: What has happened to me?

Tom: Well, there has something happened to you, and I will tell you.

S.: The gentleman said you could tell me something about my people—my father and mother.

Tom: Yes, I can.

S.: What can you tell me about them?

Tom: They are happy, and they send their love to you, and they want to help you all they can.

S.: Well, by G——, I need help badly sometimes. I tell you, I have had a hard road of it, but I am not going to give up.

Tom: Say, John, Hannah is here.

S.: Is she? How does she look?

Tom: She is beautiful.

S.: Is she happy?

Tom: Yes; she is very happy.

S.: Well, I am glad she is happy. Well—well—well. That is strange, too, isn't it?

Tom: No, there is nothing strange about it. Didn't you suppose that your father and your mother, and all your people that belonged to you, lived after they died?

S.: Well, I didn't know; I supposed they went to heaven.

Tom: You don't suppose because they left their old body they are going to forget they loved you, do you?

S.: Well, I don't know.

Tom: Do you think if you got out of your old body you would forget little Flora?

S.: Well, if I was myself I wouldn't, of course.

Tom: Who is it that gets out of your body but yourself?

S.: I can't tell that, you know.

Tom: It wouldn't be anybody else but you. Say, John, I have got something queer to tell you. It will seem queer to you.

S.: Well, tell me.

Tom: Now, don't get excited. Do you know, John,

there are lots of folks that die, get out of their body, and don't know it?

S.: Well, maybe they don't know anything; perhaps that is the end of them.

Tom: Oh, no, because if it was it would have been the end of me, and I have been out of the body a good while; and I know that we live for ever, and keep growing and progressing and learning more and more of the wonderful knowledge of God.

S.: Well, that is all right enough if everybody is well off; but if they have to go down with "The Old Gentleman" it isn't quite so pleasant.

Tom: There is no such thing. Those teachings are erroneous. But, of course, you have got to reap just what you sow. I was telling you, you remember, that sometimes people make the change called death and don't know it.

S.: Yes, you were saying that.

Tom: I have seen a good many of them, and to-night I am having the same experience, coming in contact with a spirit who has left the body without being aware of it; and this spirit returns to earth and talks to mortals with all the assurance that he had when in the body, which, of course, is quite natural, taking up the last thought he had when he left the body, when he came in tired and he took off his boots, and then he lay down. Then he thought: "Well, now I will get up and go out and see about that grain." And he went around hunting for his boots, but he couldn't find them. Do you know such an individual?

S.: Well, I had that experience. What are you trying to make out of that? Of course, I lost my boots.

Tom: Don't you remember, you took them off, and you were tired?

S.: Why, yes, I took them off.

Tom: And you lay down on the couch, and you felt kind of queer?

S.: Yes.

Tom: Well, you burst your boiler.

S.: What did you say?

Tom: You left the body.



S.: I left the body!

Tom: Yes, you did.

S.: Do you mean that I am dead?

Tom: Yes, I do.

S.: Oh, God Almighty! Jesus Christ!

Tom: What are you talking that way for? That is the reason you can't find your boots. Your father, your mother, Lucy, and all your friends are here to-night, and they have been the means of your being brought here so that you could talk to these people here and they talk to you, and make you understand what has happened to you.

S.: This is a staggerer! Great God! if I am dead—

Tom: Say, John—

S.: Well, go on.

Tom: Now you look at your hand real sharp, will you, and you will see the material dissolve that your spirit is clothed with, which enables you to speak; now, watch close, and you will see this material melt away from your hand. Now do you see?

S.: Yes, yes. It's gone—it's gone. By God! it's gone. I'm not all going away, am I? Am I all going?

*(He is dematerialised and then rematerialised.)*

S.: Well, I am here again. This is the Doxology. There is no use in talking.

Tom: You see, John, they have clothed your spirit now with that material, so that you can speak. There is a great work being done here. Spirits gather here and try to help those who don't understand they have made the change, and try to help the poor creatures that are in sorrow, darkness, and despair up into the bright sunlight, and give them all the consolation, love, and kindness they can.

S.: Well, if I am dead—and I guess I am—I guess I am dead.

Tom: You have made the change called death, but there is no real death; you are just the same, John, just as much alive as ever.

S.: Where are my father and mother? Tell them I want to see them.

Tom: I don't know whether you can see them just

now, but you can speak to them, and they can hear every word you say, because they are the means of your being brought here to-night. They were aware of your condition, and wanted to help you out of that condition (that is the great work that is being done here), so you were brought here because the conditions are made here when your spirit can be clothed with the material which enables you to speak as you have spoken to-night. Your father and mother and all your friends are very anxious to have you become acquainted with your condition, so that you can take up the duties pertaining to the life which you have now entered.

S.: Well, I don't know; it is a little startling to find that you are dead. What is to come?

Tom: You will review your whole life—your deeds and your acts. You painted pictures, as it were?

S.: No, I never painted a picture in my life.

Tom: Not in that way; but a person's thoughts, acts, and deeds are recorded. They belong to you, they are part of your life. All your experiences are yours, and you will take them up and review them. You will have just the kind of place that you made. It will be like you. You will recognise your home, because it will be so like you. Say, John, just look up to your right there, and tell me if you see anything?

S.: Yes, I see the moon.

Tom: Is it full?

S.: Yes.

Tom: Well, then, it isn't the moon, because it is now only in its first quarter here.

S.: Well, it is a full moon, anyhow.

Tom: It looks like a moon to you? Now you watch.

S.: Yes, I see.

Tom: What do you see?

S.: I see my mother! I see my father! Father! I couldn't help it.

Mrs. F.: He will be happy to think you spoke to him.

S.: Why do they go away? Why do they disappear?

Tom: They have not gone away. They came into your condition, and took up the condition which surrounded you, and then you could see them; but when

your condition was removed from them you could not see them, and you thought they had gone away; but they are here just the same.

S.: Will I be able to see them?

Tom: Oh, yes, in a little time; you will be taught what to do. You will be taken charge of by good, kind spirits, and I will help you all I can. When I leave the young man, I will take you by the hand, and I will show you what to do first.

S.: That is kind of you.

Tom: Oh, no; I love to do it. You are not the only one who has got a lesson to-night; there are a good many others who don't understand they have made the change, and I am going to take you all together, because I know you will all go with me.

S.: I feel awful shaky.

Tom: Yes; that material is going to be taken from you, and then you will go with me.

Mother (s.): John!

S.: Who is that?

Tom: Don't you know who that is?

S.: Yes, I do know. Mother! Mother! Well, I hope it is all right; but it is very strange, isn't it?

Mr. B.: Yes, it is a strange experience; but you have entered a beautiful life, and you will be pleased when you realise what it is.

S.: Will you go with me?

Tom: Yes, I will help you; it will be all right. Now bid the kind friends "Good-night," because they have helped you, too.

S.: Good-night, friends!

Friends: Good-night!

THURSDAY EVENING, SEPTEMBER 25, 1890.

*We will bring a lady to-night.*—EVA.

S.: Oh, friends! friends!

Friends: Good evening!

S.: Good evening! Oh dear! oh dear!

Mr. F.: What is the matter?

S.: Oh dear! What will I do? What will I do?

Mr. F.: Can we help you?

S.: I don't know.

Mr. F.: What is the matter?

S.: I can't do anything. I don't know; I cannot understand it; I suppose it must be that I am dead. I cannot be reconciled. It must not be—it must not be.

Mr. F.: You are not dead. You are just as much alive as ever you were.

S.: Oh dear! It is the most dreadful thing that ever was.

Mr. F.: What is, to die?

S.: Why, certainly it is.

Mr. F.: Why, no, it can't be such a dreadful thing.

S.: Oh, yes, it is. You don't know anything about it. It is dreadful!

Mr. F.: You have entered a life now that is very beautiful.

S.: Oh, no. You are only cut off and deprived of everything you loved. I tell you, dear friends, you don't know what it is.

Mr. F.: There is a beautiful life before you that you don't see now.

S.: I cannot understand it.

Mr. F.: We feel very sorry for you, and we will assist you all we can.

S.: I don't suppose you can assist me.

Mr. F.: Haven't you any friends that have died that you would like to see?

S.: Yes; I had a world of friends, but I can't make them see me.

Mr. F.: In a short time your friends will come where you are; because, don't you know, we all of us have to make that change? I think it will be better for you to try and look about you, and interest yourself in something in the life you are in now.

S.: How can I be interested when every interest is in this world, and I am so that I can't take hold of anything? Why, it is the most dreadful thing you ever knew.

Mr. F.: It must be, and we feel very sorry for you; but you must realise that someone is taking very great interest in you, because you are communicating with people that have not made the change; we are mortals.

S.: Is that so?

Mr. F.: Yes; and there are laws of communicating with mortals, and you can learn those laws.

S.: You just tell him to come right here; I want to speak to him.

Mr. F.: Who?

S.: James.

Mr. F.: I don't know him. You are a perfect stranger to us, and we are sitting here for the purpose of communicating with spirits.

S.: It was so hard to die. I was determined I wouldn't die.

Mr. F.: That has made it hard for you.

Mr. B.: Haven't you friends in spirit life, who have gone before you, that you would like to see?

S.: I have friends, yes.

Mr. B.: Wouldn't you like to see them?

S.: Oh, I have most forgotten them; the world was so dear to me.

Mrs. B.: This gentleman has a daughter over there, and she wouldn't come back here for anything.

S.: Perhaps she wasn't situated as I was.

Mrs. B.: She had everything that heart could wish for.

S.: I feel she must have felt bad.

Mrs. B.: She felt bad, of course, when she went out; but now she wouldn't come back, it is so beautiful where she is. You will see her; she told us you were coming here to-night. She is a beautiful angel.

S.: I haven't seen her.

Mrs. B.: You will see her.

Tom: See here, Miss Nellie.

S.: Yes, sir.

Tom: Do you know that little Lulu is here?

S.: I don't see her.

Tom: No, you don't see her, but she is here.

S.: I would like very much to see her.

Tom: She's a dear little creature. You loved her, didn't you?

S.: I loved her—I love her—I do love her.

Tom: And she loves you; and, do you know, she is real glad you have come to her.

S.: She shouldn't feel glad, because she must know what a disappointment it was to me—that it was good for me to stay.

Tom: She loves you so much, and she knows and realises that your body was diseased, and could not hold your spirit any more; and had you got well you would always have been an invalid; you couldn't have gone about the way you did before you got sick.

S.: Do you really believe that?

Tom: I know it. Lulu told me that, had you not died, you would always have been an invalid; and then James would have tired of you.

S.: I don't think he could. How could he? How could he?

Tom: He would have tired of you because you couldn't go around the way you used to; and, you know, he was a frivolous fellow, always wanting to be on the go.

S.: He was full of life, but he was not frivolous.

Tom: In that way he was; and, let me tell you, you will bless the day you entered the new life. Grandma Perkins is glad you have come.

S.: Oh dear! Oh dear!

Tom: Don't you remember Grandma?

S.: Why, certainly I do.

Tom: You have lots of folks over here that love you. You don't know half the beautiful things in the life you have now entered.

S.: I don't see them.

Tom: No, because you are in such an excited condition. You didn't want to die.

S.: I didn't want to die. I was right there. It was not right to take me away.

Tom: You know, you were careless and reckless, and took that cold and had that cough.

S.: Who plays the piano?

Mrs. B.: I don't know.

S.: That is beautiful, isn't it?

Mrs. B.: I can't hear it.

Mr. B.: That music is for you. It is heavenly music.

S.: It is heavenly—very. I guess the gentleman knows who plays, don't you?

Tom: Oh, yes; that is Flora!

S.: Dear! dear! Isn't that lovely?

Tom: You remember Flora?

S.: Why, certainly I do! Can she play like that?

Tom: She can now.

S.: Oh, that is beautiful!

Tom: This is a beautiful life you have entered, when you come to realise it, and grow to it—because it is all growth; every day and every hour of your existence now something new will come into your life which will make you more happy. You were brought here to-night for the purpose of partially working out of that unpleasant condition which you passed out of the body under.

S.: Can I go in that room where Flora is?

Tom: Yes; your friends will take charge of you and teach you about the new life, and show you many beautiful things which will interest you. And I am sure, after a short time, you will begin to feel that all things are well and right with you.

S.: Hear! hear! Isn't that beautiful? Would you, please, go with me?

Tom: Yes, I will go with you.

S.: I don't think I can go there. It is too rough, isn't it? Could you help me?

Tom: I will take you to a beautiful garden——

S.: No! no!—I want to go where Flora is!

Tom: You will have to wait a little. One thing you will have to learn is patience.

S.: I want to go now! I must go!—I must go!

Tom: You will have to work to go where she is.

S.: Please take me where she is, will you?

Tom: It is very beautiful where she is, but she has got there through patience and through labour. You will have to perform some duties first before you can have the reward.

S.: Must I be alone?

Tom: Oh, no! you will have good, kind, loving friends to teach you, as fast as your spirit can take it up, of the duties pertaining to the life you have now entered.

S.: I wish that you would, please, take me there! Please, won't you?

Tom: You speak to Flora—she can hear you.

S.: Do you think she could hear me?

Tom: To be sure, she can hear you!

S.: Flora!—Flora! She doesn't hear me.

Tom: Oh, yes, she does!

S.: Why doesn't she answer me?

Tom: Perhaps she can't now. You call to her again.

S.: Flora!—

Flora (s.): Come!—come!—

S.: You will take me now?

Tom: Yes, I will take you; but it will take a little time to get there. Didn't you hear her? She told you to come.

S.: Come, take me!—take me!—please, take me!

Tom: She told you to come.

S.: I can't go alone. Take me!—take me!—do, please, take me!

Tom: Yes, I will take you; but you can't go there all at once. I will take you where you will be taught how to go to her.

S.: Do—please, do!

Tom: Yes, I will. I want you to realise that you have entered a very beautiful life—a life of endless progression, where at every advancing step something beautiful will be revealed to you of the glories and wonders of the great universe which is all about you. Will you go now?

S.: Yes.



Tom : Bid these kind friends " Good evening," and we will go.

S. : Good evening, friends! Good evening!—good evening!

Friends : Good evening! Come and see us again!

SUNDAY, OCTOBER 19, 1890.

*We bring a young lady who feels very bad. She doesn't know she has made the change.—EVA.*

S.: Dear me! I feel as if I am a perfect wanderer. I have no home—nobody will notice me!

Mr. B.: Come and stay with me; I will give you a home! We will notice you.

S.: They don't notice me at home.

Mr. B.: The trouble with that is there has something happened to you.

S.: I know there has something happened to me, but I can't tell what it is.

Mr. B.: Don't you remember being sick?

S.: Yes, sir, I have been sick.

Mr. B.: Would you be surprised if you had passed over?

S.: Passed over where?

Mr. B.: Made the change called death.

S.: I don't think it could be.

Mr. B.: You know you were very sick.

S.: Yes, I have been very sick; but I can't tell——

Mr. B.: You did make the change called death.

S.: Oh, that is dreadful!—isn't it? Is this heaven?

Mr. B.: Not at present; but you will soon find the heaven you made for yourself. Everyone in earth life makes their own heaven.

S.: I can't think of such a thing! I don't want to die! I can't die!—I can't die!

Mr. B.: You were not afraid to die, were you?

S.: Yes, sir; I didn't want to die. I can't die!—I can't die!

Mr. B.: You have made the change; you have passed through all.

S.: Oh, no, no, no! I am here just the same.

Mr. B.: You don't know where you are. What place do you think you are in?

S.: Oh, dear! oh, dear! It seems so dreadful!

Mrs. B.: Our daughter is over there. She told us you

were coming. She is in spirit life, too, and she is very happy.

S.: I didn't want to go to spirit life. It can't be! To think I have been sick, and have been neglected, and everything is all wrong! They don't even recognise me!

Mr. B.: The reason they don't recognise you is that they can't see you. When you were in earth life you couldn't see your friends that had passed over; they couldn't make you understand—you couldn't see them.

S.: I know I couldn't see them.

Mr. B.: Well, it is with you just the same—they cannot see you; you have made the change called death.

S.: I can't have it so!—I can't have it so! I wanted to take that journey so bad!

Mr. B.: Dear friend, what journey were you going to take?

S.: I was going to California.

Mrs. B.: I was there last fall.

S.: Isn't it a beautiful country?

Mrs. B.: Yes. You can go yet.

S.: Oh, I hope so!—I hope so!

Mrs. B.: I know you can.

S.: What time of the year were you there?

Mrs. B.: In November.

S.: Was it lovely?

Mrs. B.: Yes; it was rainy part of the time.

S.: I have heard they have a rainy season there. Oh, I set my heart on going!

Mrs. B.: You can go there in spirit life, and other places, too.

S.: I don't feel at all as if I could be dead; I am just as live as ever. Don't tell me that—I can't bear it!

Mr. B.: You expected to live after death, didn't you?

S.: I didn't know. I couldn't think how it would be.

Mr. B.: Of course you couldn't! You only left your old body when you passed over, and now you have a spiritual body; you are just the same.

S.: Oh, I feel wretched!—I feel miserable! What will I do?

Mr. B.: Where did you live?

S.: I lived right here.

- Mr. B.: What is the name of the city?
- S.: Why, I lived right here in New York.
- Mr. B.: You are in Buffalo, N.Y., now. Do you know where Buffalo is?
- S.: Yes, sir, I have been there.
- Mr. B.: You are there now.
- S.: No, sir—no, sir.
- Mrs. B.: You are in Porter Avenue, up in the third story of this gentleman's house.
- S.: I don't understand it at all.
- Mrs. B.: This gentleman's daughter will tell you all about it; you will see her; she is a beautiful spirit like yourself.
- S.: Oh, no—no—no—
- Mr. B.: You will drop these bad feelings very quickly, and be pleased to know that you have made the change. You have entered a new life, and you have been brought here to be instructed in it.
- S.: A new life?
- Mr. B.: Yes, new surroundings; you are in spirit life now.
- S.: I see nothing new. I only feel that I have been very sick, and I feel very tired. I feel very ill, and my friends have neglected me.
- Mr. B.: No, they haven't. They have buried your old body.
- S.: Oh dear! That is a dreadful thing! I am so afraid!
- Mrs. B.: Oh, no; you have loving friends that will take care of you. There's nothing to be afraid of.
- S.: If someone would only pray for me.
- Mrs. B.: We will pray for you.
- S.: Oh, do. Do you think I am going to get well? Ask the Lord to restore me to health, please do.
- Mrs. B.: Yes, you will be restored very soon.
- S.: Oh, you are a kind lady.
- Mrs. B.: I want to be. I want to do all I can to help you.
- Mr. B.: I speak to you as I do because I think it will be for your good.
- S.: I know there has something happened to me, but it doesn't seem like death.
- Mr. B.: Of course, you have no definite idea of death;

you have no means of knowing; but as long as anything is inevitable, it is better to accept the situation and do the best you can.

S.: Who are these people I see?

Mr. B.: We can't see them, because we are sitting in a room that is perfectly dark. It isn't dark to you, is it?

S.: No; it isn't very light, but it isn't dark.

Mrs. B.: Dear friend, did you ever hear of spiritualists?

S.: Yes, ma'am.

Mrs. B.: That's what we are, and we are sitting here to try and help you.

S.: That accounts for your talking so strangely.

Mrs. B.: We are sitting here to make the conditions so that you can talk to us. By-and-by you won't be able to speak to us.

S.: That's a very strange thing, isn't it?

*(She is dematerialised.)*

S.: Oh, yes, something has happened to me.

Mr. B.: For a few moments you couldn't speak to us, could you?

S.: No, something fell off from me; still I was myself all the same.

Mr. B.: You are partially materialised so that you can speak to us, and that that you felt fall from you is the material your spirit is clothed with. We are mortals here.

S.: Could I speak to my friends?

Mr. B.: They don't know that you are with them. They don't understand how to make the proper conditions for you to speak to them.

S.: Dear, that is a dreadful thing.

Mr. B.: Haven't you friends in spirit life whom you love, and whom you would like to see?

S.: Why, yes, I have friends that have gone to heaven.

Mr. B.: Wouldn't you like to see them?

S.: I don't know. Yes, I guess I would.

Mr. B.: They love you still just the same.

S.: How strange it is! Oh, how unhappy I am!

Mr. B.: You shouldn't be unhappy, because you have entered a life that is much more beautiful than the one you have left.

S.: It don't look any different.

Mr. B.: It will.

S.: What shall I do? Where can I go?

Tom: I will tell you what to do and where to go.

Mr. B.: That is Tom. He will be a good, kind friend to you.

Tom: Yes, I used to live in New York.

S.: Did you?

Tom: Yes; and I will show you where to go and tell you what to do. You feel real bad, don't you?

S.: Oh, yes I do. Why, do you know, that gentleman said I have made the change called death?

Tom: Oh, that isn't anything.

S.: That is everything. That is a dreadful thing—a dreadful thing.

Tom: No, it isn't; it is very beautiful when you understand it, but you don't understand it. I feel very sorry for you. I have been in spirit life a good while, and I can take you where it is very beautiful.

S.: Can you?

Tom: Oh, yes.

S.: As beautiful as California?

Tom: Oh, you wouldn't look at California after you look at some of the things that I can show you. I should think you would rather look at Harry's face than to see anything in California. You have not forgotten Harry?

S.: Oh, no.

Tom: I'll tell you, the trouble with you is your whole mind was on that California trip, and you couldn't think of anything else. And that is the reason you couldn't see anything that was nice about you. You were all to blame for it yourself.

S.: Oh, don't scold me.

Tom: I am not going to scold, but if you had followed the advice of your mother, and not gone to that party, you wouldn't have taken that cold and been sick; but you would go.

S.: I didn't know I was going to take cold.

Tom: No, I know you didn't; but you didn't follow the advice of your mother, and that's the way with a

great many people—they don't follow the advice that is given them, and then disastrous results follow.

S.: What are all those people doing?

Tom: They are spirits.

S.: Oh, dear!

Tom: You are not afraid of them, are you?

S.: I don't know.

Tom: There is nothing to be afraid of at all. They will all help you.

S.: What makes part of me melt away so?

Tom: That is the material which the spirit friends have clothed your spirit body with, and when that material passes away from your spirit body it gives you that feeling of melting away.

S.: Do you think I am going to be happy?

Tom: I know you are after a little time, when you get away from the conditions now about you. You have entered a beautiful life, where you will learn and have everything that is for your own good.

S.: How long have you been dead?

Tom: Who, me?

S.: No, this lady (meaning Mrs. B.).

Tom: That lady isn't dead.

S.: You told me you were dead.

Mrs. B.: Dear friend, this spirit friend is controlling the organism of this young man.

S.: How is that?

Tom: Would you like to see me?

S.: I do see you.

Tom: No, you only see the young man I am talking through. You just put your hand right here on the young man, and then I will show you myself as a spirit, and take you by your hand, and then you will see the difference. Now you put your hand right on the young man.

S.: Yes, I will.

Tom: There, now you feel, don't you?

S.: Yes, I feel. Your hand is all right.

Tom: That is the young man's hand. Now you look at the young man's head, and I will show you myself, and I will give you my hand.

S.: Yes, do.

Tom: Now you mustn't be frightened.

S.: Oh, I see the most wonderful thing before me.

Mr. B.: Tell us what you see.

S.: I saw him come right out of his head. How strange that is! That makes me shudder.

Mr. B.: Don't be afraid.

S.: Yes, I will take your hand. Oh! what a difference, isn't there? Oh my! Oh my!

Mr. B.: Now you can see him go back.

S.: Oh! Isn't that lovely? How many there are! That's a most wonderful sight! He must have a great deal of power. He was a man, surely.

Mrs. B.: It's the spirit going back into the young man. He will speak to you pretty soon.

Tom: Now didn't you find it as I told you?

S.: Yes, I saw it. That is a wonderful thing. Why, I never thought it could be, and there are so many of them.

Tom: Oh, yes; those are the spirit friends.

S.: I guess I must try to be reconciled; but I am so disappointed.

Tom: I am sorry for you, and I will take you out of this atmosphere, where you will be able to work out of this disappointment. I will take you to a beautiful place, and my mistress Jennie will help you; she used to live in New York; she was a fine lady. You won't be afraid to go with me, will you?

S.: Will the Lord accept me?

Tom: Well, I guess he will, because he accepts everybody.

S.: Oh! does he?

Tom: Of course he does.

S.: I haven't always done right.

Tom: Then you have got to face all the wrong you have done. You are your own saviour. You will be willing to work, won't you, and make good all the deeds you did which you think weren't right?

S.: Oh, yes.

Tom: You mustn't expect to find things as you thought they were—God sitting on a throne. But I will take you to a beautiful place—a place that is



adapted to your wants and needs at the present time ; and you will be so pleased and delighted with the many beautiful things about you that that will help you to forget your disappointment.

S.: Who are those fine ladies ?

Tom : They are dear spirit friends, who will help you. And, don't you know, you will be able to see Harry and Lizzie, too.

S.: Oh, I hope so.

Tom : And not only that, but I will tell you what you can do. After you have become acquainted with your surroundings and some of the laws pertaining to the life which you have now entered, you can go to your friends and surround them with sweet influence, and help them in sorrow and trouble ; and you can prepare a place for them, so that, when they come to make the change you have, you will have a place ready for them, and it will be very beautiful. And perhaps some time I may be able to go with you to your mother, and show you how you may be able to soothe her some, because she is feeling very sad and lonely. Perhaps I can help you to make her feel you are there, in a dream or something that will give her comfort. I will help you all I can, because I love to help all I can those who have made the change up into brighter conditions.

S.: Oh ! those are lovely flowers, aren't they ?

Tom : You don't know how many beautiful things there are in the life you have now entered.

S.: Oh, those are beautiful flowers the young lady threw over you.

Mrs. B.: That is the gentleman's daughter who is helping you. She brought you here to-night. She is very happy.

S.: I think she must be very happy to have such beautiful flowers. Oh, see the little rosebud he gives the lady.

Mrs. E.: Who gave me the rosebud ?

S.: A gentleman. Who is it brings the flowers ?

Tom : It is many. They bring the flowers as love offerings to the friends, that they may strengthen their souls and help them around in life's journey.

S.: Oh, how beautiful things are getting, aren't they?

Tom: I told you you had entered a beautiful life.

S.: Oh, it is getting beautiful! Who makes that beautiful music?

Tom: It is made by many whose souls are attuned to the sweet harmony of the spheres.

S.: Do you think I could go over there where those ladies are?

Tom: Oh, yes, in time. I will take you to a beautiful place, where you can rest for a little time; and then you can enter a school where you will be taught by those beautiful ladies.

S.: Can we go now?

Tom: Yes. You bid these good friends "Good-night," who have been aiding and assisting you; and then I will take you by the hand, and we will go. You can trust me, can't you?

S.: Yes, I think I can.

Mrs. B.: Tom is a good friend to you.

Tom: I will take you to those who will take you in charge.

S.: Good-night!

Friends: Good-night!

THURSDAY EVENING, OCTOBER 23, 1890.

*They have brought us a poor soul whom we will materialise ; and perhaps, with the aid of Tom, we can bring him through to-night.*—EVA.

S.: How do you do, friends ?

Friends : How do you do ?

S.: I would like to stop here a little while.

Mrs. B.: All right ; you are welcome to stay as long as you please.

S.: There is nothing the matter, but I would like to go in the other room.

Mrs. B.: All right ; go anywhere you please.

S.: If anyone should look for me, just tell them I am not here.

Mrs. B.: Yes, I will tell them.

S.: I have got a little blood on me ; I killed a rabbit.

Mrs. B.: We will protect you here.

S.: Thank you, madam ; you are very kind. Oh!!!—  
Shut the door, please.

Mrs. B.: Yes, we will shut the door ; you needn't be at all alarmed ; you are perfectly safe here.

S.: There is nothing the matter, you know.

Mrs. B.: I merely wanted to assure you that you are perfectly safe here. If anybody comes here, I will send them off.

S.: Yes, do, please. It's nothing ; only we got into a little dispute, you know. That is all.

Mr. F.: What did you do with your rabbit ?

S.: Oh, I just left it outside. I didn't know but what you might notice I had a little blood on my pantaloons. Oh ! I didn't see anything ; no, I didn't see anything.

Mr. F.: What makes you appear to be so nervous ?

S.: I am a little nervous, yes ; but that is all there is of it.

Tom : Well, I declare, John ! What are you doing here ?

S.: Don't mention it. Don't say anything about me.

Tom: I would like to know what you are doing here?

S.: I just stopped in for a little while to rest me. I was very tired.

Tom: You are welcome to rest here, because these are good friends; they make everyone welcome, and they never tell who they have got with them, so you needn't be at all alarmed.

S.: The lady seemed to be kind; she said she wouldn't tell—it's no matter about that.

Tom: What's the matter with you?

S.: There's nothing to tell.

Tom: Why, no; I am sure it is nothing for a man to kill a rabbit.

S.: No, that's nothing. I didn't know but they might think it a little strange. Oh! Could I go upstairs a moment?

Mrs. B.: Yes, you are welcome to go upstairs if you want to.

S.: Don't mention that there is anybody upstairs. I see them coming! Oh God, I see them coming!

Tom: Now you just keep a little quiet. There is nothing going to harm you. Don't you know you are out of harm's way now?

S.: Yes, I guess it is all right here. It is very quiet and pleasant here.

Tom: Of course it is, and we are all shut up here, and there is no light; so you see you are safe.

S.: I haven't been very well.

Tom: You don't appear well; you appear to be in a very nervous condition. Say, your name is John, isn't it?

S.: Yes; but no matter about it.

Tom: I don't care to tell anyone about it, only Sarah told me your name is John. You remember Sarah?

S.: Oh, yes, I remember her very well; but how could she tell you?

Tom: How can one person tell another one anything?

S.: Do you mean Sarah Mansfield?

Tom: Yes.

S.: She died quite a little while ago.

Tom: She is alive just the same.

S.: Well, maybe she is; I don't know. Oh!!!

Tom : What makes you scream out like that ?

S. : I didn't see anything at all.

Tom : Of course, there's nothing for you to see. I think you have got the tremens, haven't you ?

S. : Oh, no, no.

Tom : Have you been drinking too much ?

S. : Oh, no, no.

Tom : What makes you scream out like that every little while ?

S. : It's just a little nervousness.

Tom : See here, John, I think it would be better for you to tell the truth ; because if anyone does anything, and they will confess it and tell the truth, they will feel much better than to keep hiding as you are trying to hide now.

S. : I am not hiding ; no, no, I am not hiding.

Tom : There is no use for you to try and keep it back any longer.

S. : I guess I will go.

Tom : No, I want you to stay here, because I am going to take care of you. I will be one of the best friends you ever had.

Mrs. B. : Tell us your trouble.

S. : It's no trouble.

Tom : Say, John, I have got something to tell you. A long time ago there was a little girl, and her name was Lucy. Do you remember ?

S. : Remember Lucy who ?

Tom : Your Lucy.

S. : Of course, I remember her.

Tom : Don't you remember how you used to hold her on your knee and tell her stories ?

S. : Yes, but that's no matter. Don't speak of it.

Tom : Little Lucy is a very bright spirit now, and she loves her papa.

S. : No, she couldn't do that.

Tom : Yes, she does.

S. : Have you a little water ? I would like to wipe off this stain.

Mrs. B. : Yes, there is a little tub of clean water over there.

S. : It doesn't look well. Oh !!!

Tom: Well, I declare! You are the most nervous man I ever saw. What is the matter?

S.: I am trying to wash it out.

Tom: What do you want to wash it out for?

S.: It doesn't look well. I wasn't careful, you know, when I killed that rabbit.

Tom: I don't think you ought to be troubled about that.

S.: Well, it might get me into trouble. I would rather have it washed out. There! No! no! no! Oh!!!

Tom: See here, John, I want you to listen to me for a little while. I have got a story to tell you. What made you go down there to that place?

S.: Hush!

Tom: No harm can come to you now.

S.: How do you know anything about it?

Tom: Because I know all your past life and all about you, just as if I had lived right with you; because I can come into your surroundings and come in contact with your condition; and at the present time I can take up your past and read it like an open book.

S.: Please don't speak quite so loud.

Tom: Your dear friends Sarah and Lucy, and many others, are here at the present time.

S.: Oh, don't tell me!

Tom: You are not afraid of them, are you?

S.: Yes, I am afraid. Oh God! I am afraid.

Tom: What are you afraid of? They love you, and have come to help you. Say, John, do you know there has something very strange happened to you?

S.: Well, never mind. I know you know all about it, so I will give myself up. You can take me and have me arrested, if you want to.

Tom: I don't want to have you arrested. You are perfectly safe here, John. You have paid the penalty now.

S.: Oh, I am tired and sick of it.

Tom: Yes, I know; and your friends are sorry for you, and they will help you.

S.: Torture! torture! Oh, don't speak to me.

Tom: I am very sorry for you; but don't you know

there is a chance for you?—a chance to work out this wrong?

S.: There is no chance—no chance.

Tom: Oh, yes there is, John.

S.: After all these years of torture? Oh, it is no use. I might as well give myself up; I can cover it up no longer—no longer—no longer.

Tom: Why did you do that? Tell the friends all about it, and you will feel a great deal better; and then I have got something to tell you that will make you feel better. Come, now, John, do it for Lucy's and Sarah's sake, because they both love you; and here, now, you have an opportunity and chance; we are all friends. Say, John, did you ever think how it would be when you came to make the change called death?

S.: Oh, I have thought and thought until it has burned into my heart and brain.

Tom: Did you ever think, or could you ever realise, that sometimes people make that change called death, and they are not aware of it?

S.: No, I don't know that.

Tom: Do you know, I have had that experience with a great many? I have come in contact with many souls that had made the change called death—that is, had laid aside their body—and they didn't know it. But their friends see and realise their condition—the friends that have passed out of their bodies and gone on and up into higher spheres—and it makes them feel sad when they realise the condition that those they once loved and still love are in. So it is with your friends at the present time; they realise your condition; they love you, if possible, more than they ever did.

S.: That would seem impossible if they know.

Tom: They do know, and they see the unfortunate train of circumstances which forced you to do as you did; and they feel a pity for you, and are anxious to have you started right, that you may as far as possible make restitution for the wrongs which you have committed, so that your soul and spirit may unfold and grow, and that you may outwork the deeds which you committed while in the body.

S.: I haven't done anything. You talk as if I had done something. Oh!!! There he is! I killed him! I killed him! I killed him! I have said it. I could not endure it any more. I can't live and see that face—no, no, no. Take and do what you like with me.

Tom: John, do you know you have made the change called death?

S.: I don't know. Dreadful things have come over me and entered my life. What can I do? I have told you. I have said it. I am glad I have said it. You can send for the authorities as quick as you please.

Tom: The authorities in earth life can have no control over you now. You are where they cannot touch you, cannot harm you, for you have left your old body.

S.: Have I?

Tom: You have.

S.: Well, it matters not—matters not.

Tom: And you have been brought here to-night, not knowing it, by those whose will power is such that they have the power and will to surround one and bring them to this place, where you have been brought to be aided and assisted out of the terrible condition which you are in.

S.: I will accept any conditions, no matter what. I am so weary. I have tried and tried to cover it up. You know how it is. I have told you.

Tom: I knew how it was before you told me. I am a spirit, the same as yourself; and your friends in spirit life prepared me in a measure to talk to you, and wished me to aid and assist you, and teach you how to work out of the terrible conditions which you surrounded yourself with by the acts and deeds committed while in the body.

S.: It is well if you can help me to wipe out these bloodstains. I will ask no more; they have burned into my soul.

Tom: I can and will help you; but you will have to labour when you are prepared and able to work for others, for there are many in similar conditions to yourself; and one who has passed up and out of those conditions can return into those conditions and aid others. That will be your work when you are sufficiently pre-



pared, for you will have sympathy for others who have made mistakes like yourself.

S.: Indeed, I would.

Tom: And by helping others in this way it will help you to wipe out these stains which are so burned into your soul. You have been attracted to this place by those who love you; and your spirit has been clothed with material, so that you could speak and practically throw off the terrible weight which was upon your soul. And when that material is withdrawn from you I will take you in charge, and you will feel that there is a part removed, if a small part only, of that terrible weight which clung to your soul.

S.: I hope and pray it may be so. Thank you, lady, I will go.

Tom: Before you go, wouldn't you like to see me?

S.: No, no; come right along. Let's go.

Tom: Bid the kind friends "Good-night," for they have assisted you much. And you will be willing, won't you, to try and get to the loved ones—to those who love you?

SUNDAY EVENING, OCTOBER 26, 1890.

*To-night we bring a man who fell into a vat of boiling liquid. We will have to dematerialise him a good many times, on account of the unnatural manner of his death.*

—EVA.

S.: Hm!—Oh!

*(He has got to make those sounds before he can get the forces to talk.—EVA.)*

S.: Why, yes, I remember I fell in! Oh, yes, I fell in! What has happened to me? I feel so very strange.

Mr. B.: You remember falling into the vat?

S.: Yes, I remember; but I feel awful strange. I feel that burn. *(He is dematerialised.)* I am glad that I feel better. That was a dreadful fall. I felt it strike me. Well, this is very strange! It has all dropped off from me, and I have new flesh on!

Mr. B.: You have flesh on you now, haven't you?

S.: Yes, that feels better. That was a very bad feeling, that dropping off. Where are the boys?

Mr. B.: I presume they are in the factory. Where were you when you got hurt?

S.: I was just over there—you see, don't you? I went up there to fix something, and I slipped and fell.

Mr. B.: Didn't you feel very badly when you fell into the vat of boiling liquid?

S.: How in the world did it happen that I am alive?

Mr. B.: Would you be surprised if you found that you didn't live?

S.: My skin is going off!

*(We have materialised him and thrown it off twelve times since I spoke to you first. It is a big case, on account of his flesh having been fried to a crisp. In a spirit's dissolution from the body, it is natural for the gases to pass out, and they assist the spirit in taking up its spiritual body. We have a spiritual body within us that we take possession of when we leave the old body. And in a case like this the passing out is very slow*

*indeed; and while they don't suffer, they lie in kind of a trance state a good deal of the time until this process is completed; and by bringing them here and materialising them, taking on and throwing off, it becomes a more natural death.—EVA.)*

S.: I suppose I can go to work now?

Tom: Not just yet. Wait until you feel a little better.

S.: Oh, I feel very well now!

Tom: But it is better for you to rest a little bit.

S.: I have been resting.

Tom: Yes, I know you have; but I wouldn't be in a hurry.

S.: I feel about as well as I ever was.

Tom: That may be; but I think it is just-as well not to hurry back too quick. They can get along without you for a day or two—don't you think so?

S.: Yes, I guess they can; but, then, I would like to see some of the boys.

Tom: You can wait a day or two, I guess?

S.: No, I don't feel exactly right—that's so.

Tom: I thought it wouldn't be best for you to be in too much of a hurry.

S.: I must take it "aisy."

Tom: Yes, take it "aisy."

S.: Where are you from?

Tom: I came from New York.

S.: You did! That's a big city, isn't it?

Tom: Yes, that's a big place.

S.: I was there once. They do a lot of business there, don't they?

Tom: Oh, yes! there's lots going on there.

S.: I once thought I would go there to live.

Tom: There's a great deal of life there; there's a great deal to be seen and learned there.

S.: Sometimes people learn what they don't want to, too, don't they?

Tom: I don't think many people learn what they don't want to. I think most people try to learn that that they want to most; but it isn't always best for them.

S.: But when a fellow gets robbed, he doesn't want to learn that, especially if they take all he has got.

Tom: No; but you are liable to get robbed in other places besides New York, and murdered, too.

S.: Oh, yes!

Tom: Don't you know there was a man in your town that was murdered?

S.: Whom do you mean?

Tom: Don't you know Mr. Thompson?

S.: Yes, I know Mr. Thompson. Yes, those things happen all over; but I think there are not so many cases anywhere as there are in New York.

Tom: You know there are so many people congregated there together, and so many nationalities; there is a rough element.

S.: Yes, that's so. Oh, I tell you I saw some hard things when I was there!

Tom: How long ago were you there?

S.: I was there two years ago. Do you live there?

Tom: I used to live there.

S.: What was your business?

Tom: I was a coachman.

S.: For some of those big folks, I suppose?

Tom: Yes; my mistress was a very wealthy woman, and, of course, I saw a great deal of high life.

S.: I don't think I would like that.

Tom: We don't always like the conditions that we are placed in in life; but I have found out since that it is always best to make the best of your conditions, for it doesn't do any good to keep fretting about it if you can't change it.

S.: Yes; but if you don't like it you can get out of it—can't you?—and try something else.

Tom: Yes; but sometimes there is nothing else for you to do. What was your trade?

S.: Oh, I didn't have much of a trade!

Tom: What did you do?

S.: I was in the soap factory; but there we had a good boss. Oh, he was a jolly fellow!

Tom: What was his name?

S.: His name was Rogers. You know him, don't you?

Tom: No, I am not acquainted with him.

S.: I would like to know what those people are doing

over there. Are they having a camp-meeting, or what in the devil is it?

Tom: You watch, and, perhaps, you can see something else. What do they appear to be doing?

S.: I only asked you. I thought, perhaps, you knew.

Tom: I do know; and after a little I will tell you all about it. I thought I would like to have you give your idea.

S.: I haven't got an idea. I never had an idea in my life.

Tom: How old are you?

S.: I am twenty.

Tom: You are a young fellow, aren't you?

S.: Well, I should think I was! You don't suppose I am an old man, do you?

Tom: I knew you weren't an old man.

S.: Why, I am not acquainted with anybody here! How in the devil did I come here?

Tom: These are good, kind people that have helped you. You know you have been very sick.

S.: I knew I fell down. I thought I was a goner, sure.

Tom: Do you know that you fell in that vat of hot soap?

S.: I thought I was going to fall into it. How did it happen? I believe I am kind of off.

Tom: You fell into that soap. That's enough to make any man sick for a while, isn't it?

S.: I should think so. But I didn't fall into the soap; if I had, I would have been as dead as a smelt.

Tom: You don't suppose if you had gone into that soap you would have been dead, do you?

S.: Of course I would!

Tom: No, you wouldn't have been dead; but it would have been the means of separating your spirit from your body, because it would have made your body unfit for your spirit to live in; but you would have been alive just the same. Say, Rob, do you know, sometimes when people meet with terrible accidents, and are killed, they don't know what has happened to them?

S.: I suppose so.

Tom: Now I want to ask you a question, and it is

quite a serious question: Did you ever have any idea what the change called death would be like?

S.: No, I couldn't tell.

Tom: No; you are a man without an idea; of course, you didn't have an idea on that subject.

S.: Do you know why I am a man without an idea?

Tom: No—why?

S.: Well, no matter what under heaven I used to do, old Aunt Sarah would say, "What an idea!—what an idea!"—and I got sick of it.

Tom: I don't blame you. Well, I won't say an idea; I will say, Did you ever have any thought on that subject?

S.: I don't know as I thought much about it.

Tom: Did you go to church?

S.: Sometimes. Do you go to church?

Tom: No; but I used to—I go to church now, but not the kind of a church that you think I do.

S.: What should I think about what church you go to?

Tom: Not a church like you have in your town. Now you understand, don't you?

S.: Yes; that's a bright man, that is.

Tom: You are a pretty good young fellow.

S.: There are not a great many tell me that, though.

Tom: You were a little wild, but you had a good heart. If you had a cent in your pocket and you saw a man that was hungry, you would give him half; I don't know but what you would give him the whole and go without yourself.

S.: That's Irish blarney.

Tom: There's a fellow here, and his name is Ned.

S.: I don't know about that.

Tom: Well, I think I know. He wants me to ask you if you remember the time you and he went swimming down there by the river—in the river, I mean?

S.: I thought that would be just like him to say "by the river."

Tom: He did say so; but I thought that would sound queer. That Ned was a comical fellow, wasn't he?

S.: Yes, he used to go swimming by the river.

Tom: Say, Rob, what does Ned mean? He is holding up the queerest kind of an old poke bonnet that I ever saw.

S.: Why, that's what he wore to the ball.

Tom: Did you wear a poke bonnet to the ball, too?

S.: Of course I did. Say, what are you talking about, anyway?

Tom: Why, I am talking about Ned.

S.: Why, he's dead.

Tom: He isn't dead, he has only got out of his body. I never saw you before, and you never saw me before. All I know, Ned is here and he held up an old poke bonnet.

S.: That's very strange. I don't know what to think of it.

Tom: I was telling you, you know, sometimes when people meet with accidents, and their body becomes unfit for their spirit to stay in any more, the spirit goes out of the body, and that is what people call death. And many times, when the spirit is separated from the body in this unnatural, sudden way, they are not aware of it. It isn't like having sickness gradually loosen the spirit from the body, so that the spirit can pass out of the body in a natural manner. But when they go out by accident, like being run over by the cars, or drowned, or falling into a vat of hot soap, they don't know it. And that is the way with you now; you don't think you fell into that hot soap, do you?

S.: No, I thought I was going to.

Tom: But now you don't know you fell in, do you?

S.: How could I be alive if I did?

Tom: Your spirit could be alive, because that never dies. Would you be afraid if you found that your spirit had got out of your body?

S.: Oh, no.

Tom: You wouldn't care very much, would you?

S.: Yes, I would care, but I wouldn't be afraid.

Tom: Why would you care?

S.: It's a terrible thing to die, you know.

Tom: Oh, no; it's beautiful if you die in a natural way; but it is a great shock to the spirit to go out in an unnatural manner, as by accident or suddenly. And therefore, I will tell you, Robert, it was a great shock to your spirit.

S.: To my spirit! What do you mean by that?

Tom: It was a shock to your spirit for you to fall into that vat of hot soap, for your spirit separated from your body.

S.: What do you mean by that?

Tom: I mean you have made the change called death, my dear boy, for you are nothing but a boy.

S.: Well, you are not much more than a boy, are you?

Tom: To be sure I am.

S.: You don't look it.

Tom: You don't see me.

S.: I guess I do.

Tom: I know you think you see me, but you only see the young man whose powers of speech I am using to speak to you.

S.: Well, what did you say to me?

Tom: I said you have made the change called death.

S.: I have made the change called death!

Tom: Yes.

S.: You mean that I have died?

Tom: I mean that you have died, but you are not dead; your spirit has only left your body; you feel just the same until you are made acquainted with your condition and take up your surroundings and things pertaining to the spirit life which you have now entered.

S.: Well, that seems very strange.

Tom: Yes. You were brought here that you might be made acquainted with the fact and be helped up to your spirit friends, friends who are interested in your condition. And now I will show you myself as a spirit, that you may see the difference between me and the young man.

S.: It's boggy here, isn't it?

Mr. B.: You look at him closely and tell us what you see.

S.: There that man comes right out of him—it's a sure case, no mistake about it; I saw it with my own eyes.

Mr. B.: Yes, that's the spirit that occupied the young man temporarily, so as to talk to you; he controlled him.

S.: He did!



Mr. B.: Yes, he will go back pretty soon and talk to you again.

S.: Is that your bird singing?

Mr. B.: We can't hear any bird singing as you can; we haven't spiritual ears yet.

S.: He's gone right back into him. I wish I knew what is the matter with my hand; it seems kind of numb.

Tom: That will be all right presently; you see it was a very great shock to your spirit, dying in the way you did (I use those terms so that you will better understand me), and the effects of it still cling to your spirit; but in a little time this condition will pass off from you, and you will feel better. Did you see me, Robert?

S.: I saw somebody, if that was you.

Tom: Yes, that was me; my name is Tom.

S.: Tom who?

Tom: That don't matter now—you wouldn't know; but you can call me Tom. I am a spirit, and I came here to control this young man and talk to you.

S.: Is that what you do all the time?

Tom: No, not all the time; but most of the time my work is to help spirits when they die and are not aware of their condition, that they have made the change called death, and get them acquainted with their new surroundings, and get them started a little in the new life they have entered. Would you like to see Ned?

S.: Well, I don't know; it is kind of mysterious to me. I see something has happened to me, because I have seen things I never saw before; but I don't understand. I remember falling, and now I remember striking; yes, I remember that very distinctly. Rob, I guess you are a corpse.

Tom: You are a pretty lively corpse. You are alive just the same, only you have entered a new life. It is like entering a strange city or country; you are a little mixed up. If you should go to China, and didn't see anything but Chinese, nor didn't understand a word the people were saying, you would be badly mixed up. Then is it to be wondered at that, leaving your old body in the sudden manner you did, you should feel strange? I'll tell you, Robert, I will take you and show you some

very pleasant beautiful things, and I will try and teach you as far as I can of the things pertaining to the life you have now entered.

S.: Where will you take me?

Tom: I will take you to a place suited to your present condition. I will take care of you until you are able to walk alone.

S.: Oh, I can walk very well.

Tom: Yes; but I mean figuratively speaking—I mean until you understand somewhat your new conditions and surroundings.

S.: Well, I guess I will have to accept it.

Tom: There are many bright, beautiful things before you.

S.: I hope so.

Tom: This is a beautiful life you have now entered, a life where you can learn of the wisdom and glory of this great universe; not all at once, but day by day, and hour by hour, some new lesson will be presented to you, so you will be learning more and more of the wonderful powers which you possess in that spark of divinity—the soul.

S.: Well, I don't know much about the divinity, but if there is anything pleasant to see I would like to see it.

Tom: I will take you and show you some very pleasant things which will interest you.

Jimmy: When you know you are right stick to it, no matter what anybody says, and you will come out victorious. When you are through breathing through this mortal body you will see that you have left a light pathway behind you, and that light will be a light to others.

THURSDAY EVENING, DECEMBER 4, 1890.

*We are going to materialise quite a number to-night. The one who will speak died while he was trying on a pair of shoes. I tell you so you will understand his peculiar talk. This one's experience will help the others.—EVA.*

S.: I can't get it on—it is too small. Give me another pair!

Mrs. B.: Yes, you shall have another pair. Those are too small, are they?

S.: Yes, they are too small. Where's he gone?

Mrs. B.: He's gone to get another pair.

S.: Tell him to bring them along—I don't want to stay here all day!

Mrs. B.: He's just gone to get a larger pair. What number do you wear?

S.: Oh, pshaw! That won't go on me at all! Tell him to come here! Where is he?

Mr. F.: He will come presently. Won't that pair do?

S.: No; they are not fit for any decent man to wear! They aren't good for anything!

Mrs. B.: Perhaps he can bring you a pair that will suit you better. What number do you wear?

S.: I wear the number that fits me.

Mrs. B.: He is trying to find them.

S.: I should think he was making them!

Mr. F.: Perhaps you will have to try some other store.

S.: Well, I guess I will. I won't wait here much longer.

Mr. F.: I think it would be a good plan for you to rest a little, anyway. You look kind of pale. Don't you feel well?

S.: No, I don't feel real good—I feel all right enough. There's nothing the matter with me.

Mr. F.: I think it is just as well for you to rest a little bit.

S.: I guess I would have to rest a long time if I waited for him to come! Say, I wish you would speak to him!

Mr. F.: Are you in any particular hurry? Have you got anything special to do?

S.: Why, yes! Give me my old shoes, and I will go! Where's that old shoe I had?

Mrs. B.: Maybe he took it to measure by.

S.: Well, I either want a new pair of shoes or I want my old ones. I want something to wear. I am not going to stand this much longer! Say, boy, go and tell that man to bring me the shoes!

Tom: Just keep a little quiet.

S.: Will you go and tell the man to bring me the shoes?

Tom: I don't know. I don't work here.

S.: Then what are you putting your spoon in for?

Tom: I just came in and saw you were a little uneasy about your shoes, so I thought I would speak to you.

S.: I have been here all day, almost.

Tom: It seems a good while, doesn't it?

S.: I should think it was!

Tom: You will come out all right. If you don't get your shoes, you will get something else that will satisfy you just as well as a pair of shoes.

S.: What will it be?

Tom: It will be something that will surprise you very much.

S.: Oh, I guess not!—I guess not!

Tom: Don't you believe in surprises?

S.: No.

Tom: I think you will be very much surprised before you get through with me.

S.: What are you going to do?

Tom: I am going to tell you something that will interest you very much.

S.: Oh, pshaw!

Tom: Don't you think I can?

S.: No.

Tom: Do you know I can see something queer about you?

S.: I see something queer about you, too! I see that you are a good-for-nothing snipe!

Tom: You are very much mistaken about that. If I didn't know that you were mistaken, I might, perhaps, get a little spunky with you; but I feel sorry for you.

S.: I haven't anything the matter with me that you need to feel sorry for me.

Tom: I feel sorry for you because you have expressed yourself about me in a way you shouldn't, because you don't know.

S.: I am sorry if I have said anything I hadn't ought to. I don't want to hurt you.

Tom: Say, I want to tell you there's a woman standing right by you, and she says her name is Becky.

S.: Stands by me?

Tom: Yes.

S.: Oh, no; I don't see anyone.

Tom: That doesn't make any difference, if you don't see her—she is there just the same. The blind man doesn't see the beautiful birds and flowers, but they are there just the same—aren't they?

S.: I don't understand it at all. I'll tell you I want my shoes. I don't want to stay here in my stocking foot. Now, if you have got anything to do with the boss, just tell him to bring my shoes!

Tom: I wanted to tell you so much what I saw about you. I wanted to tell you about Becky.

S.: What Becky is it?

Tom: Don't you know Becky, that belongs to you—your wife?

S.: Yes, sir.

Tom: Well, she is right by you.

S.: Oh, no! no!

Tom: Your name is George, she says.

S.: How do you know?

Tom: Becky told me so. You know you never saw me before.

S.: No, I don't think I ever did.

Tom: Nor I never saw you before.

S.: Didn't you?

Tom: Why, no!

S.: How do you know all these things?

Tom: She told me.

S.: I can't understand how she told you.

Tom: She says you go to the Methodist Church. Do you?

S.: Yes, I do. Don't you?

Tom: No, I don't.

S.: Why don't you?

Tom: Because I don't believe in it.

S.: What church do you go to?

Tom: I go to God's church—that's nature.

S.: God's church—nature? What do you mean by that?

Tom: God is nature. Say, you don't believe God sits on a throne, do you?

S.: Well, the Bible speaks of God's throne.

Tom: What does he want a throne for? You don't suppose God is a man sitting on a throne, do you?

S.: No, I don't think he is a man; I think he's God.

Tom: He must be a man if he is a "he." "He" wouldn't be a woman, would it? You always speak of God as "he" or "him."

S.: God is the Mighty Father of all things, the Creator. "God" is only a name given to the Creator; he created all things.

Tom: If he is the Father, then he must be a man. All fathers are men, aren't they?

S.: You speak in the human sense: you don't speak in the divine sense.

Tom: How can we comprehend anything, only what is human, with our human intellect?

S.: God is a Spirit—the Spirit of God.

Tom: If God is a spirit, then Becky is a spirit, too, isn't she?

S.: I believe Becky is with God. She's an angel.

Tom: So you think there are no angels, only what is with God? What do you call them when they are with the other fellow?

S.: There are angels of God and angels of darkness.

Tom: Who made them angels of darkness?

S.: Their own transgressions.

Tom: What caused them to transgress?

S.: They rebelled against God.

Tom: I don't see into that. I don't know how you could harm God, no matter what you do.

S.: They don't harm God; they harm themselves.

Tom: Then God ought to take them and care for

them. I am glad there is no such thing as a devil, for everyone is saved ; no matter if they do make mistakes in earth life, there is a chance for everybody ; you haven't got to believe this thing and that thing to save you.

S.: Do you think so ?

Tom : I know it is so, because I have been there and found out.

S.: Been where ?

Tom : In spirit life.

S.: How in the world could you do that ?

Tom : Don't everyone go to spirit life when they die ? I am alive, but I have left my old body. I am not using my body now. This body doesn't belong to me, it is only borrowed.

S.: How could you borrow a body ?

Tom : Not exactly borrowed, but I am controlling the young man to talk to you ; I am a spirit controlling him, and that is the reason I could tell you about Becky ; and that is why she could tell me your name is George and you were a Methodist. I can tell you lots more too.

S.: Well, do ; I would be glad to hear you.

Tom : Don't you know in your Bible, that you believe so much in, it tells about the angels coming to Jacob and eating and supping with him, and he made that big hoe-cake ?

S.: Hoe-cake !

Tom : I don't know whether it was hoe-cake or toe-cake ; it don't make much difference what kind it was. Do you believe that ?

S.: It is written in the Scriptures.

Tom : Is that the reason you believe it ?

S.: Don't you believe in the Bible ?

Tom : Yes, I believe in it in a certain sense.

S.: Do you believe the Bible ?

Tom : Some of it I do, and some of it I don't.

S.: You are an unbeliever, I think.

Tom : No, I believe in the truth. I don't believe anything that isn't true, do you ? Would you want to believe anything that isn't true ?

S.: No.

Tom : But most of folks do.

S.: Oh yes, they believe a great many things that are false; but they don't know it is false, they think it is the truth.

Tom: Well, then it is all right; they can't help it, can they? How do you know the Bible is true?

S.: See how long it has been the book of books—the God of books. There is no book ever written like it.

Tom: Who made it so?

S.: It was written by the fingers of God. He inspired his prophets.

Tom: I think he had very bad luck sometimes inspiring, because sometimes he made his prophets say and do terrible things; if people did those things now, they would be put in the lock-up. Take your wise man Solomon, for instance. I tell you the Bible was made by man and priests, and they are the ones who have kept it alive; they have kept on piling and piling the ignorance and superstition until they have got such a big fire that it smoulders and smoulders and smoulders, and it will be a long time before truth can quench it; but truth will quench it, because truth and right will prevail.

S.: Don't you believe in the New Testament?

Tom: Just about as much as I believe in the Old. I found out it was all a humbug. I think when a person dies and enters spirit life, as I have, and finds things entirely different from what is taught in the Bible, that proves explicitly that there is a mistake.

S.: It seems very strange if you have died and still be talking in the way you are.

Tom: In order for me to talk to you and have you understand me, I have to control the organism of this young man.

S.: Yes, I have heard of such things. I have heard of pretended mediums.

Tom: Then they must all be pretended in the Bible, because don't you know that man Christ is supposed to have said—I don't know whether he said it or not, because I wasn't there, but he is reported to have said—that “young men shall dream dreams and see visions and speak in different tongues”? What did he mean by that if it wasn't control?



S.: He meant that it was the spirit of God upon them. You know the day of Pentecost there were tongues of fire rested upon them.

Tom: I should think it would have burned their tongues. I wouldn't want tongues of fire to rest on me. Now you want to use your reason—use sense. Say, George, who is Nellie?

S.: Nellie who?

Tom: Your little Nellie.

S.: She was my little Nellie?

Tom: She is here. Oh! she's a lovely little girl, isn't she, and she loves her papa. Do you think she is saved or lost? Now let me tell you, George, according to your belief this child would be lost because you neglected to have her baptised. Now you can't believe in a God that would destroy a little innocent child like that because certain forms made and conceived in the brain of man were not complied with?

S.: Oh no, we think that baptism is a command, and it should be obeyed.

Tom: Would you like to see me, George?

S.: I see you.

Tom: Oh no, not when I am controlling the young man; you can't see me now.

S.: I understand you now.

Tom: Now you look at the young man, and you will see me.

S.: Yes, I will look. That is very strange, indeed!

Mrs. F.: I see something that looks like a white vapour, and then it takes the form of a man. That is the spirit that controls the organism of this young man; he is in spirit life.

S.: Well, I am real interested. Does he often come and control the young man?

Mrs. F.: Only when we sit in this way he does, to help those poor souls who have gone to spirit life and do not know they have made the change called death.

S.: It seems very strange. I can't understand it.

Mrs. F.: You will after a time, because that is what you have been brought here for, to understand your condition.

Tom: Don't you think that is very strange, that people can leave their bodies and not be aware of it?

S.: It seems very strange.

Tom: I have seen a good many that way.

S.: Does the young man know that you control him?

Tom: Oh, yes.

S.: You don't control him all the time, do you?

Tom: Oh, no.

S.: Can he talk himself?

Tom: Oh, yes, he spoke to you when you first came; don't you remember?

S.: Oh, certainly I remember; I had overlooked that. Can you tell me more of my wife?

Tom: Oh, yes.

S.: Is she happy?

Tom: She is very happy, and she will be more happy when you realise your condition more.

S.: What does she think of my condition? What does she mean by that?

Tom: You remember I was telling you that many leave the body—die, as you call it—and they are not aware that they have made the change called death?

S.: Do you mean that they are conscious of existence and don't know they have died? How in the world can that be?

Tom: Because they are right on the earth plane. Many times when people die suddenly they are not aware of it, they feel so natural. They lie in kind of a trance-like state, and don't take in their surroundings. Their senses are not open to spiritual things yet. They have to be brought into contact with material and have their conditions removed; they are brought into contact with material, and I tell them they have made the change called death, and get them ready to be taken in charge by spirits who will teach them the duties pertaining to the life they have entered.

S.: That seems very strange, doesn't it?

Tom: It is very strange to people who haven't made the change. These people sitting here haven't made the change called death.

S.: No, of course not.

Tom : I have made the change called death, and I am controlling the young man ; you saw me when I left him ?

S. : Yes.

Tom : These people sitting here couldn't see me, but you can see me. Now just think for a moment what is the reason that you can see me and they cannot ?

S. : I really don't know how you present it to my sight, and not to them.

Tom : Supposing you would go out in the world and tell people that you saw a spirit, and that spirit talked to you ; what would people say to you ?

S. : They would hardly believe such a story. There are a great many who believe in the supernatural, and there are a great many who do not.

Tom : But your friends know you to be an honest, upright man, and isn't it very strange that they wouldn't believe you if you should tell them your experience, when they will believe such incredible things, nonsensical things, impossible things that are written in that book which they have been taught to believe in as the word of God ? That isn't just, is it ? But people don't think for themselves ; it is more as they were brought up and taught ; the manners and customs in each country are different ; they all have a religion according to their mind development. There are many bright minds who are not satisfied to accept that book, because they think and reason and they find things in that book that cannot be true, because they are contrary to nature's laws. George, do you realise where you are at the present time ?

S. : Yes, I am in Parson's shoe store.

Tom : In what place ?

S. : In Cincinnati. What makes you ask such questions ?

Tom : You are not in Cincinnati now, my friend, and you are not in a shoe store.

S. : Where am I ?

Tom : You are in Buffalo, N.Y.

S. : I don't understand it at all.

Tom : No, you cannot. Would you feel sorry if you had left your old body, if you had made the change called death ?

S.: I don't know.

Tom : Well, you have.

S.: Is that true?

Tom : That is true, my friend.

S.: How did it happen ?

Tom : When you were in that shoe store trying on a pair of shoes, you had a stroke, and you died without regaining consciousness ; you left your body almost immediately. At the present time kind spirit friends have clothed your spirit body with material which enables you to speak as you are speaking now. And when you came back and expressed yourself on the earth plane, you took on your last thought which was "trying on a pair of shoes."

S.: It is most mysterious ; I can't seem to realise it.

Tom : No, because it is so natural. You are George just the same ; George left the body ; you retain your individuality ; you are just the same as you were when you were in the body. There is a great band of loving spirits (you would call them angels, they are so bright), whose mission it is to aid and assist spirits like yourself, who have made that change not knowing it ; and you were brought here to this place to-night to be made acquainted with the fact. You will be taken in charge by kind, loving spirit friends, who will teach you about the duties pertaining to the life you have now entered.

S.: I am glad to know that the spirits of my friends are interested, and will help me.

Tom : You have entered a life now of progression ; it is a wonderful life, and you will see your friends. Many spirit friends who will aid and assist you are those who never knew you in earth life. And I want to tell you, my friend, all are saved, and in time all are happy. No matter what you believe ; that doesn't save you. It is what you do. If you live unselfish lives and try to help others all you can, you send the good on before you, and you have a great deal stored up in nature's storehouse for you when you come to make the change called death. They are bright pictures to light up your pathway. If you lead selfish, wrong lives, you paint dark pictures ; for

the life you lead while in the body shapes the beginning of the next life.

S.: Yes, I feel that something different has certainly taken place with me.

Tom: We will take you where you can become prepared, each and all of you, and be made acquainted more with your conditions, because now you will be better able to understand me as a spirit through having come in contact with me in this manner than you could have if I had not addressed you as I have at the present time.

S.: Thank you—I thank you. That must be heavenly music. I only catch a strain now and then. It is from the heavenly band, is 'it not?

Tom: Yes, from the upper spheres; it is wafted to you on the wires of love and sympathy. Now look, George!

S.: I see a great many—a great host. Will we go to them?

Tom: Yes. Now you bid the kind friends adieu, and we will go.

S.: Good-bye, friends!

*We have done a beautiful work to-night. We have helped a great many of the same class of mind as this one.—EVA.*

THURSDAY EVENING, JULY 16, 1891.

*We have a very strange company this evening—persons of all classes. They are not aware they have made the change.—EVA.*

S.: I'll be d——d if I won't have that hog. You are a liar! The hog isn't yours.

Mr. B.: Did you raise him?

S.: No; but the hog is mine all the same.

Mr. B.: How does he come to be yours?

S.: Because I bought him.

Mr. B.: Did you pay the money for him?

S.: I don't know as that's any of your business. If I bought him, I bought him.

Mr. B.: Sometimes people buy things and don't pay for them.

S.: I don't want any insinuations of that character at all. I bought that hog, and I'll be d——d if I am not going to have that hog.

Mr. B.: If he is yours, you ought to have him.

S.: It's my hog, and he'll find out that two can shoot.

Mr. B.: Sometimes only one has a chance to shoot.

S.: He's gone away with it. I'll be even with him; my blood is up.

S. No. 2: It seems very strange—no one under the sun will do anything I ask them.

Mrs. B.: What do you want done?

S.: I want the carriage and I want the horses at the door; I want to go out. It is very strange how many times I have rung for that carriage.

Mrs. B.: Perhaps the bell is out of order.

S.: There must be something done. I can't endure this any longer.

Tom: What will you do?

S.: What business is it to you? You please step away—get away from here as soon as possible.

Tom: Why, no; I am not going to get away. I rather like the looks of you, and I want to talk to you.

S.: I don't wish anything from you.

Tom : Well, I do from you.

S.: What impertinence!

Tom : What's the matter with you? You needn't get on your high heels now.

S.: Leave my house! What business have you here, you vagabond?

Tom : I am no vagabond.

S.: You are an impudent man.

Tom : Why, no; I am not any more impudent than you are.

S.: I don't wish anything more from you, sir. Just depart.

Tom : I am not a bit afraid of you. It doesn't make any difference if you are rich; you will find you can't take your money with you when you die. It won't do you any good at all; so you had better do what good with it you can now, because if you don't you will be real sorry.

S.: Such impudence!

Tom : My gracious sakes! you are shocked, aren't you? It does people good sometimes to be shocked. You are not any better than anybody else. I wouldn't put on so many airs.

S.: Who gave you the authority to come and talk to me so?

Tom : Don't you know what your grandmother did? I do.

S.: Will you leave this house, sir?

Tom : I wouldn't put on so many airs; I would think what my grandmother did. I know what your name is. You want them to call you Blanche, but that isn't your name.

S.: That's none of your business, sir.

Tom : Your name is Bridget.

S.: You get right away from here.

Tom : Bill says your name is Bridget. Say, you remember Bill, don't you?

S.: Hannah! Hannah! will you come here?

Tom : Don't you know Bill? I mean your first husband.

S.: Hannah! Hannah!

Tom : Oh, you can call Hannah all you want to ; she isn't around ; she is deaf, like the door bell. What do you suppose Bill would say if he should see you now ?

S. : Will you leave this house ?

Tom : I can't ; I am enjoying myself too well.

S. : You are a tramp, that's what you are.

Tom : Don't you remember Bill ? What do you suppose he would say if he could see you now ?

S. : Oh dear ! I wish that girl would come.

Tom : Bill never used to call you Blanche.

S. : Will you hold your tongue ? Will you cease speaking to me ?

Tom : No ; I have got something very important to tell you.

S. : Who are you, anyhow ?

Tom : My name is Tom.

S. : I am sure no person has given you an entrance here, and what business have you to come here ?

Tom : I had to come in here to talk to you.

S. : I wish you would leave the house at once.

Tom : Say, I know about that box ; and if I should leave the house and give it to the papers, what I know about it, what would you think about that ? Do you think it would sound well ?

S. : You would be a very foolish man to do such a thing. What nonsense are you talking to me ?

Tom : I think I am talking sense. Do you remember Rob Jackson ?

S. : I am almost desperate. What do you want—money ?

Tom : No, I don't want any money.

S. : Oh dear ! I wish you were dead.

Tom : I am dead. Are you afraid of me ? Say, shall I tell you your fortune ?

S. : Are you a fortune-teller ?

Tom : Why, yes. I think there are some things you wouldn't want told.

S. : I will give you money to go away and keep yourself quiet.

Tom : I don't want any money.

S. : What do you want ? What did you come here for ?



Tom : I came to help you.

S. : I don't want any help from the like of you. You don't know whom you are talking to ; I am sure you don't.

Tom : Oh, yes, I do.

S. : You are just an impudent tramp.

Tom : I can tell you all about your past life.

S. : I have heard a plenty. I don't want to hear any more.

Tom : When you lived down in the village with Bill, you didn't live the way you are living now, did you ?

S. : Is that any of your business ?

Tom : No ; only I don't think you ought to assume to be what you are not. You are false through and through. What good does it do you to live the double life that you are living, just for the few years you will live on earth ? What do you suppose is going to become of you when you come to die ? You can't take any of your grand surroundings with you. You can't take your money with you that you have got now, if you did get it in the manner you did—some of it. I know how you got some of your money ; and what good is it ?

S. : Oh, mercy ! I can't bear this man. I can't understand why he talks to me in the way he does. Whoever told you all this ? You are mistaken in the person.

Tom : Oh, no ; I am not !

S. : You certainly are !

Tom : So you think ; but I am not. I know why you comb your hair the way you do—because there's a scar right on the right side of your head that you cover up with your hair, and you wouldn't want anyone to see it.

S. : I will give you money if you will go out of the country.

Tom : How much will you give me ?

S. : What will satisfy you ?

Tom : Well, you couldn't satisfy me that way, because I want to help you.

S. : I never did you any harm.

Tom : Oh, no ! and I don't want to do you any harm. I wouldn't harm you for anything, because I pity you. I pity anyone that has led the life that you have—and

that is leading the life that you are now, for you are living a false life. What good does it do to assume to be what you are not? No one is better than another: you are all God's children.

S.: How do you know this?

Tom: Well, I am getting a great deal of it from Bill—your first husband, he says he was. Of course, you may think that is strange.

S.: I do think it is very strange. I think you are a very strange man.

Tom: You think Bill is dead. Well, his body is dead, but he lives all the same; and I am one of those beings. In my present condition I can communicate with spirits.

S.: I thought you were a strange character.

Tom: Yes, I can communicate with spirits; and that is why I could tell about you. Would you like to see me?

S.: I see you; and I wish I had never seen you.

Tom: You don't see me.

S.: Yes, I do; and I am sorry I ever saw you: I wish you had never come into my presence.

Tom: You don't see me, because I am a spirit, and I am controlling this young man to talk to you.

S.: That is horrid! That is awful! That is dreadful!

Tom: It is true. Many things that are dreadful are true, and some things that are not true are dreadful. But you don't see me, because I am controlling this young man to talk to you; and I want you to see me.

S.: I wish you would go away.

Tom: What for?

S.: Because you talk so strangely.

Tom: I will be one of the best friends you ever had. You will be more afraid when you find out what has happened to you, and you will want I should help you then; so you had better look at me when the chance is given you. Now I am going to leave the young man; and you look at me, and you will see I am different from the young man.

Mrs. B.: Oh, yes; look at him, and tell us how he looks!

Mr. B.: Tom is a beautiful spirit.

S.: Oh, dear!—oh, my! Oh, that is dreadful!

Mr. B.: It is nothing to be afraid of. It is beautiful!

S.: Oh, that is very strange!

Mr. B.: Doesn't he look beautiful now? Doesn't he look good? He is good.

S.: Has he gone away for ever?

Mr. B.: No; he will come back again and talk to you; and you will be very glad that he does.

Tom (*returns to Mr. F.*): Well, now, did you see me?

S.: I saw a very strange thing.

Tom: You saw a spirit, and that was me. I have died.

S.: You have died! I don't comprehend or understand you at all.

Tom: Don't you suppose that when you die you will be a spirit?

S.: Possibly; but I cannot tell.

Tom: What do you think is going to become of you when you die?

S.: I don't know.

Tom: Don't you think you had better be thinking about it?

S.: Possibly I had.

Tom: You can't live always; and when you die you can't take your money along with you—so what will you have? Where will you be, and what will you do then? You will have to leave everything behind you when you die.

S.: I suppose I will have to.

Tom: Of course you will have to; and how much have you got stored up on the other side for you? How much good have you done in your life? You have only just looked out for yourself every time.

S.: Oh dear! you startle me so.

Tom: Why should I startle you? I am sorry for you, and so is your sister Rebecca.

S.: I never had anyone talk to me that way before.

Tom: It is my pleasure as a spirit to help poor souls like you, because you are poor.

S.: I have thought sometimes I would try and get religion and live a better life.

Tom: Religion won't do you any good.

S.: Then why do you talk to me in that way? I thought you wished me to get religion.

Tom: No; but I want you to live a more unselfish life, and be kind to those about you. It is my mission to help poor souls like you. There are a great many people who make the change called death and don't know it, and you know it is very bad for you to get angry; you know the last time the doctor saw you he told you you must avoid that, because you know you have that heart trouble.

S.: I can't help being angry. I have a temper, I know, but I can't help it.

Tom: That quarrel you had with James your coachman was very bad for you; and a great many people die and don't know they are dead—isn't that funny?

S.: Why, yes, that seems strange.

Tom: And these people that are dead and don't know it go hunting around, and they give expression to the thoughts that were last in their mind before they made the change called death; you know just simply dying don't change you at all. You are just the same individual; the spirit only escapes from the physical body. Now you mustn't be frightened when I tell you you have made that change called death, and that is why you couldn't get anyone to pay any attention to you, because they don't know you are there.

S.: Oh, dear me!

Tom: It is true.

S.: Oh, no—oh, no—it isn't true.

Tom: It is so, or how could you be talking to me in the way you are, and how could you see me as a spirit? You never saw a spirit before, did you?

S.: I never saw anything like that before.

Tom: If you hadn't moved out of your old body, you couldn't see me that way.

S.: You are a very strange man. I never saw anyone like you in my life before.

Tom: No, of course not, because you never saw anyone in this way before.

S.: It cannot be.

Tom : It is so.

S. : Oh, no.

Tom : Hold up your hand now, and you will see something go from it.

S. : I do. Oh, mercy! I am dropping to pieces.

*(She is dematerialised and rematerialised.)*

S. : Oh, I never could imagine that death was like this before. It must be that I have changed some way.

Tom : Yes, you have ; but you weren't aware when you made that change, because you died very suddenly in anger, and that was bad for you.

S. : What will I do ?

Tom : Do you want to turn me out now ?

S. : No, don't go.

Tom : Just look about you now.

S. : Strange—strange.

Tom : Yes, you have left everything behind you now ; you can't take anything with you ; in the life you are in now everything is known, and good deeds count more than wealth ; you have no use for money now ; you have entered a new life—a life of eternity.

S. : What will I do ? What shall I do ? What will become of me ?

Tom : You will meet much that will be unpleasant to you, for your whole past life will rise up before you like an open book, and each mistake will have to be corrected, and each wrong will have to be atoned for by labour and sincere soul-repentance ; you will be aided and assisted by many bright spirits, who have passed on and up through the valleys into the heights of wisdom. If you sincerely desire it, it will be extended to you ; follow the instructions that are given you, and you can work out the mistakes of the past.

S. : I feel terribly.

Tom : Yes, you are alone, as it were, in a strange country. How many kind acts did you do in your life that you sent on before ? They would be a great benefit and help to you now. All the wrong must be met and overcome by labour and repentance, and when I leave the young man you go with me.

S. : Where ? Where ?

Tom: I will take you where you can be helped, for you cannot wish to remain in this unpleasant condition; I will take you where you will be aided and instructed pertaining to your new life, and how to correct the mistakes of the past. You are being aided now by spirits who have clothed your spirit body with earth conditions, to enable you to speak and converse with me and these friends in the manner you have.

S.: I don't understand it at all.

Tom: No, but you will.

S.: I am lost—altogether lost.

Tom: Yes; but you will be able to comprehend it more in time. You cannot understand fully your condition at once; but when I tell you that you have made the change called death, and you are in the spirit life, it is true; and when I tell you that many make that change and are not aware of it, because the life seems so nearly like the one they were in, that is all true.

S.: Oh dear! When you tell me that, it seems like something shutting down over me.

Tom: Yes; and now I will leave the young man, and take you and give you in charge of those who will aid you and assist you. Will you go?

S.: Are they strangers?

Tom: Yes; but they will assist you.

S.: I am afraid.

Tom: Do not be afraid; they assist you with love, kindness, and sympathy; they only wish to help you out of your darkened condition.

S.: Well, I must; everything else has left me. It has gone away; I am alone; I have no home. Don't go away, sir; don't.

Tom: I won't go away; and if I do, I will leave you in charge of those who will care for you kindly. Your sister loves you very dearly, and she would like to have you work and obey all the instructions that are given you, so that you may reach her as soon as possible.

S.: Tell her to come to me.

Tom: She will in time, when you are prepared to go

to her. Now I will leave the young man, and we will go.

*Through these conversations with Tom we are able to draw them into magnetic currents in companies, so we can reach their conditions ; and it would be impossible for us to explain how many we reach in this simple manner.—*  
EVA.

## APPENDIX B

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### THE ELECTRIC CONDITIONS OF THE ATMOSPHERE IN THE NORTHERN UNITED STATES

I HAVE referred in my book to the electric conditions of the atmosphere on certain days in the Northern States of America and in Canada. I believe it is to these conditions that the ability of psychics to bring us so close to the spirit world is due. Bulwer Lytton was aware of this, and stated it to the Dialectical Committee.

The attached letter is from a gentleman residing in New York City. He is not a spiritist.

Mr. James Higgins is, I venture to say, mistaken in supposing that he is at all peculiar in this respect. Less than twenty-four hours before I had the pleasure of making his acquaintance I met an Italian gentleman who had lived some time in New York; he related to me a similar experience.

It will be found, as time goes on, that communication with the next state of consciousness is accomplished with the greatest facility in very dry, calm conditions of the atmosphere, such as are to be found around the great lakes of North America and on the borders of the great deserts in Africa and Australia. During the two months Mrs. Wriedt was at Mr. W. T. Stead's house in England there was a drought.

44 Wall Street, New York, May 9, 1911.

DEAR SIR,

You asked me about my experiences here in New York in receiving electric shocks from contact with metallic objects in a room. Much of my work is done in the library of a law firm on Wall Street in this city.



This is a large room, with heavy, soft carpet on the floor, and on three sides the walls are lined with books on metallic shelves. There is also a movable telephone in the room, the stand of which is made of some metal. I have frequent occasion to take books from the shelves and to use the telephone. On a clear day, when there is comparatively little humidity in the atmosphere, I find that I receive a sharp and unpleasant shock if I cross the room and touch one of the shelves in removing or replacing a book, and that I meet with a similar experience in grasping the stand of the telephone. This sort of thing has happened so frequently that on a day such as I have described I am careful not to touch the book-shelves when I use the books, and to wrap a handkerchief around the hand with which I grasp the telephone-stand, much to the amusement of my fellow-workers.

I have known others in the office to receive shocks in the same way, but not such frequent or severe ones as I have had. In fact, I imagine that I am peculiarly susceptible to the electricity in the atmosphere.

My father sailed to-day for Naples on the *Heretic*, of the White Star Line. He expects to be in London in about a month, and hopes that he may have the pleasure of seeing you there.

With kindest regards,  
Yours very sincerely,  
(Signed) JAMES C. HIGGINS.

ADMIRAL W. USBORNE MOORE,  
8, Western Parade,  
Southsea,  
Hants,  
England.

## APPENDIX C

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### MR. HEREWARD CARRINGTON AND FRAUD

IN the body of this book I have alluded to the unworthy methods of anti-spiritists who profess to tell the public "how the thing is done," and to account for all the happenings by normal means. I propose here to give a brief account of a concrete instance of the kind.

After I had seen Dr. I. K. Funk in March, 1909, when we had a conversation about the phenomena that happen in the presence of the Bangs Sisters, he paid the expenses of a conjurer, Mr. Hereward Carrington, to visit Chicago, requesting him to see the Bangs Sisters and report to him the phenomena that he obtained in their presence. Dr. Funk had investigated these mediums several times himself; as will be seen below, he had formed a high opinion of their genuine mediumship. In writing to the mediums to make the appointment he gave no name, and he supposed that Mr. Carrington would sit incognito.

Mr. Carrington did go to Chicago and other places about his own business, and eventually sent in a report to Dr. Funk of a negative character. It was put on one side as of no value.

I believe that Mr. Carrington was unaware that I had investigated the Bangs Sisters in January and March, 1909; and, until my report of 1911 was published in *Light*, he was ignorant that I had paid a second series of visits in January of this year (see pages 331 to 346 of this book).

I have never met Mr. Carrington, and have no animus against him. I am simply relating facts and commenting upon his obscure proceedings as related by himself in the *Annals of Psychical Science*, July-September,

1910, an English journal for which he is the agent in America.

After waiting one year and a quarter after his investigation, Mr. Carrington published a long article in the above journal, accusing the Bangs Sisters of fraud. I do not know if this article was verbatim the same as his report to Dr. Funk, but the latter did not see it till April, 1911, and disapproved of its publication.

As it was published in an English journal, the Bangs Sisters knew nothing of this scurrilous production; I was the first to inform them of it, in January, 1911. The plan of the room given in the article is wrong; the window and the doors are in the wrong place; the table is the wrong size, and put in a place where it has never stood; but, if placed elsewhere, it would not agree with the text of the article. One door is drawn on the plan where there is, in reality, a fixed washstand. There is no furniture in the room, according to the plan; the fact is, it is full of furniture.

In his article Mr. Carrington says he gave false names. This (if he was ever there) would ensure either bad results or none at all. At first, I thought this might be the explanation; but I had to drop this theory for one less flattering to the writer.

The false plan suggests that he has never been inside the house at all; and this explanation is supported by the Bangs Sisters, and by the fact of his inability to correct his mistakes in the correspondence below.

I am bound to say that I hesitate to state positively that a man, hitherto considered honest by those who have associated with him, could be guilty of writing a report of a séance when he had never been inside the house; but we must not forget that he had to send a report of some sort to Dr. Funk, who had paid for his trip. The fact of his having published this libel, without giving his victims a chance of seeing it, is against him. A man who could play this trick upon two women, be they duchesses, seamstresses, or mediums, is unworthy of the attention of fair-minded people.

However I would fain believe that, owing to so long a time having elapsed (Mr. Carrington's fault), the Bangs

Sisters may possibly have forgotten what sitters they received on a certain date; their clients run up to quite one thousand a year. Let us try and credit that he *did* go into the séance room. Now, what is the alternative? If he sat with May Bangs, as he says, and yet cannot describe the room and accessories accurately, what confidence can we have that his report of the séance itself is accurate? I say that any investigator who brings charges of so serious a nature against two unprotected women, and cannot substantiate them up to the hilt by giving a full and accurate description of the room, and especially doors, window, and table, is unworthy of credence, and also a person whose evidence on psychic, or any other, matters is of no value whatever.

The following is the correspondence in *Light* referring to page 346 of this book:—

*From "Light," May 13, 1911.*

#### THE BANGS SISTERS AND FRAUD

SIR,—In psychic investigation one is truly "between the devil and the deep sea"! If one believes in and champions a medium, as I did in the case of Eusapia Palladino, one is either "a poor observer" or "in league with the medium"; on the other hand, if one discovers fraud, one is equally at fault—a villainous "medium-hunter" who is not honest in his findings! Surely, one is sailing between Scylla and Charybdis here—and far worse!

I feel I must reply as briefly as possible to Vice-Admiral W. Osborne Moore's articles in recent issues of *Light*, to which Dr. Funk has called my attention. If I am at fault for not sending a copy of my report to the Bangs Sisters, surely Admiral Moore is equally at fault for not sending me a copy of his criticism; for I do not always see *Light*. As a matter of fact, however, I regard it as nonsense to send a copy of a report to every medium exposed.

I could go through Admiral Moore's reports, if I chose to do so, and point out exactly where, in my opinion, the fraud crept in, in his slate-writing sittings; but it is

hardly necessary. I do not consider them genuine, and Admiral Moore does; others besides myself have detected fraud; Admiral Moore did not—let the matter rest there. If the Bangs Sisters would ever consent to give sittings under really test conditions, I should be most happy, and stand willing to investigate them with the utmost care and patience, and to publish a favourable report, should I fail to detect fraud—as I did not hesitate to do in the case of Eusapia. I have no grudge against the Bangs Sisters; indeed, their work interests me immensely.

I must correct one or two statements in my own report which have led to just criticism. (1) I said there was “a slit *in* the door behind Miss Bangs.” There is (or was) no such slit. What I meant was *under* the door—between the lower edge of the door and the strip of wood over which it closes. This was, I should judge, two-thirds of an inch at one end, tapering to half an inch at the other. This existed when I was there, and doubtless still exists. (2) As to the “strip of wood dividing the windows,” I might have expressed this more clearly. There is one window, as Admiral Moore says. It looks out on to their back garden. There are four panes of glass—two in the top portion and two in the bottom. These panes of glass are divided by a strip of wood about an inch broad. This was the strip of wood I found freely punctured with tiny holes. However, inasmuch as I stated that I did not consider these holes of any special significance, I fail to see why so much stress was placed upon this.

As to my being in Chicago at the time, Admiral Moore's doubts as to this are most curious. Perhaps Dr. Funk would confirm this fact; or Mrs. Francis—the widow of the late John R. Francis—editor of the *Progressive Thinker*, on whom I called. Or would the canvas which I bought from the Bangs Sisters at the time, and still have, convince Admiral Moore? They say that “seeing is believing,” and it truly *is* in Admiral Moore's case—in more senses than one.

Finally, I wish to say this: If this portrait phenomenon can, under virtually the same conditions, be

duplicated by fraud, then, surely, its evidential value vanishes. If it could be shown that phenomena, precisely similar to Eusapia's, could be produced by trickery, hitherto unsuspected, then I should give up my belief in her at once. I still believe in her powers because no such proof has been forthcoming. But in the case of the Bangs Sisters it is a little different.

For years these "spirit portraits" were the wonder and the envy of all the conjurers and mediums in America. Attempts were made to duplicate their work, without success. I myself was "on the fence" regarding their portraits, and so stated in my report. After I had my sittings, Mr. David P. Abbott and myself worked together over this problem; but I was forced to stop at the time, owing to press of other matters, and Mr. Abbott continued his experiments alone. I think I am safe in saying that he has now succeeded in duplicating the Bangs Sisters' portraits exactly—and by trickery. No chemicals are used, no solar-photography, no spraying—nothing of the kind. Two canvases are selected, marked, and placed upon a light easel, which is examined. A bright arc-lamp is placed behind the canvases. Investigators may walk round the canvas during the entire process. They may look above, below, behind, on all sides. A picture slowly forms on the inside—between the two canvases—which picture has the same finish and texture as the Bangs' portraits. It can be made to appear slowly, the eyes to open at will, etc., exactly as their pictures do. The process is, in fact, from all external indications, identical in appearance. In view of this fact, I think the authenticity of the Bangs' "spirit-portraits" may seriously be called into question! As to their slate-writing, I am certain I could duplicate it myself, under the same conditions.—Yours, etc.,

HEREWARD CARRINGTON.

SIR,—I beg to forward to you a letter I have just received from the well-known author and psychic investigator, Rev. I. K. Funk, D.D. There is no doubt Dr. Funk did ask Mr. Hereward Carrington to visit the Bangs Sisters. The question is, "Did he ever enter the

house?" The Bangs Sisters deny that he did. Lizzie assured me most positively that she would have recognised him, and that they had never sat for him at any time. Personally, from what I know of both, I see no reason to take the word of Mr. Hereward Carrington before that of Lizzie Bangs.

What Dr. Funk calls slate-writing is the phenomenon of spirit-writing within sealed envelopes put between hinged slates, not the "slate-writing" we are accustomed to hear of through Eglinton, Keeler, the Campbells, etc.—Yours, etc.,

W. USBORNE MOORE,  
Vice-Admiral.

The following is Dr. Funk's letter:—

MY DEAR ADMIRAL,—Yours to hand in reference to the article by Mr. Carrington, in the *Annals of Psychological Science*, concerning the Bangs Sisters. I made a number of tests of the mediumship of these sisters, both as to picture-painting and slate-writing. I cheerfully bear testimony that I have not had to do with any other mediums who have been able to give me invariably so satisfactory results. In not a single case have I detected fraud, although before my first visit to them I had read carefully the *exposé* by Dr. Krebs, which was furnished to me by Dr. Hodgson. They certainly did not attempt upon me any of the frauds described by Dr. Krebs, nor did they any of the tricks spoken of by Mr. Carrington. Having been forewarned against them, I would have been an unusually stupid investigator had I been caught by them.

It has been my custom in making investigations, especially when I was not able to explain results, to induce others whom I believed to be keen investigators to make trial, and I would often indicate the particular tests for them to make. I asked Mr. Carrington to visit the Misses Bangs and make certain investigations, as I asked you and others. I never asked anyone to visit a medium under a false name, for I have long believed that fraud begets fraud in these investigations. When I have completed my investigations with these remarkable mediums, I shall gladly publish the exact results.

You are at liberty to make any use of this letter that you think fit.—Yours most respectfully,

(Signed) I. K. FUNK.

New York, April 18, 1911.

*From "Light," May 27, 1911.*

MR. HEReward CARRINGTON AND FRAUD

SIR,—Mr. Carrington calmly states in *Light* of May 13, p. 226: "I said there was a slit *in* the door behind Miss Bangs. There is (or was) no such slit. What I meant was *under* the door—between the lower edge of the door and the strip of wood over which it closes.....(2) As to the 'strip of wood dividing the windows,' I might have expressed this more clearly. There is one window, as Admiral Moore says.....There are four panes of glass. These panes of glass are divided by a strip of wood about an inch broad. This was the strip of wood I found freely punctured with tiny holes," etc.

Here are strange admissions. "In a door" means "under a door"; "windows" means panes of glass!

I will deal with this portion of his letter first. I examined this room in 1909, three months before Mr. Carrington's alleged visit, and in 1911. Nothing had been altered. I assert without the smallest fear of future contradiction that (1) under the door there is a space of a trifle less than one-third of an inch, uniform throughout its entire breadth (no tapering); (2) that this space over the threshold is no more than sufficient for the rug which is laid over the threshold; should the Bangs Sisters ever put there a Turkey carpet, or even an Axminster with felt underneath, they would have to cut the threshold away or cut more wood from the bottom of the door; (3) the batten which separates the panes of glass is not an inch thick, or nearly that; (4) there are no suspicious holes in it; (5) this window is in full view from Wood Street, the Bangs Sisters' house being at a corner!

Now we go on. "As to my being at Chicago at the time.".....This is a "red herring drawn across the trail" with a vengeance. I have never said he was not at



Chicago. He was there, and, I have no doubt, had a good time. The question is: "Was he ever inside the Bangs' house?" I believe not, for his plan is wrong, and his subsequent attempts at explanation are childish. "Or would the canvas which I bought from the Bangs Sisters at the time, and still have, convince Admiral Moore?....." Answer: No, it would not convince Admiral Moore, who knows that there are several stores where these canvases can be bought in Chicago. I understand that the Bangs Sisters did not sell him any canvas. Let him produce their receipt for the money he paid for it!

I have no personal animus against Mr. Hereward Carrington. I do not know him personally. If he can give a correct plan of the room and state what furniture is in it—which I believe it is not in his power to do—I am not going to press him hard as to errors of an inch or two here and there; and I may come to the conclusion that he has been inside the house. But even then we shall not have got very far; for the mistakes he has already made in his article, and in his letter to which I am now replying, place him in the very worst light as an observer of psychical or any other sort of phenomena.

As Mr. Carrington contributes to *Light*, and is agent for the *Annals of Psychological Science* in the United States, was it not reasonable to suppose that he had read my charges against him in your issues of December 17, 1910; March 25, 1911; and April 1, 1911? If anybody ought to have sent him these papers, it was the editor of the magazine in which he published his disingenuous article.

He mentions Mr. Francis, I have a letter from that gentleman, dated September 16, 1909 (three months after the visit of Mr. Carrington to Chicago), in which he says: "I wish to say to you in all candour that *I believe that their* [the Bangs Sisters,] *spirit paintings are genuine productions* originating from the spirit world." The italics are those of Mr. Francis. I will deposit the letter with you if you desire it.

The last two paragraphs of Mr. Carrington's letter contain another "red herring." The Abbott-Marriott trick is well known in England. I have seen it often,

and it surpasses in skill almost every conjuring trick I have ever witnessed. When my friends ask me how the Bangs' pictures *appear* to come, I say: "Go and see Dr. Wilmar's spirit paintings." But the conditions no more resemble the Bangs Sisters' conditions than a locomotive boiler resembles a teapot. The operator must have a heavy easel, and the picture comes on the wrong canvas. The method is known to me, and was known to me before I met Dr. Wilmar. It was found out by an exhibition of my own models, and by one of our best trance mediums (whose modesty prevents me naming him), about the time it was discovered by Mr. David Abbott.

I respect Mr. Abbott. He candidly owns that all his theories about the Bangs Sisters' pictures previous to 1909 were entirely erroneous. I ask myself this plain question: Why has not this diligent conjurer been to sit with the Bangs Sisters? He lives within a reasonable distance. If he does sit with them, he will find his latest theory as rotten as his previous ones.

In conclusion, I have only to say that the Bangs Sisters do not sit for "slate-writing," and that no psychic in the United States I have met cares a button whether Mr. Hereward Carrington believes in him or not. He has no influence, and cannot forward the tenets of spiritism by a hair's breadth.

I have not yet done with this S. P. R. expert, but my letter is, I fear, already too long; I can wait.—Yours,  
etc.,

W. USBORNE MOORE,  
Vice-Admiral.

8 Western Parade, Southsea.

May 13, 1911.

In the following issue of *Light*, June 3, 1911, the Editor closed the correspondence on this subject, at the same time inviting Mr. Carrington to reply in his columns to the above letter. There has been no response up to date (August 10, 1911).—W. U. M.

## APPENDIX D

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### A GOOD INSTANCE OF FRAUD COMBINED WITH GENUINE PHENOMENA

(1 Kings xiii. 7-32 incl.)

7. And the king said unto the man of God, Come home with me, and refresh thyself, and I will give thee a reward.

8. And the man of God said unto the king, If thou wilt give me half thine house, I will not go in with thee, neither will I eat bread nor drink water in this place :

9. For so was it charged me by the word of the Lord, saying, Thou shalt eat no bread, nor drink water, neither return by the way that thou camest.

10. So he went another way, and returned not by the way that he came to Beth-el.

11. Now there dwelt an old prophet in Beth-el ; and one of his sons came and told him all the works that the man of God had done that day in Beth-el : the words which he had spoken unto the king, them also they told unto their father.

12. And their father said unto them, What way went he ? Now his sons had seen what way the man of God went, which came from Judah.

13. And he said unto his sons, Saddle me the ass. So they saddled him the ass : and he rode thereon.

14. And he went after the man of God, and found him sitting under an oak : and he said unto him, Art thou the man of God that camest from Judah ? And he said, I am.

15. Then he said unto him, Come home with me, and eat bread.

16. And he said, I may not return with thee, nor go in with thee : neither will I eat bread nor drink water with thee in this place :

17. For it was said to me by the word of the Lord, Thou shalt eat no bread nor drink water there, nor turn again to go by the way that thou camest.

18. And he said unto him, I also am a prophet as thou art: and an angel spake unto me by the word of the Lord, saying, Bring him back with thee into thine house, that he may eat bread and drink water. But he lied unto him.

19. So he went back with him, and did eat bread in his house, and drank water.

20. And it came to pass, as they sat at the table, that the word of the Lord came unto the prophet that brought him back:

21. And he cried unto the man of God that came from Judah, saying, Thus saith the Lord, Forasmuch as thou hast been disobedient unto the mouth of the Lord, and hast not kept the commandment which the Lord thy God commanded thee,

22. But camest back, and hast eaten bread and drunk water in the place of the which he said to thee, Eat no bread, and drink no water; thy carcase shall not come unto the sepulchre of thy fathers.

23. And it came to pass, after he had eaten bread, and after he had drunk, that he saddled for him the ass, to wit, for the prophet whom he had brought back.

24. And when he was gone, a lion met him by the way, and slew him: and his carcase was cast in the way, and the ass stood by it; the lion also stood by the carcase.

25. And, behold, men passed by, and saw the carcase cast in the way, and the lion standing by the carcase: and they came and told it in the city where the old prophet dwelt.

26. And when the prophet that brought him back from the way heard thereof, he said, It is the man of God, who was disobedient unto the mouth of the Lord: therefore the Lord hath delivered him unto the lion, which hath torn him, and slain him, according to the word of the Lord, which he spake unto him.

27. And he spake unto his sons, saying, Saddle me the ass. And they saddled it.

28. And he went and found his carcase cast in the way, and the ass and the lion standing by the carcase: the lion had not eaten the carcase, nor torn the ass.

29. And the prophet took up the carcase of the man of God, and laid it upon the ass, and brought it back: and he came to the city of the old prophet, to mourn, and to bury him.

30. And he laid his carcase in his own grave; and they mourned over him, saying, Alas, my brother!

31. And it came to pass, after he had buried him, that he spake to his sons, saying, When I am dead, then bury me in the sepulchre wherein the man of God is buried; lay my bones beside his bones.

32. For the saying which he cried by the word of the Lord against the altar in Beth-el, and against all the houses of the high places which are in the cities of Samaria, shall surely come to pass.



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